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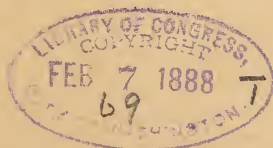
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE
➤ LANDS OF THE ORIENT. ➤

BY THE REV. M. B. CHAPMAN.



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TO MY WIFE,
WHO, FROM MY EARLY MANHOOD,
Has Been My Loving
COUNSELOR AND EFFICIENT HELPER,
AND

Whose Prayers Followed Me Around the Whole Globe,

THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.



ON October 20, 1836, the writer left St. Joseph, Mo., to make a tour of the world. At San Francisco he was joined by the Rev. W. B. Palmore, and together they sailed October 30, in the "City of Peking," for Yokohama, Japan. He reached St. Joseph on his return August 31, 1837, having made the voyage around the globe in ten months and eleven days. He traveled forty thousand miles by land and sea, and by the good providence of God made this long journey without an accident, without a day's sickness, without missing connection, and without losing an article of baggage. By starting at the proper time, each country was seen at the best season of the year, and there was no suffering from either excessive heat or cold in the entire trip. By following the natural order and traveling with the sun, much discomfort was avoided and time economized. So accurately was the trip planned before leaving home that the date of arrival at and departure from the different points was in almost every instance at the time specified months beforehand, and the party was scarcely a day out of time at any stage of the journey.

Much of the matter contained in this book was embraced in letters written as the Editorial Correspondent of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*. While the letters are published, with very few exceptions, as they were written, much new matter is added, especially in missionary intelligence and statistics. The journey was not a selfish one—undertaken merely for gratification and pleasure. The writer desired most earnestly to study the great missionary operations of

the Church, to stand on the very picket line of the great army of occupation which is yet to take this world for Christ; to come face to face with heathendom and see what are the obstacles which the faithful missionaries are to overcome. In this desire he was gratified, and this volume gives the result of his observations in the missionary lands of the East. He sends it forth with the earnest prayer that it may quicken the great heart of the Church, and cause the picket line to be strengthened and an advance to be made at all points. May the day speedily dawn when the Church shall no longer merely "play at missions," but when the wail of the millions from the darkened Lands of the Orient shall come to the Christian people of America, inspiring them to enlarged plans for the regeneration of Asia, Africa, and all the isles of the sea!

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INTRODUCTORY.



CROSSING THE PACIFIC.



WARM broke the breeze against the brow,
Dry sung the tackle, sung the sail;
The lady's-head upon the prow
Caught the shrill salt, and sheered the gale.
The broad seas swelled to meet the keel,
And swept behind: so quick the run,
We felt the good ship shake and reel,
We seemed to sail into the sun!

THE LANDS of the ORIENT.

INTRODUCTORY.

CROSSING THE PACIFIC.

THE world has made wonderful progress during the past three hundred and fifty years, and in no respect more than in navigation. When Magellan, the first circumnavigator of the globe, set sail from Seville, August 1, 1519, in his five small vessels—two of one hundred and thirty tons each, two of ninety, and one of sixty—he probably “build-ed better than he knew,” for it is by no means certain that scientific men were persuaded at that time of the sphericity of the earth. But his ships sailed on and on until, with the rising sun, in three years they again came into the port of Seville; yet their gallant commander did not live to see the accomplishment of his heroic purpose, having been killed in the second year of his voyage during a conflict with the natives of the Philippine Islands. Nearly half a century later, Sir Francis Drake started from Europe with a similar fleet of five ships, and also accomplished the circuit of the globe in three years. Captain Cook was three years in making each of his voyages, except the last, which occupied four years, and in the course of which he also fell a victim to savages.

Now a voyage around the world is a mere holiday excursion, and may be made, so far as the actual time con-

sumed in traveling is concerned, as Jules Verne has shown, in eighty days, or even less.

The vessels in which these early and adventurous mariners made their perilous voyages were mere shallows compared with the magnificent ocean steamers which now plow the mighty deep. None of them were over two hundred tons burden, while all the steamers of the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company are from four to five thousand tons. A steamer like the *City of Peking*, which is carrying us through the great Pacific, is one of the grandest triumphs of modern art and genius, and is so nearly a thing of life that the ceaseless throb of its mighty engines is like the pulsations of a living heart. Our floating world is four hundred and twenty-five feet long, forty-eight feet wide, and thirty-five feet from inside keel to upper deck, being the largest ship afloat which carries the American flag. Her capacity is five thousand and seventy-nine tons gross, and her engine is two thousand horse-power, with ten boilers, only six of which are ordinarily in use. She carries one thousand two hundred tons of coal, using, however, only forty-five tons per day, which gives her an average speed of eleven knots per hour. The Atlantic steamers burn three hundred and fifty tons of coal daily, and average from fifteen to twenty knots per hour. It would take one hundred tons of coal daily to run all the boilers of the *City of Peking*, and she would then be able to make seventeen knots per hour. She is a steam propeller, her screw being twenty-eight feet, with steering apparatus all under the control of steam, so that one man may move this vast ship in whatever direction he chooses by the motion of his finger. She also carries several thousand feet of canvas, having three immense fore and aft and eleven square sails, so that if any thing should happen to her steam apparatus, she could quickly be converted into a sailing-vessel, and make even

then from eight to ten knots per hour. Her crew consists of one hundred and forty-five men, all told, embracing the captain, first officer, engineer, purser, surgeon, freight clerk, assistant freight clerk, four mates, six assistant engineers, three oilers, three water-tenders, four quartermasters, three watchmen, a carpenter, butcher, steward, second steward, stewardess, thirty-six firemen and coal-heavers, and thirty seamen on deck. The remainder consist of cooks, waiters, cabin-boys, etc. All the cooks, waiters, cabin-boys, and crew are Chinese. John Chinaman makes the best of sailors. The ship has capacity for one thousand five hundred steerage and one hundred and fifty cabin passengers, but on this trip she has only six hundred and fifty of the first and twenty of the last.

A vast amount of specie is taken to China by every ship, the average being half a million dollars each trip, and I suppose that the City of Peking now has on board fully that amount.

On Saturday, October 30, at 3 P.M., we sailed from San Francisco in this magnificent ship toward the setting sun. The hour for leaving was two o'clock, but we were delayed an hour by the lateness of the overland mail. It had been raining all the morning, but the sun came out just before we left, and it was a beautiful afternoon as we steamed down the bay and past the shipping toward the Golden Gate. San Francisco is at the northern extremity of a long and narrow peninsula which lies between the bay on the one side and the Pacific Ocean on the other, and the Golden Gate, the entrance to the bay and the harbor, is between the city and the mainland on the opposite side of the bay. It is only about three hundred yards wide, and forms an entrance to a land-locked harbor, one of the finest in the world. As we steamed out, we waved adieus to the friends in the brave little tug which had accompanied us

down the bay, and soon the shores of California and the beautifully crowned hills of San Francisco were rapidly receding from our view. Passing the steep walls of Alcatraz on the left, soon the light-house came in view. Darkness fell over the ocean, the last sight of land for three weeks was gone, and as I leaned over the gunwale and watched the phosphorescent gleam of the waves as our gallant ship plowed through them, I could but think of the changes that might come before I should see friends and home and native land again. Then, as I caught a glimpse—the last—of the star-like light from Farelloness Light-house, it seemed an omen of good, and as such I accepted it. Amidst all the perils by land and sea before me, I felt assured that God would be with me according to his promise. And in that trust I went to my room and quietly slept through my first night on the broad Pacific.

What a new world is that on which the sea-farer enters! How novel and strange all things connected with the ocean, the ship, the machinery, the sky, the wild waste around you! And nothing strikes one more strangely than the overpowering sense of complete isolation. You are cut off from all the movements, the sounds, the companionships, the interests of earth, and for three weeks that moving vessel is your world. No message can come to you from the great throbbing life you have left, and you feel as if you are lost to the world and the world lost to you. No morning papers, no letters or telegrams, no familiar home faces, no possible communication with anybody but the strangers on shipboard, no duties claiming your attention. You have cut loose from all your world and are adrift. This solitude at times grows oppressive.

Alone on the wide, wide sea,
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

But He is there—

Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
O hear us when we cry to thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

Very frequently the words of the Psalmist have recurred to me: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

That a three weeks' ocean voyage is monotonous goes without saying. On the Pacific a sail is rarely seen, as the ships pursue different routes according to the time of year and the direction they are going. At this season the head winds are all from the north-west along the northerly route, and would greatly retard the progress of a ship going in that direction. Consequently, when going toward Japan, they go far to the south, and find calmer seas and more favorable winds. Our course was between the thirtieth and thirty-second parallels, which is about the latitude of New Orleans, and during most of the time the weather was as balmy as May. But the first week, there must have been some severe wind farther north, as we encountered a heavy sea which made our ship roll and plunge in a highly dis-

agreeable manner. Those of us who had not on our "sea-legs"—and not many of us had—found pedestrianism impracticable and dangerous; but, worse than all, our stomachs proved treacherous and Neptune would have his tribute. When these mighty pulsations of the ocean's life came, we felt like the seasick Quaker who said to the captain, "Friend, dost thee call this the Pacific?"

When Balboa and his men were so overjoyed at the discovery of a calm ocean that they called it the Pacific, they were on the coast of Panama. Had they discovered it or attempted its navigation further north, they would never have so named it. One of our party expressed the opinion at starting that seasickness had been exaggerated, but he found abundant reason to change his mind, and all finally agreed that language failed to do it justice. Jeremiah must have known something of this fearful malady when he declared that "the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint." Fortunately, it never kills; but a noted divine gave voice to a common experience when he said, after crossing the ocean, that during the first four days of his voyage he feared he would die, and during the last four he feared he would not.

After my experience, I am quite ready to credit a story told by Henry Ward Beecher, who was such a very poor sailor that it is said the sight of a steam-ship company's advertisement was almost enough to give him inward qualms. Mr. Beecher said that when he came over from England in the good ship "Asia" in 1850, as he was lying deathly sick in his berth, he heard the sailors overhead singing in chorus as they tugged at the ropes:

"South Ca-lina darky stole my shoe, ha-ha!"

Five years afterward he was awakened one morning by a sound that seemed very familiar, and looking out of his window, which overlooked the water, he saw that the crew

of a vessel just below were hoisting anchor, and they were singing as they worked:

"South Ca-lina darky stole my shoe, ha-ha!"

By some sort of subtle influence, without recalling at the time that he was seasick when he first heard the song, in a moment or two he experienced as pronounced a feeling of nausea as he had ever had aboard a ship.

But seasickness, like all evils, has its compensations, and one is that its intensity is a Lethe's stream which drowns all other sorrows. It obliterates the memory of all that grieved and annoyed yesterday, or last week, or last year. The great engine throbs in your stomach, every roll of the ship gives you an unutterable disgust, and the sea is a mortal enemy that you soon come to hate "with perfect hatred." The sea is a good place for porpoises, sea-gulls, and whales—a place which few wise people ever come to like. That was a sensible sea-captain who said: "I have followed the sea thirty-five years; but I hate it. I pitied my dog so much that I left him at home last winter."

Old George Herbert, in his quaint way, advises people to praise the sea, but to keep on dry land. By the way, they name ships Persia, Etruria, Scotia, Servia, etc. Why did it never occur to any one to call a ship Nausea? There are thousands of fellow-sufferers who will agree with me as to its appropriateness.

Soon after leaving San Francisco we saw a number of whales, who spouted the water to quite a height, and would occasionally throw their great tails above the surface, affording us a good view of them. One night we passed through a large shoal of porpoises, or "sea pigs," as the sailors call them. We could see them very plainly in the moonlight, as they leaped from the water and darted along with the ship. They were black, and about the size and shape of small pigs. At the same time, on the opposite side

of the ship, there was a shoal of a different kind of fish, which some thought were sharks.

Sea-gulls followed us on tireless wing, always visible, now skimming the water, now darting into the air, gathering the fragments and offal thrown overboard from the ship. They remind me of some people who would rather obtain a precarious living by dangerous and uncertain means than engage in some honorable and steady employment. It seems incredible that birds can fly five thousand miles, and yet the same birds followed us from San Francisco to Yokohama, only resting occasionally on the surface of the water. The sailors say they never go to the land, and that they even lay their eggs and hatch their young on the broad ocean, but on this point I am incredulous. Large shoals of flying fish were frequently seen. These fish are ten or twelve inches in length and of a bluish color. Their wings are merely exaggerated fins, which allow them only to fly a short distance. Their appearance called to mind the story of the sailor who on his return from a voyage said to his mother: "I have seen mountains of gold, rivers of rum, and fish that could fly." "Ah, my son," said the old lady, "the mountains of gold and the rivers of rum may be true, but you should be ashamed to try to hoax your poor old mother with a tale of flying fish!"

On Monday morning, November 15, about eleven o'clock quite a squall blew up, filling the sea with white-caps, and making the ship to pitch and roll in a very uncomfortable manner. Suddenly the captain called out, "A water-spout!" and there, sure enough, about five miles to the south-east of us, was a long, slender, dark column of water, penciled against the horizon, and spreading out at the height of about seventy-five or one hundred feet into a heavy black cloud. It passed rapidly across the ocean, the column swaying as moved by the wind, and remaining in

plain view for about fifteen minutes. It was a beautiful sight, but we were very well contented to view it from a long distance.

During the whole five thousand miles we only saw one sail, which proved to be a large sailing-vessel, and which passed a few miles to our leeward. Each of the great steamers crossing the Pacific pursues its own course, and they rarely, if ever, meet.

One of the most interesting incidents of the day is the posting of the calendar, announcing the latitude, longitude, and number of miles sailed the preceding twenty-four hours. This is done every day at noon, and it is always immediately consulted with eager interest by the passengers. Our daily average run was two hundred and seventy-six miles—about eleven knots an hour. To be able to make these calculations and to decide just at what point in the trackless and always moving ocean a ship may be, and to determine the time by this, is a never-ceasing mystery to the uninitiated. Every day the clock was set back fifteen or twenty minutes, according to the number of miles run the preceding day.

The most memorable event of the voyage was dropping a day out of the calendar, which occurs only on the Pacific Ocean, and when crossing the 180th meridian of longitude. Thursday, November 11th, was the day thus dropped, as we crossed the meridian on Wednesday, the 10th, about three o'clock in the afternoon. So that to us on the "City of Peking" that week was the shortest of our lives, it having only six days. We went to bed Wednesday night, slept only eight or ten hours, and awakened Friday morning.

Every one understands that in traveling around the world from east to west a day is lost. Four minutes are lost for every degree of longitude passed; and as there

are three hundred and sixty degrees, these multiplied by four minutes give twenty-four hours. In order, therefore, to adjust the calendar, it is necessary at some point in the journey to pass over one day. Navigators have agreed to make this change on the 180th degree of longitude east or west of Greenwich. When they reach this meridian sailing westward, they drop a day; when they reach it sailing eastward, they repeat a day. This matter of dropping or gaining a day solves very satisfactorily a question which has troubled not a little some portions of the Christian world. There are some people and some sects who hold that not a certain portion of time, but a particular day, is sacred, and that we have no right to observe as the Sabbath any other day than that originally set apart when God gave the commandment at the creation.

The shape of our earth and its revolution on its axis makes it absolutely impossible that all its inhabitants should begin to observe the Sabbath at the same time. Commencing at New York and going west, the Sabbath begins an hour later for each fifteen degrees of longitude passed. So that when one has gone half around the world, the people with whom he finds himself are just beginning the Sabbath, while those whom he left are just finishing it. And if he should make his journey entirely around without dropping a day, when he again reached New York he would find that he was observing Monday as the Sabbath, while every one else would still be observing Sunday. If all the Seventh-day Adventists would make this voyage around the world, going west, conscientiously observing every seventh day, and making no change in their calendar, when they again reached home they would find themselves in harmony with the rest of the Christian world, and we would perhaps hear no more about their scruples for the particular seventh day of the week.

These Chinese sailors are the most stolid, imperturbable seamen whom I have ever seen. I have not heard a song or a shout or a cheer since being on board. Occasionally, when tugging away at the ropes, they will indulge in a low, monotone hum, but that is all. Even the commands from the officers are given in a low voice, and altogether it is the quietest crew that I have ever known. The contrast is very striking between them and the negro crew of a Mississippi steamer, who sing from morning till night, and sometimes nearly all night, their rich voices making the air melodious with "'Way down on the Suwannee River."

About three o'clock Friday morning, November 19th, a heavy wind began to blow, which lasted for twenty hours, and gave us an experience which we have no desire to repeat. The captain and other old sailors said it was the worst sea they ever saw, and we desire to see no worse. The waves piled up like mountains, and it looked for awhile as if we should never see home or native land again. The ship rolled so that I could hardly hold myself in my berth, and the timbers creaked and strained and groaned as though they were alive and being torn limb from limb. The deck was washed from fore to aft with heavy seas, sky-lights were broken, strong iron girders snapped, doors burst in, and the lower cabin flooded with water. Several were slightly injured, and one Chinese cabin-boy was thought to be fatally so. All the rest, thanks to a merciful Providence, "escaped safe to land." But I do not think that I ever more fully realized how blessed a thing it is to have your trust staid on One who "holds the winds in his hand," and who "sitteth above the water floods forever."

The blow which we had developed into a full-sized typhoon lower down the coast, and several ships suffered severely. Our friends will understand what we escaped when they learn that an Eastern typhoon is a Western cyclone.

JAPAN, THE LAND OF THE SUNRISE.

THERE to wander far away,
On from island into island at the gate-way of the day.
Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.
.
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

—*Tennyson.*

First Days in Japan.

“**A**S the shadow of a great rock in a weary land” was the sight of the green hills and gray rocks of Japan as I looked from my port-hole on the morning of November 20th. The sea was blue and calm, with not a trace of the angry waves of the day and night before, and the eastern horizon was roseate with the blushes that heralded the coming of the king of day. Hastily dressing, I went on deck and had a full view of the shores of Japan, and one who has never been at sea can form no conception of how sweet the sight of land is to those who have seen nothing but sky and water for three weeks. Hills crested with timber skirt the Bay of Yeddo, and the beaches are dotted with thatched huts and white stone houses. Fishing-junks, *sanpans*, and small sailing-vessels, with square-set sails on which were marked peculiar devices, dotted the water in every direction, propelled by stout, muscular men, half naked, some of them altogether so, except for a breech-clout around their loins. These strange, half-savage looking men, with their uncovered black hair and sinewy limbs, and the queer boats, made us realize that we were approaching a foreign shore.

Up this same bay, on the 7th of July, 1853, steered Commodore Perry, sent by Daniel Webster, the first of our statesmen who insisted upon opening Japan to Western commerce. On that shore to which we were going stood the natives who thought Perry's ships imprisoned volca-

noes, and who, to prevent his return, built mud forts and lined them on the outside with paper, that they might resemble stone. How difficult to realize the changes that have taken place in these thirty-three years! Now light-houses all along the coast invite the commerce of the world, and Japanese steamers and iron-clads are in her harbors and on all her seas. Indeed, an English captain told me that, for its size, Japan has the best navy in the world.

As we steamed up the bay, we caught our first sight of Fuji-Yama, the sacred mountain of Japan. Towering above all other objects, its snow-clad summit fourteen thousand feet above the sea, it was the most prominent feature in the landscape. Fuji is an extinct volcano, a truncated cone, with a crater three miles in circumference, and in clear weather is visible a hundred miles at sea. Tradition says that in the year 286 B.C. the earth opened in the Province of Omi, near Kioto, and Lake Biwa, eighteen by sixty miles, was formed as the result, in the shape of the Biwa, or four-stringed lute, and at the same time Fuji rose as a flaming volcano, the last eruption of which was in 1707. This mountain is to the Japanese what Mount Olympus was to the Greeks, save that to many of them it is not only the dwelling-place of the gods, but a very god itself. Accordingly they put it in all their pictures, on all their finest porcelain, and adorn every work of art with its snowy image.

As we entered the harbor, or rather open roadstead where the navies of the world might ride, we saw numerous passenger steamers, sailing-vessels, native boats, and several iron-clads, with the flags of various nations displayed, among which were the familiar stars and stripes, which never appeared so beautiful as when thus seen, five thousand miles from home. The native boats were darting about in every direction, and the scene was a gay and animated one as we reached our anchorage, a short distance from the

Hatoba, a curved stone breakwater, going out several hundred feet into the bay. The Japanese *sanpans* quickly surrounded us, eager to take passengers ashore, and among them was a steam launch from the Grand Hotel; but all must wait until the United States mail has been taken off in the handsome boat which has been sent for that purpose, and which was well filled with the hundred or more sacks of mail matter which the "City of Peking" had brought. The hotel launch soon landed us at the dock, and ascending the stone steps, after going through the formalities of the custom-house, we took our first ride in a *jinrikisha*, which is a purely Japanese institution, and was invented by a native of Tokio. This invention only dates from 1870, and previous to that there were no wheeled vehicles in Japan. But she then got on wheels, and has been on wheels ever since.

The *jinrikisha* is simply an enlarged perambulator on two wheels, drawn by a cooly. One cannot help feeling, when he takes his seat in it, as if he were a big baby whom his nurse had tucked up and was taking out for an airing. Some timorous people whom I have known in America would be greatly delighted with the *jinrikisha*, as there is no danger of the horse running away; and as your steed looks out for accidents, you have nothing to do but surrender yourself to the pleasure of the ride and take in all the strange sights and sounds that surround you. After a considerable experience in riding in these "Pull man" carriages, I confess to a great liking for them, and I would be much pleased were I sure of having as cheap and comfortable a method of getting around wherever I go in my travels. The charges are from six to ten cents per hour, and the poor coolies well earn their money. These *jinrikisha* men form a distinct class, and the only drawback to my enjoyment in riding in the little carriages is the fact, which I

cannot forget, that I am being pulled by men. They are a patient, good-natured, long-suffering set, always on hand ready for any emergency, and although they sometimes impose a little on strangers, generally honest. They are to be seen everywhere, dressed in every conceivable costume, from nothing up to a full-fledged American suit, and with wonderfully developed muscles and marvelous powers of endurance. They will average five miles an hour and easily travel thirty or forty miles a day. Rev. Mr. Soper, of Tokio, told us of one instance where one of them pulled him sixty miles in one day, but this was unusual.

We considered it a happy incident, and worthy of mention, that the first man to greet us after we put our feet on Japanese soil was Rev. Henry Loomis, agent of the American Bible Society. It was peculiarly gratifying to find this noble society so firmly established and doing such good work in this Empire. Mr. Loomis has been here for a number of years, and is one of the most useful and efficient members of the devoted band of missionary workers at Yokohama. This society began its work in Japan in 1874, and in the twelve years of its existence it has manufactured 422,404 Bibles, Testaments, and parts of Testaments, and has circulated 359,029 volumes. Fifty-seven colporteurs are employed, and the report for October shows 6,460 miles traveled, and 4,560 Bibles and parts of Bibles sold and circulated. Who can measure the good that is being accomplished in the world by the great Bible Societies? They are giving the Word of Life to all nations, and are among the most important of evangelizing agencies.

A stranger's first impressions of Yokohama are very pleasant. From the custom-house to the Grand Hotel, we drove along a wide, smooth Bund, with the beautiful bay on one side, and on the other foreign-built residences, stores, and hotels that look as if they might have been trans-

planted from some American city. Yokohama is more like a foreign than a Japanese city, and has the largest foreign population of any place in the Empire—about fifteen hundred. The native population is estimated at sixty thousand. The principal portion of the city is located in what was originally a swamp, but which has been drained by numerous low, shallow, tidal canals crossing each other at right angles and spanned by many wooden bridges. The streets are generally narrow and closely built up with *hongs* or warehouses, a few respectable stores and banks, and vast numbers of shops, bungalows, shipping-offices, establishments of Chinese money-changers, Government buildings, and Japanese residences. Most of the foreign residences and all the mission-school buildings are built on the “Bluff,” the high plateau several miles long and about half a mile wide which rises considerably above the native town, and marks the level of the ancient coast. This makes a very handsome suburban town of wooden villas and neat cottages, embowered in flowers and evergreens, with beautiful gardens and walks. From this elevation there is a fine view of the city below, stretching out over the reclaimed swamp. This is perhaps the most pleasant place at which to live in Japan, and we found it a very delightful community. The social surroundings are of the most pleasant character, and one might well fancy himself in a New England village, if he was not so frequently accosted by the pathetic cry of “Riksha.”

It was something of a surprise to find in this far-off land so well-conducted a house as the Grand Hotel. It is fully equal to the average hotel in our American cities. The proprietors are Americans, and nearly all the servants speak English, so that we felt very much at home in our sunny, elegantly furnished room. A large annex is in process of construction, which, when completed, will make this

hotel one of the largest and handsomest to be found in the East.

After tiffin, we secured jinrikishas and rode for several hours through the native city. Of course it was full of novelty and interest to us, and every thing we saw reminded us that we were in a strange land. The narrow streets swarmed with people, the women looking as if they had just stepped off a Japanese fan or tea-box, and many of the men as if they had just stepped out of their clothes. Sandwiched everywhere were the children, all homely and all seeming to have the *epizootic*. Children in Japan seem, like Topsy, to "just grow." They are as plentiful as blackberries in Mississippi, or hickory-nuts in South Missouri. The babies are strapped to the backs of the mothers or larger children, as North American Indian squaws carry their *papooses*, and I have seen women washing clothes, and boys dancing on stilts, with queer little round-faced, shaved-headed, and almond-eyed babies fast asleep on their backs. Most of the children in Japan, however, are fortunately good-humored, and I have only seen two or three crying babies since landing here.

We found Yokohama a quiet, clean city, but it seemed as if everybody was on a frolic. The native shops are little rooms about ten feet square, elevated two and a half feet above the street, with the side next to the street entirely open, while the proprietor squats on clean straw mats in the center of his goods or wares. There are no counters or stools, except in the large silk establishments, and the purchaser stands in the street in front of the shop and buys what he wishes. But, as in all Eastern countries, so here, he must be sure not to pay the asking price unless he wishes to give three or four times the value of the article. The proprietors, with their families, live in little rooms back of these shops, destitute of furniture, stoves, or fire-places, while the

children play in the streets and alleys. There are no sidewalks to the streets in Japan, and as the jinrikisha men go bowling along they give a peculiar cry, "Hike! hike!" which warns pedestrians and makes them scatter right and left.

Through long rows of these little shops with their queer contents and queerer inmates, which reminded us of children playing at "keeping store," we rode, stopping occasionally to examine some object of interest, and trying to realize that we were actually in Asia and on the other side of the globe from our native land. We stopped at a small Buddhist temple, and saw, for the first time, a human being worshipping a wooden image. It was an old woman who reverently approached the shrine, struck the gong overhead to attract the attention of the god, threw her offering into the money-box (these heathen always pay before they worship, and there is a large contribution-box before every idol and shrine), and then, striking her hands several times, clasped them together and devoutly bent her head, muttering a prayer to the work of men's hands, who, though "having ears, hear not."

Our first Sunday in Japan was a memorable day. Mr. Loomis called at the hotel soon after breakfast and gave us the pleasing intelligence that Rev. George Muller, the founder of the celebrated orphanages at Bristol, England, would preach at the Union Church at eleven o'clock. We accompanied our friends to a native service which was held at an earlier hour in the same house. We found collected a large, orderly congregation of some three hundred and fifty Japanese, who were listening attentively to an earnest native preacher. This Church is connected with the United Church of Christ, an organization composed of five consolidated Presbyterian bodies, and numbers three hundred and seventy members. It is self-supporting, and also makes liberal contributions to the missionary cause. The congrega-

tion all sung, and these Japanese have deep, rich voices. They were the same songs of Zion, in a strange land and in a strange tongue. At the conclusion of the service, after the benediction, the whole congregation resumed their seats and bowed their heads for a few moments in silent prayer, and then quietly and reverently left the house of God. The universal practice in all the churches, both native and foreign, in Japan, is for the worshipers thus to bow before and after service. As I have seen and admired it, I have thought our American congregations might learn some salutary lessons in church propriety from these converted heathen. The unseemly drawing on of overcoats and cloaks while the doxology is being sung; the grasping of hats, canes, and parasols while the benediction is being pronounced, and the hum of conversation and laughter as the people rush and clatter out of the house, is a desecration which is never seen or heard in Japan.

We deemed it most fortunate that we had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Muller, whose remarkable life of faith and prayer is known throughout Christendom. He is now eighty-two years old, has been a Christian sixty-one years, and for fifty-six years pastor of one of the largest churches in Bristol, England. He began his work of faith forty-two years ago, and has educated thousands of orphan children without ever asking for one dollar of money. He has simply prayed all these years for what he wanted, and God has always heard and answered him. The money has come in from all sources as needed, and he has thus carried on the most wonderful work of the present century. He has at present five large orphanages at Bristol. For eleven years and eight months he has been doing evangelistic work, and has been over the world several times, having preached in thirty-five different countries, in German, French, and English, and in seventeen languages by interpreters.

Mr. Muller is full of earnestness and simplicity, and his very presence was a benediction to me. He retains his vigor and strength of mind and body, and, though venerable in appearance, looks as if he might yet live and preach a number of years. He took his text from Matthew xxviii. 19, 20: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations," etc., dwelling more particularly on the last clause, "And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." His sermon was delivered with much force and feeling, and contained the very marrow of the gospel. At night we heard him again in a prayer-meeting, which was held at one of the school-buildings on the Bluff. His talk was especially to Christians, and was a very precious and comforting one.

The commander of the American man-of-war, the "Marion," lying in the harbor at Yokohama is an earnest Christian—a Methodist—and wished us to come aboard with some friends in the afternoon and conduct a service for the men. At five o'clock he sent his steam launch to the hotel for us, and with half a dozen others we went aboard and Mr. Palmore delivered a very earnest and effective sermon to the hundred and fifty marines and officers.

After the sermon quite an interesting coincidence was brought to light. Mr. Loomis, in closing the services, gave an incident which occurred while he was in the Union army at the siege of Petersburg, Virginia. When we returned to the captain's cabin, he and I compared notes, and found that we were directly opposite each other in that memorable siege, he behind the Federal breastworks and I behind the Confederate. After all these years, we had met again in a foreign land, on board a man-of-war of our common country, no longer enemies, but soldiers in the same great army and under the same glorious leader.

II.

Japan and the Japanese.

THE Japanese Empire extends over a vast cluster of islands of different size, situated off the east coast of Asia, four hundred miles from the main-land, from which it is separated by the Sea of Japan and the Strait of Corea. It is washed on the east and south by the sluggish rollers of the Pacific, and on the north by the Sea of Okhotsk. There are four thousand and eight of these islands, but only eight hundred of them are of any size, and the Empire practically consists of four islands, Yezo, Shikoku, Kiushiu, and the unnamed Hondo or Honshiu, or main-land, which is considerably larger than the other three islands combined. This latter island is improperly called Nippon. It is eight hundred miles long, and has an area of about eighty thousand square miles. The area of the entire kingdom is a little more than one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, being something greater than that of the British Islands. The islands of Japan have often been compared to those of Great Britain, as they lie off the coast of Asia much as those of Britain do off the coast of Europe. The southern portion of the islands lies within the sub-tropical belt, and the climate is warm and genial, but in the northern part of Yezo the winters are quite severe. The country, as a whole, corresponds pretty nearly in latitude with the eastern coast-line of the United States, adding Nova Scotia and Newfoundland; and the contrasts in climate in the northern and southern extremities of our

country are not more remarkable than those which are observed in the extreme northern and southern regions of Japan.

The name Japan is a corruption of Marco Polo's term, Zipangu, which represents the Chinese Shi-pen-kue, meaning "root of day" or "Sunrise Kingdom." The first knowledge that Europeans had of these lands was derived from this great Venetian traveler, who, in the thirteenth century, spent some twenty years in China. He wrote such a description of this land lying to the eastward as he could obtain from the Chinese, and his glowing accounts incited Columbus to start in quest of it. When this discoverer landed in the Bahamas he believed himself to be in Zipangu. Mendez Pinto, a Portuguese adventurer, seems to have been one of the first Europeans who landed on Japanese soil, early in the sixteenth century. He carried back such reports of the riches and magnificence of the country that great numbers of traders flocked thither. Missionaries followed in the track of commerce, and in 1549 Francis Xavier, the great "Apostle of the Indies," carried Catholicism to Japan. It proved a fruitful soil for the growth of this perverted form of Christianity, and many of the nobility as well as large numbers of the people became Catholics. But in less than a century the Government became jealous of the growing power of this new religion, and in 1587 an edict was issued for the banishment of the missionaries. A few years after this edict was renewed, and twenty-three priests were put to death in one day at Nagasaki. The Catholics, on their side, took no measures to pacify the Government, but defied the authorities and began to overthrow idols and pull down heathen temples. This inaugurated an era of dreadful persecutions, and thousands of native Christians were put to death, their school-houses and churches burned, and their faith denounced as treason both

against the gods and the State. In 1637 a fresh persecution broke out, which proved even bloodier than the preceding ones, the inciting cause being a charge that a conspiracy had been formed between the Japanese Catholics and the Portuguese and Spanish merchants to overthrow the Imperial Government and establish the papal power in the Empire. On this occasion edicts were issued forbidding Japanese, on any pretext, to quit the country, and the following decree was published throughout the kingdom: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, *or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violates this command, shall pay for it with his head.*" Even the Portuguese were expelled from the country and their trade transferred to the Dutch, who were known to be the enemies of Roman Catholicism. But in 1640 the Christians openly rebelled, and, after varying fortunes, a fort in which a large number of them had taken refuge was captured and thousands were massacred. This ended Japanese intercourse with all foreigners, and for more than two hundred years Christianity was unknown in Japan, and Buddhism and Shintooism reigned supreme.

To our own country belongs the honor of unlocking the doors of this hermit nation and throwing wide open the sea-gates which had remained barred and bolted for so many centuries. In 1852, complaints having been made of the treatment of American seamen who had been wrecked on the Japanese coast, at the instance of Daniel Webster Commodore Perry was sent to investigate the matter, and not only demand protection for our seamen, but also seek to open trade with the secluded Island Empire. In July, 1853, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, his fleet sailed up the Bay of Yeddo and cast anchor near where now stands the city of Yokohama. The first Christian services that were ever

held on those waters were conducted that day by this brave commander, as, having read the one hundredth Psalm, he sung with his Christian crew:

All people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, his praise forthtell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The expedition was a successful one, and one year later the commodore made a treaty with the Japanese Government which opened its gates to American and foreign intercourse. Since that period the advance of Japan has been wonderful, and is unparalleled in the annals of national history. She is truly a nation born in a day, and her history for the past thirty years is one of the marvels of the nineteenth century.

The present Mikado is the one hundred and twenty-third member of a dynasty which has ruled Japan for twenty-five hundred years. This is the longest dynasty which has ever ruled an empire in the history of the world, and antedates the Roman Empire. Jimmu Tenno, the founder of the dynasty, was the first Emperor Japan ever had, and began to reign 660 B.C. About seven hundred years ago, the *daimios*, or feudal lords, began to exercise great power in the Empire, which was an absolute despotism, and demanded that one of their number be made commander-in-chief of the army. Accordingly the court of the Mikado created the office of Shogun or Governor Generalissimo, and appointed Yoritomo the first Shogun. He was one of the most noted heroes in Japanese history, and during his Shogunate acquired supreme control. It is generally stated that for a thousand years Japan had a double-headed government with two rulers—a civil ruler, in whose hands were really the reins of power, with his capital at Yeddo, and who was called the Shogun or Tycoon; and an ecclesi-

astical ruler, who was considered so sacred that no common eye could rest upon him, and who never went beyond the precincts of the palace except in a carefully curtained chair. This was the Mikado, who had his capital at Kio-to. The fact is, however, that the Mikado was always recognized as the nominal Emperor, though, in reality, he was a mere figure-head. He dwelt amidst a semi-sacred nobility and a host of learned priests, a real prisoner, in a quiet capital filled with temples and colleges; while the Shogun, from his moated castle, ruling the turbulent vassals and enforcing military authority in every part of the land, resided in busy, active Yeddo, with its million of inhabitants, surrounded with wealth and luxury and all the pomp of power. For nearly five centuries this usurpation was held in three famous families, the whole period being one of civil strife and bloodshed. In the latter part of the sixteenth century the famous Iyeyasu family came into power, which founded the line of Tokujawa Shoguns, who held the reins of power for two hundred and fifty years. Iyeyasu, the founder of this line, was one of the greatest characters in the history of the Empire, and was the combined Moses and Cromwell of Japan.

In 1854 the first treaty was signed with a foreign power, and certain ports were then for the first time thrown open to foreigners, who began to flock to Japan from England and America. Foreign ideas came in with these immigrants, and from the first influx of this new blood the power of the Shogun began to wane.

In 1858 the present Mikado, Mitsuhiro, ascended the throne, and, though he was but a child, his friends and adherents began to assert his authority. A bloody internecine war followed, which lasted for ten years, but in 1868 the Shogun was finally defeated. The decisive battle was fought at Uyeno, in Yeddo, in 1868, after which the last of

the Shoguns was banished to private life. The Emperor then removed his capital to Yeddo, changed the name of the city to Tokio, rebuilt and improved it, and began a new era in the history of Japan.

Since this revolution Japan has been rapidly advancing toward a free government. The Mikado has promised to establish a National Assembly in 1890, and, as paving the way from an absolute and irresponsible monarchy to a limited constitutional one, in 1878 local elective and representative provincial assemblies were established. These assemblies correspond to our State Legislatures. There is no record of any other elective and representative body in Asia, where the human race was cradled and where more than one-half of the world's population dwells. This movement may spread and be the means of liberating 800,000,000 of people from oppression and tyranny.

When the Emperor made his proclamation announcing these reforms, he said: "All measures shall be decided by public opinion. The uncivilized customs of former times shall be broken through. The impartiality and justice displayed in the workings of nature shall be adopted as a basis of action. Intellect and learning shall be sought for throughout the world in order to establish the foundations of the Empire."

The Emperor is now thirty-four years of age, and is said to be a rather heavy, good-natured, indolent man, but he has gathered around him as the heads of departments the most enterprising and progressive men in Japan, and they are making this the foremost of all the Eastern nations. As the head of the Chinaman is turned toward the past, that of the Japanese is turned toward the future. One of the most striking traits of the Japanese is the readiness with which they adopt improvements from every quarter. They are taking the best portions of the civilization of Europe

and America, and are building up an eclectic nation, which, if no great calamity overtakes it, promises to be one of the grandest empires of the future. They have taken as their models the French army, the English navy, the American educational system, and the German medical school. They are determined to be "the heir of all the ages," and, while much of their civilization is as yet necessarily in a crude state, they are an astonishment to every intelligent observer who goes among them and looks into the workings of their plans. Their schools, universities, manufactories, ships, railroads, and all industrial enterprises are after the world's most approved models. The Osaka Mint, the most extensive in the world, and in capacity second only to the San Francisco Mint, has the finest machinery that was ever put into a similar establishment. The Japanese navy has the finest man-of-war afloat, and the United States is now building two iron-clads after the model thus furnished. The railroads are built and equipped according to the latest and best plans, and it is stated that under the *baton* system, which is used, collisions and other accidents are reduced to a minimum.

Japan offers perhaps the only historical instance of a nation thus voluntarily changing its civilization, within the short space of a generation, to adopt a higher and better civilization. The "old Japan" has almost ceased to exist, and new Japan is a land of nineteenth century civilization, illuminated by electricity, traversed by railways, speaking through telephones, guarded by repeating rifles, breech-loading cannon, and turreted navies of steel. The medical science of Paris and of Berlin is familiar to the students of Tokio; the philosophy of Herbert Spencer and of Buckle is taught in the schools of Kioto; the perfecting press prints daily editions of Japanese papers; students in chemistry and dynamics make the boldest of experiments in the

Imperial University, and Japanese literary circles discuss Mill and Stewart and Huxley. The whole Empire is in a ferment, and there is no quarter of the country which has not heard the thunder of the wheels of progress. As has been said, "the Empire of Japan has risen from the low plane of feudalism to its present height of civilization almost as rapidly as its sacred mountain, Fujisan, is said to have risen from the level of the sea in a single night."

One trouble, however, which suggests itself is that Japan is trying to accomplish in a few years what it has taken Western nations centuries to reach. Just now, there is what Joseph Cook would call "a conflagration of enthusiasm" for every thing English—dress, food, houses, language, and customs. In some respects this is unfortunate, for it would be a calamity for the Japanese peasant to abandon the simple food and habits of his country for a style of living which is far more expensive and artificial. According to the manner of living of the lower class, a Japanese family of three or four can live on *five dollars* a month. This seems almost incredible, yet there is no doubt of its correctness. Their houses are of the simplest construction—rarely more than three or four rooms, without any furniture whatever, and unpainted. The rooms are separated by sliding panels of light woodwork, divided into panes of translucent paper—which may be either windows, doors, or walls, according to the purpose to which they are applied—while the roofs are either thatched with straw or covered with tiling. The floors are covered with beautiful soft mats made of very finely plaited rice straw, about two inches thick. Each mat is three by six feet, and rooms are always made of the size of so many mats. A Japanese always removes his shoes or clogs when entering a house, and sits or rather "squats" upon the floor, never using a chair or stool. Dining-tables are about six inches high and fif-

teen to eighteen inches square. These are placed on the mats, and each person has a table to himself. They use neither knives nor forks, but chopsticks. They double their legs up under them, and sit resting upon their knees and heels.

The Japanese food consists entirely of rice, fish, vegetables, and fruits. They use neither bread nor meat, except the latter on very rare occasions. Rice and tea are the great staples, and many families have nothing else. The seas of Japan are unexcelled in the world for the multitude and variety of the choicest edible fish. Many bays and gulfs indent the islands, and have been for ages the happy hunting-grounds of the fisherman. The rivers are also well stocked with fresh-water fish, and fish of all kinds are consequently very plentiful and very cheap. This character of food enables those who follow the habits of their ancestors to live very economically. An intelligent, educated young Japanese told me that he was living at a native hotel where fifty cents per day was the price of first-class board, thirty cents of second-class, and twenty cents of third-class. But foreign food and foreign ways of living are very expensive, and if they should be universally adopted they would bankrupt and impoverish the country.

The Japanese are an honest, industrious, frugal, and polite people. In passing through the cities and traveling in the interior, it is rare to see any idlers. Men, women, and children are all at work, and appear cheerful and good-natured. They are the most polite people I have ever seen. They have been called the French of the East, but they might even teach lessons of courtesy to these proverbially polite people. Gentlemen uncover their heads when speaking to each other, and never exchange greetings or farewells without the most profound bows. Their parting salutation is *Sayonari*—"We part since it must be so." Girls are

taught etiquette as American girls are taught grammar, and frequently when girls are sent to mission-schools their parents require that they be taught Japanese etiquette.

Joseph Cook calls the Japanese "the diamond edition of humanity." They are all physically small, the average height of the men being about five feet two inches, and of the women even less; but they are fine-grained, and susceptible of a high degree of cultivation.

The origin of the Japanese and their race affinity is unknown. We are apt to associate the Japanese and Chinese together, but they are essentially different. The Chinese are Mongolian, while the Japanese are a mixed race. The aborigines of Japan, now called Ainos, of whom there are about ten thousand in the north of Japan, were a copper-colored race of Esquimaux. One conquering race was probably composed of Mongolians from Corea, while a third race were Malays from the Malay archipelago. The mixture of these three races has probably given the Japanese to the world. But as this whole ethnological question is shrouded in mystery, we can only take the Japanese as we find them—a race of thirty-eight millions speaking one language, of fair-skinned, black-haired, almond-eyed, quick-witted, vivacious, brave, courteous, and progressive little people, who claim to have come from heaven originally, and many of whom we sincerely hope will get back there when they die.

Soon after coming in contact with the Japanese, I was impressed with their resemblance in physiognomy to the North American Indians. Both have the same straight black hair, black eyes, scant or no beard, and copper color. I had never heard the theory advanced of the Japanese origin of our aborigines, but I find that it is by no means an improbable supposition.

The Kuro Shiro or Black Stream of Japan, the Gulf-

stream of the Pacific, arising from the equatorial belt, flows up past Formosa, Japan, the Kurile and Aleutian Islands, Alaska, Oregon and California, and thence bends westward to the Sandwich Islands. A junk or tree floating in the Kuro Shiro, off the coast of Japan, would, if not stopped or stranded, drift from Japan to Hawaii. For many centuries Japanese fishing-boats and junks, caught in the easterly gales and typhoons, have been swept into the Kuro Shiro and carried to America. From 1782 to 1876 lists have been made of certified instances, with dates, of forty-nine Japanese junks wrecked, met or seen on American or Hawaiian shores.

Now what is more probable than that what has happened so often since 1492 happened previous to that date, and that the first settlers in America were Japanese, brought to these shores in junks caught in typhoons and swept along in the Kuro Shiro? There are many striking resemblances between the American aborigines and the Japanese, not only in appearance, but in customs, religion, language, superstition, etc. Here is an untilled field which some enterprising ethnologist or antiquarian would do well to enter, and which might yield very rich and interesting results.

The Japanese have many singular customs, though a great many apocryphal stories have been told about them. In preparing their dead for burial they do not lay them out as we do, but usually double them up and bury them in a square box. This explains a circumstance which has puzzled many—the clustering of tombstones so near together in their grave-yards. They generally bury the dead without clothing, and the mourners wear white as a sign of grief. Cremation is being practiced very largely, especially in the cities, and in Tokio there is one of the largest crematories in the East. In this capital city no dead are allowed to be buried within the city limits.

Marriage is usually arranged by consultation with the relatives, though love matches are by no means uncommon. When the appointed time for the marriage arrives, the bride goes to the home of her intended husband, accompanied by her relatives and friends, and when the company are assembled, the bride and groom simply exchange gifts, among which are cups of *Saki*, which each drink. They then acknowledge each other as man and wife, the marriage is recorded in the government office, and the ceremony is complete. The wife owes filial allegiance of a very severe kind to the mother-in-law, and much domestic infelicity in Japan is attributable to this source. On the part of the man, divorces are very easily obtained, and he has only to apply to the proper officials to have the marriage annulled, but it is very difficult and almost impossible for the woman to obtain a divorce. When an only daughter marries, the young man marrying her is required to take her name, as otherwise the family name would die out, which cannot be allowed in Japan. For this reason an only son of one family and an only daughter of another cannot marry. Both men and women often change their Christian names, but the surnames always remain the same, except when a married woman takes the name of her husband.

The Japanese are a remarkably cleanly people. Their houses are scrupulously neat; the wood-work is scoured every day until it looks as if it had been polished, and every speck of dirt is carefully brushed from the floor, so that you feel it is almost a sacrilege not to conform to their customs and remove your shoes before entering their dwellings. Every Japanese takes a hot bath as regularly as he goes to bed at night, and most of them also take one in the morning. Formerly the sexes bathed together, but the government has now forbidden this under severe penalties. This practice of hot bathing has doubtless conduced very

largely to preserving the health of the peasants, who work in the rice-fields all day, up to their knees in mud and water, and who expose themselves in many different ways.

One of the most hideous customs of the Japanese is that of the married women, who blacken their teeth and shave their eyebrows. Formerly this practice was universal, being required, I suppose, by the husbands to make their wives unattractive to other men, but I am happy to say that the custom is now more honored in the breach than in the observance, though the majority of the married women whom I have met were thus disfigured. One custom would, however, doubtless find favor among American ladies—like the ancient Grecians, they count their age from the time of marriage, not from the time of birth.

Japan leads all the Asiatic nations in the respect and honor which are paid to women. No woman's feet are ever bound, and among the middle and lower classes she is at liberty to walk and visit as in our own land, where, as De Tocqueville says, woman is queen. She is better educated, better treated, and occupies a higher position in the "Land of the Rising Sun" than in any country of the East, and the result has been that a larger number of illustrious women have been produced in Japan than in any other Oriental country. Of the one hundred and twenty-three Japanese sovereigns, nine have been women. The custodian of the divine regalia is a virgin priestess. The chief deity in their mythology is a woman. In literature, poetry, art, and song, the names of women are among the most brilliant of those on the long roll of fame and honor. Female education and female elevation are among the burning questions of the day in Japan. The leading paper in Tokio has for several weeks been publishing a series of articles on this subject by a distinguished Japanese educator, and all the papers throughout the Empire contain editorials and discussions

on this theme. This year, for the first time, women have been admitted into the Imperial University, and the Empress has become the patron of female education and established a free institution at Tokio, to which girls are admitted by competitive examination.

A movement has recently been inaugurated to establish a "Ladies' Institute" at Tokio, with a capital of \$60,000, which, if successful, will have a most important influence in elevating and educating the women of the higher class. The following resolutions, which were adopted at a meeting held September 29, 1886, outline the plan: (1) That it is desirable to found in Tokio an Institute for the higher education of women; (2) that the Institute have for its object to provide a center of European life and culture in Tokio for the ladies of Japan, where instruction shall be afforded in the subject of a general education, in ethics, in manner, in dress, and in housekeeping; (3) that the Institute be used as a club or meeting-place for ladies, and have grounds suitable for all kinds of out-door recreation; (4) that an institute building be constructed containing a ground suite of rooms, consisting of reading, recitation, dining, and reception rooms, and kitchen accommodation; and an upper story or stories with accommodation for three resident lady teachers from abroad, and twelve resident pupils; (5) that the assistance of University professors be invited for the imparting of the higher learning; (6) that the English language be used as the medium of instruction, and special importance be attached to the acquisition of that language.

I understood in Tokio that most of the money for this Institute had been subscribed in thirty-dollar shares, and that the building would soon be begun.

Such an Institute as this, with a modified plan, giving it a distinctly religious feature, is greatly needed in connec-

tion with our Southern Methodist Mission at Kobe, and I trust that the day is not far distant when it will be established. May God hasten the day for the complete regeneration of the women of Japan and of Asia! And let our Methodist women remember that in accomplishing this work they are to take no insignificant part. There is a darker side of this woman question which we refrain from touching, but it is sufficient to say that Japan is yet full of immorality and sin of the vilest description. Buddhism and Shintooism, the prevalent religions, look upon woman only as a temptation, a snare, and an unclean thing, and offer to her no immortality, her only hope being to be born into the world again as a man. The Japanese woman stretches out her hands imploringly to her Christian sister in America, and prays for her help in striking the shackles from soul and mind. And her appeal has not been and will not be in vain.

III.

The Mikado's Capital, and Nikko, the Beautiful.

A DAY or two after arriving at Yokohama, I received a postal card (the Japanese have postals; their postal system is equal to ours, after which it is modeled), from my friend, the Rev. Julius Soper, presiding elder of Tokio District of the Japan Conference, M. E. Church, inviting us to come at once to Tokio, as he would leave soon for a tour of his district. Accordingly, on a bright Monday morning, we repaired to the large brick and stone depot—or station, as it is called here—which is the southern terminus of the Yokohama and Tokio railroad. This road is twenty miles in length, and is well built in English style. Japan has now some four hundred miles of railroad, and is rapidly extending her railway system. In another year it is proposed to have the road completed from Kobe to Tokio, *via* Kioto and Osaka, which will pass through the best and most populous section of the Empire. The Yokohama and Tokio road has a double track, fine iron bridges, neat station-houses, the best of rolling-stock, and elegant depots at the termini. At each station there is a wide brick platform with barriers and turnstiles at both ends, and no person is allowed to pass in without a ticket, while when you reach your destination and pass out, the tickets are collected. The first-class cars are elegantly upholstered, but we saw no passengers in them. The second-class cars are very comfortable, with leather upholstery, but never crowded. They are divided into small square compartments, with

seats running around the four sides, except at the doors, which are always locked when the train is in motion. There are no conductors, and you are never disturbed until you arrive at your destination. The third-class cars are always crowded, and any one but a native would find them very uncomfortable.

This road passes through the great plain of Yeddo, which is some ninety miles from north to south, and is one vast, moist, paddy field, laid out in small squares like the map of the United States. On the right, seen through a somber fringe of dark green pines, is the bay, through whose foam-flecked azure fleets of white-sailed junks are plowing their way. To the left, away beyond the fields of rice, onions, and cotton, like giant sentinels, rise the dark mountains of the Oyama range; while above all, and crowning the picture, is the lofty head of Fuji, white with the first winter's snow, and matchless in its grace and symmetry.

On this fertile Yeddo plain are not only the capital, but many populous cities and several hundred thriving agricultural villages. There are no farms such as we have in America, but the old feudal days forced all who cultivated the soil to cluster in villages for protection and mutual support. The whole country is like a garden, and men, women, and children are at work. Most of the soil is a black vegetable mold from two to ten feet in depth. Only about eleven millions of acres are in cultivation to feed and clothe thirty-eight millions of people. This is divided into little farms of from one to three acres, which are skillfully and thoroughly worked. The land is enriched by liquid manure, which is applied entirely by hand, and yields two or three crops per annum. The rice is planted in June and is sown in the water and slush which then cover the field. As soon as the plants are up a few inches,

the natives go in and pluck them all up and carefully reset them in hills. By November it is ready to be reaped, and it is then cut by hand with a knife, and the grain separated from the straw by the most primitive processes—sometimes by threshing and sometimes by pulling the bundles through a kind of iron rake with long teeth set closely together. I have seen hundreds of women engaged in both methods. An acre of the best land produces annually about fifty-four bushels of rice, and the worst about thirty bushels.

We also saw a number of cotton-fields along the road, and I was surprised to learn that Japan produces a large quantity of this staple, though of an inferior quality. There is a large cotton-mill at Yokohama.

Tea-plantations were frequent, and in the amount of tea raised Japan is second only to China. All the leaves are dried in the sun and then baked, and the quality of the tea depends on the manner in which it is dried and the time when it is plucked. The choicest tea is from the young and tender leaves pulled in the spring. The Japanese do not make tea as we do, but simply pour hot water over the leaves and drink the infusion without adding either sugar or milk.

The forest area of Japan is four times that under cultivation, and the flora is said to be the richest and most varied in the world. There are one hundred and fifty varieties of evergreens, thirty-six kinds of useful timber wood, all of which are susceptible of the finest polish, thirty-seven varieties of maple, and very many roses and flowering plants. It is stated that flowering plants seem to blossom more luxuriantly in Japan than in the West. Perhaps the decomposed lava soil may account for this, as flowers growing on the slopes of volcanoes are proverbially noted for their bright colors. But as beautiful as are the flowers

here, they are nearly all odorless. Japan is called in the East the land of odorless flowers, songless birds, seedless oranges, and tailless cats.

But we have lingered a good while on the road to Tokio, and here we are at last in sight of the ancient city which we knew in our school geographies as Yeddo, and which we were taught was one of the largest cities in the world. The first sight is disappointing, as we look over a vast wilderness of dingy, one-story wooden houses, relieved here and there by the lofty, tent-like tiled roof of a colossal temple.

Mr. Soper was waiting for us at the depot, and we were soon seated in our jinrikishas, and going at a lively pace through the crowded streets of this great city. Most of the streets were long lanes about twenty feet wide, lined on either side with little one and two story shops and filled with a dense mass of moving humanity. But occasionally we would come upon some modern street, like the Tori or chief boulevard, with large brick buildings; and here and there, all through the city, were handsome Government buildings and foreign residences in which live officials or foreign employees of the government.

The modern Tokio is a very different place from ancient Yeddo; it is, in a measure, both a Pompeii and a Paris—a place of ruins and a newly founded city. Modern energy and civilization are everywhere found jostling the old indolence, ancient routine, and traditional custom. Three lines of street railway run from one side of the city to the other, while more than two thousand jinrikishas also afford a cheap and pleasant mode of locomotion. Japanese stages run throughout the city, and they are generally crowded with natives. They are crazy, dilapidated-looking vehicles, narrow and uncomfortable, and drawn by miserable, spavined, knock-kneed, vicious little ponies, each

one of whom is said to be as demoniacally possessed as the man who dwelt among the tombs. Out in the country, when the time arrives for one of these stages to start, the passengers all take their places, the driver gets upon the seat with the reins in his hands, every thing is made ready, and then a dozen men bring out the already harnessed ponies, who are snapping, biting, and kicking, and trying to jump over each other at the same moment of time, an exploit the absurdity and impracticability of which they never learn by years of experiment. In a moment they are made fast to the vehicle and the grooms jump to one side, while the horses are off like the whirlwind, as wild as if they had just been caught and were in harness for the first time. When a pony balks, as sometimes happens, a bundle of straw is put under his tail and lighted. Then he goes. As we value our necks, and hope to get back to America, we conclude not to try Japanese staging.

Tokio is about nine miles long and eight wide. About one-eighth of the area of the city is occupied by rivers, canals, and the moats of the castle. The castle is in the center of the city, and the grounds occupy a vast area, surrounded by an earthen embankment over fifty feet high and from fifteen to thirty feet thick, the outside faced with stone and the summit planted with trees, while around the whole is a deep and wide moat. Within this inclosure, whose gate-ways and walls are of Cyclopean masonry, in the old feudal days, lived the Shogun in his central citadel, which was surrounded by a second wall and moat, while between the two walls were the castles and barracks of the *daimios* or feudal lords, and their retainers. This space is now occupied by the Imperial Palace and grounds, public buildings, government schools, and parade grounds.

During our ride we crossed the Nihon Bashi, or Japan Bridge, which is in the center of the city and is to the

Japanese what the golden mile-stone in the forum of ancient Rome was to a Roman. From it all distances throughout the Empire are measured.

We also visited a Shintoo temple which was erected in honor of the heroes of the Imperial army who were killed in the revolution of 1868. This temple was built in that style of architecture peculiar to Shintooism, which was derived from the primitive hut. The rafters projecting above the top, the ridge-pole and cross-ties of the hut are easily traced in this structure. On the butts of the transverse beams lying upon the ridge-poles are gilt representations of an open chrysanthemum, the crest of the Mikado. This chrysanthemum is seen everywhere throughout the country, and is worn as a frontlet on the caps of the officers of the Imperial army.

The interior of this temple, as of all Shintoo temples, was very plain; there was no idol, only a large mirror with a sword and ball, the emblems of Shintooism. On one side of the temple was a small inclosure with an iron fence, which was a kind of mausoleum, and within which was buried the ear or tooth or finger or some other small portion of the body of each hero in whose memory the temple was erected. In front of the temple, as of all Shintoo temples and shrines throughout Japan, was the peculiar gate-way called *Torii*, or "Birds' Rest." This was originally made of two upright tree-trunks, on the top of which rested a smoother tree with ends slightly projecting, and underneath this a smaller horizontal beam. On this perched the fowls offered up to the gods, not as food, but as chanticlers to give notice of day-break. In later times its meaning was forgotten; it was placed in front only and supposed to be a gate-way. Some of these *Torii* are very massive. I saw one of bronze at Nikko which was fifty feet high.

Shintooism is a pure product of Japanese soil, though

Shintoo is a Chinese word meaning "Way of the gods." It has no priests, no idol worship, no distinct teaching regarding a future state, little or no ritual, and no moral code. It seems to be a combination of the worship of nature, the adoration of ancestors and heroes, and the divinity of the Mikado. The worshipers make offerings of rice, flowers, and the products of the soil, and affix to the shrines long strips of white paper, cut in fantastic shapes, which represent the manes of the dead to whom they pay worship.

Tuesday, November 23d, being the day for the annual rice festival of the Japanese, a kind of Thanksgiving-day appointed by the Government, when all schools and Government offices are closed, the Christians of Japan took advantage of the opportunity and celebrated their Thanksgiving on the same day. We attended the service at Tokio, and had the pleasure of hearing addresses by Dr. Maclay, the veteran Methodist Episcopal missionary, Mr. Hartzell, of the Evangelical Association, and others.

In the afternoon, in company with Mr. Soper, we visited the great Buddhist temple of Asakusa, dedicated to Kuanon, the goddess of mercy, the most popular temple in Tokio, and the most celebrated in Japan. It is situated in a park of ninety acres, and is in the center of a vast number of smaller temples, shrines, pagodas, flower-shows, booths, etc. The grounds and temples are always crowded, but, it being a holiday, they were unusually so at the time of our visit. It was the most animated scene I have witnessed in Japan.

The temple is approached through a stone-paved avenue, lined on both sides with a great variety of toy-shops and booths, filled with all kinds of toys, dolls, picture-books, sweetmeats, etc. The Japanese are very fond of their children, and these shops are well patronized. This avenue was a moving phantasmagoria of fantastically dressed

men, women, and children, and whenever we halted for a moment a civil but curious crowd would instantly gather around us. The immense wooden gate-way at the end of this avenue, which is the entrance to the grounds proper, has on either side gigantic images of the "Two Heavenly Kings," who are the tutelary guardians of the gate. We approached the temple through flocks of tame pigeons and crowds of worshipers and pleasure-seekers, the latter class evidently largely in the majority. The great hall of the temple is one hundred and two feet square, and is entirely surrounded on the interior by a wide portico. Various shrines, images, and votive offerings are in different portions of this room, while the main altar and chancel, occupying fully one-third of the hall, are richly adorned and lighted, but protected by a screen of iron wire. In front is the usual large contribution-box. We stood for some minutes at one side of this altar and watched the throngs of worshipers as they stood or knelt and moved their lips in the "vain repetitions" of the heathen. Some appeared devout, others careless and unconcerned. But the shower of contributions was almost incessant. One thing was noticeable here, as it is everywhere else in Japan: the worshipers were all either old, care-worn people, or those from the lower class. I have yet to see the first representative of either the middle or higher class bowing in a Buddhist or Shintoo temple.

To the right of this large altar was a wooden image of Binzaru, the god of healing, who was one of the sixteen original disciples of Buddha. He had a pink and yellow cloth bib around his neck, and was *sans* nose, *sans* eyes. *sans* ears, these all having been rubbed off by faithful worshipers, who believe that by rubbing the image in whatever part may in their body be causing them pain, and then themselves in the same place, they will obtain relief.

I have been inclined to think that this was a merely *theoretical* deity and his worship a thing of the past, but both in this temple and in others I have seen many afflicted people, young and old, carrying out this formula.

The ceiling and walls of this temple are handsomely decorated with representations of gods and goddesses and mythological scenes in Japanese legends. In one of the smaller temples we saw an albino sacred pony, which is carefully guarded and fed by the faithful. It is about twenty years old, and is a vicious-looking little beast. The payment of two *sen* each secured us admission into one of the flower-shows, where we saw a profusion of Japanese flowers, dwarf pines fantastically shaped, birds of wonderfully brilliant plumage, monkeys, parrots, chickens, a splendid specimen of a royal Bengal tiger, and two roosters, each with a tail five feet in length. The Japanese are sentimental and æsthetic. They love poetry and flowers, and in some departments display great taste.

Shiva is a vast park, which probably occupies two hundred acres, and in it are the great Buddhist memorial temples and mausoleums of six of the Shoguns, six others being buried at Uyeno and two at Nikko. The Shoguns were fond of great magnificence and display, and hence these mortuary temples are the most splendid to be found in Japan. Shiva is beautiful with tall pines and evergreens, shaded walks, and pleasant drives. It is a lovely resting-place for the dead, and is finely kept. A Buddhist priest conducted us, for a consideration, through two of the temples. The panels of the walls and roofs are magnificently adorned in arabesques and high relief. Gilt trimmings, figures of dragons and gods, splendid wood-carving and most intricate lacquer-work make the interior a place of such splendor as is rarely seen. Each panel is a study, being a separate work of art. These carvings and adornments represent the labor of

many lives, and must have cost the revenue of provinces. To each temple there is an outer court, an inner court, a shrine, and an innermost shrine. Formerly the common people could only come into the outer court, the lower order of daimios in the inner court, the higher daimios to the shrines, and the Shogun only to the innermost shrine. Is this not suggestive of the arrangement and regulations of the temple at Jerusalem? Back of all this, on an eminence reached by a flight of stone steps, was another elaborate shrine, where the living Shogun went alone to meditate and worship the manes of his ancestors; while still farther back, and crowning the whole, in a stone octagonal inclosure, was an immense urn, under which reposed the dust of the Shogun for whom this magnificent temple and these shrines were erected. This was the simple ending of all this splendor. In each of the outer courts of the temples were large bronze lanterns of a peculiar shape, presented by the daimios on the death of the Shogun. These lanterns are from six to ten feet high, and are to be seen, either of stone or bronze, in the courts of all Japanese temples.

The tomb of the second Shogun is reached through a long avenue of magnificent cryptomerias, along which are these same bronze lanterns, while overhead are cawing crows and screaming hawks. Here you seem to step from the modern world of Japan into the past centuries before foreign ideas had come to this land of Buddha. Every thing is primeval, ancient, and redolent of a by-gone age. You can hardly realize that you are in the heart of a city of a million inhabitants. Ascending a long flight of stone steps, you enter a partially paved front yard, surrounded by a heavy stone palisade, with camelia-trees growing around. In this inclosure is an elaborate octagonal temple, of small dimensions, containing the remains of the second Shogun. The walls are gilt over lacquer, and the carving, paintings, and

lacquer-work are the most magnificent in Japan. Eight pillars covered with gilt copper plates support the high ceiling and surround the carved urn, which contains an image of the dead Shogun.

We also spent a few hours at Uyenô, which is the twin of Shiva, and is a great park in which are three mortuary temples, similar to those at Shiva, where are buried the remains of six Shoguns. It was the custom to bury these deceased rulers alternately at these two places. Uyenô has wide avenues and fine groves of stately old trees. It is kept in fine order, and is a great resort for all classes of people. Numerous tea-booths and restaurants are scattered through the grounds, and no more delightful place can be found in which to spend a summer afternoon. Some one has said in writing of it, "it is very difficult to do justice to its beauty in words. I have the memory before me of a place green in winter, pleasant and cool in the hottest summer, of peaceful cloisters, of the fragrance of incense, of the subdued chant of rich-robed priests, and the music of bells; of exquisite designs, harmonious coloring, and rich gilding. The hum of the vast city outside is unheard here. Iye-yasu himself, in the mountains of Nikko, has no quieter resting-place than his descendants, in the heart of the city over which he ruled."

At Tokio are located the head-quarters of the Japan Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We met most of the members of this mission, and to the kindness of Mr. Soper and his estimable wife, who were untiring in their courtesy and attention, we are indebted for much of the pleasure of our visit to the capital.

A Japanese proverb says, "Thou canst not say Kikko until thou hast been to Nikko"—the former word meaning delightful or beautiful—so to Nikko we decided to go, especially as it would afford us an opportunity of seeing some-

thing of Japanese life in the interior. From Tokio to Utsonomya is seventy miles by rail; from the latter place to Nikko is twenty-five miles, which must be traveled in jinrikishas. We arrived at Utsonomya about 8 o'clock, and, chartering jinrikishas, rode for about a mile through a primitive Japanese town, to the native hotel which had been recommended to us. Our jinrikisha-men dashed into the entrance to the hotel at full speed, and we found the whole force assembled to receive us. When I speak of a Japanese hotel, to understand what I mean you must reconstruct your ideas of a hotel derived from American models. It looked more like a play-house than a hotel. The floor was elevated about two feet from the ground, and there were no partitions—only the usual sliding frames, and all these were shoved to one side, throwing the whole lower floor into one apartment. The floor was covered with matting, and there was no sign of furniture in the house. With many salaams and courtesies and a jabber of "Ohy-o," we alighted, and slippers were given us either to put on or thrust over our shoes. The sandals or slippers must be shoved along by a peculiar art known only to the Japanese, and our vain efforts to keep them on excited the mirth of the crowd of curious attendants, and amid shouts of laughter we made our way through the lower apartments to a stair-way. Passing the public bath-room, which was immediately in front of the main entrance, and the sliding walls of which were all pushed open, one of the natives had just come up steaming from the hot bath and was unconcernedly standing in full view in the center of the room. The Japanese motto is, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

We were conducted up a staircase whose steps shone so that they looked like lacquer-work, while the railings were large bamboos, into an apartment about thirty feet long and ten feet wide, which, however, was converted into

three rooms by shoving the sliding frames. These were our quarters. Over the matting a Brussels carpet was spread, and a table in the farther room was the only article of furniture. Two square paper lanterns, about three feet high, and two tall, handsomely carved black wooden candlesticks two feet high, gave light to the apartments. The rooms were finished in native wood, polished until it shone like ebony, without paint or varnish—for the exquisite taste of the Japanese will allow neither about their houses. The walls were the usual sliding frames, fitting in grooves and going to within two and a half feet of the ceiling. Above them was an open lattice-work, and the whole was most exquisitely finished and artistic to the last degree. Our rooms opened on a portico which faced a square court around which the hotel was built, through which flowed a little stream with little rustic bridges and miniature cascades. At night this portico was also closed by adjustable frames, converting it into a hall.

We ordered dinner to be brought, and it was a pure Japanese *table-d'hôte*—some disreputable-looking fish, stewed bamboo, a thin watery compound with a few islands of some doughy substance, *dako* (a kind of turnip), one or two other mysterious, unsavory-looking dishes, and rice and tea *ad libitum*. It was an unpromising array, but we were hungry, and supplementing it with a lunch which, anticipating a disrelish of Japanese fare, we had brought with us, we managed tolerably well. Then our beds were prepared, which consisted entirely of thick, padded “comforts.” With several of these they made a pallet, while another rolled up served for a pillow, and two more for covering. It was a primitive couch, for the Japanese use neither sheets nor pillows, and nothing could induce them to destroy the artistic simplicity of their houses by encumbering them with bedsteads. During the day these quilts are rolled together and stored out of sight.

In summer, a well-planned Japanese house is the very ideal of coolness, grace, and comfort. In winter it is the acme of misery. There are no flues, stoves, or fire-places, and there is unlimited ventilation from every direction. The people tuck their feet up under their clothes and sit on them, and warm their hands over a brazier which contains a little charcoal. It is a great wonder that they do not freeze, and there is undoubtedly great suffering. I can imagine nothing more cheerless than a Japanese house in winter. People go out as little as possible in cold weather, and fortunately it never stays very cold a great while.

We managed to keep tolerably comfortable at the hotel by having a number of braziers brought in and by keeping our walls closed. We slept well and awakened early to be ready for our ride to Nikko. We breakfasted on boiled eggs, rice, and tea (the Japanese never use bread, and do not know how to make it), and at eight o'clock started on our twenty-five miles ride. Each of us had two men pulling "tandem," and as we dashed through the town we made quite a procession, attracting general attention and being hailed with many friendly greetings, especially from the women and children. The air was keen and frosty, but pure and invigorating as it came fresh from the Nikko Mountains, which soon appeared in sight. After leaving Utsonomya, we entered a macadamized avenue of lofty cryptomerias, and for twenty-five miles rode in the shade of these magnificent trees, which rose, like fluted shafts, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above us, their limbs often interlacing and forming an evergreen arch the beauty of which cannot be described. These trees were planted two hundred years ago, as an offering to the buried Shoguns, by a man who was too poor to place a bronze lantern at their shrines. They are a species of pine, the finest I have ever seen, averaging fifteen feet in girth, and being straight and

smooth, with no limbs for thirty to forty feet from the ground.

We passed all sorts of people in all kinds of dress. Some lady, in writing about Japan, says that a woman is perfectly *clothed* if she has one garment and a girdle on, and perfectly *dressed* if she has two garments. Most of the women whom we met seemed content with being clothed, though all of them had most elaborate coiffures, the hair-dress being the most important part of a Japanese woman's costume—in which some of our American ladies imitate them. Most of the peasants and coolies whom we met, bearing immense burdens that swung on a bamboo pole, each end of which rested on the shoulders of two men, were in the usual native costume, of which we may say, as the Highlander said of the beggar's, "The most of them's made of fresh air." Then would come passengers of all sorts on foot, their feet on high clogs or straw sandals; a pack-mule, or perhaps a train of them, shod with straw-shoes (for all horseshoes in this country are made of straw), bearing great loads of wood, or straw, or rice; a peripatetic merchant with his wares on his back; a group of pilgrims or priests returning from Nikko; and occasionally a little cart, heavily loaded, drawn by a struggling pony. At frequent intervals were shrines and temples, though most of them looked deserted and many were in ruins. Twice we stopped at tea-houses to rest. Smiling Japanese maidens brought straw-colored tea in dainty cups, with a tiny tea-pot and kettle of hot water, and tasteless sweetmeats on lacquer trays. Our "horses" filled up on rice, which they shoveled into their mouths by the bowlful, washing it down with unlimited supplies of tea. No charge is made at these houses, but you are expected to leave three or four *sen* on the tea-tray.

Near Nikko clear and sparkling streams, fresh from the

mountains, course along both sides of the way with musical murmur, while just before you rise the Nikko Zan—"Mountains of the Sun's Brightness." We found at Nikko—a straggling little village, with curio-shops, temples, and waterfalls—an elegant native hotel, an improved edition of the one at Utsonomya, with some idea of how to cook foreign food; a great pagoda of seven stories, within which hangs, like a colossal pendulum to steady it against earthquakes, one of the tallest of tree-trunks; mellow, deep-toned bells, whose sounds float down from the hills like a voice from another world; wind-swept heights, crowned with great solemn forests of memorial pines and cedars; magnificent shrines and costly mausoleums; and rushing torrents and roaring cataracts set in wonderful landscapes that make this the Switzerland of Japan. To attempt to describe all in detail would be a worse than useless task.

In 1616, on the death of the greatest of the Shoguns, his son, obeying his dying injunction, sent two of his daimios to select a resting-place for the body of Iye-yasu. They selected the southern slope of a beautiful hill here at Nikko, and there he sleeps, looking down upon the grand group of temples erected in his honor. These temples are situated on a mountain which is reached by a broad road, a splendid specimen of engineering, paved and walled, which winds around and ascends to the broad plateau at the summit by easy stages. Groves and avenues of cryptomerias, with their rich, green foliage, stand like giants everywhere, and I do not wonder that Shodo-Shonin, the guardian saint of Nikko, thought the spot a fit dwelling-place for the gods. On a still higher mountain, above these temples, with their wonderful figures and shrines and wood carving, is the tomb of Iye-yasu, which is reached by ascending two hundred and twenty stone steps, the staircases being broken by long stone corridors. The vast walls, stone gallery, staircase and

balustrade are put together without mortar or cement, and so accurately fitted that the joints are scarcely affected by the damp, rain, and disintegration of nearly three hundred years. The steps are fine monoliths, and the coping at the side, the massive balustrade, and the heavy rail at the top are cut out of solid blocks of stone, ten to eighteen feet long.

After several days charmingly spent in this delightful locality we returned to Tokio, via Utsonomya, our coolies making seven miles an hour on the return trip, and thence to Yokohama, from which place we sailed for Kobe the middle of the following week.

IV.

Historic Cities and Places in Japan.

FIFTY years ago Daniel Webster said that whoever would see the Eastern world before it would turn into a Western world must make his visit soon. I have realized the force of this as I have traveled around in Japan and seen how rapidly this self-reformed Hermit Nation is assuming our Western civilization, and how fast the traces of primitive Japan are disappearing. But even more than elsewhere was I impressed with it when at Kamakura, eighteen miles from Yokohama, whither we went to see the famous Dia-Butsu, or great Buddha. In 1190 Yoritoma, the first Shogun, established his capital at Kamakura, and made it a great city. For several centuries it was one of the large cities of Japan, at one time having a population of six hundred thousand, but to-day all remains of its greatness have disappeared, and it was difficult for us to realize that the rice-fields through which we passed as we came down into the broad, fertile valley were once the homes of more than half a million people. A miserable, straggling village, a few temples, one or two broad avenues, and the mammoth image of Buddha are all that remain. It was a striking illustration of how the fragile architecture of Japanese cities causes them to disappear without leaving a trace. Most of their houses are of wood, and hence fire is the terror of the dweller in the cities of Japan, for sometimes almost an entire city has been swept away by the fire fiend and nothing has been left save heaps of ashes. And yet it is

one of the most striking paradoxes of history that these people, who have only built cities of wood and paper, and temples of lacquer, have outlived the classic nations of Greece and Rome, with whom they were contemporary at their zenith, and whose half-ruined monuments are the admiration and models of the world.

I had heard much of Dia-Butsu and read many descriptions of it, but it exceeded my expectations. It is one of the most impressive statues in the world, and there is something sublimely significant in its solitude and desolation. It is supposed to have been constructed in 1252, and doubtless it was once the central figure in a magnificent temple, but the temple has disappeared without leaving a trace or a tradition, and for centuries the gigantic idol has been exposed to winter's frost and summer's heat and autumn's rain, but it shows no sign of disintegration or decay. Mr. Loomis, who had kindly consented to be our guide on this excursion, stated that a collection was being taken to rebuild this temple on a scale of magnificence commensurate with the size of the image. The idol is made of an amalgam of copper, tin, and gold, and was built in sections, which were welded together. Mere figures fail to convey an impression of its gigantic size, and yet they assist the conception. Its height is forty-nine feet seven inches; circumference at largest part, ninety-seven feet two and one-fifth inches; length of face, eight and one-half feet; width of face from ear to ear, seventeen feet nine inches; length of eye, four feet; length of eyebrow, four feet two inches; length of ear, six feet and a half; length of nose, three feet nine inches; width of mouth, three feet three inches; length from knee to knee, thirty-five feet eight and one-third inches; and circumference of thumb, three feet. He is sitting in deep contemplation, supposed to be in the state called *Nirvana*, his eyes closed,

his feet tucked under him, his hands clasped, and the thumbs extended and touching each other. In the center of his forehead is an immense silver boss, three feet in diameter and weighing thirty pounds, while a similar one is on his head. His head is covered with snails, the tradition being that when Buddha was in Nirvana, he attracted the admiration not only of men, but also of the lower animals, and that as he was sitting exposed to the sun, the snails came and crawled upon his head to protect him from its rays. Some idea of the magnitude of this image may be gathered from the fact that six men can sit side by side upon his thumbs, that on the inside of the image there is a small chapel where twenty-five or thirty men can comfortably stand, and that there is a small shrine in his head which is reached by means of a ladder.

Nothing in all Japan impressed me so with the decadence of Buddhism as this solitary image standing deserted where it had once been the object of adoration and worship to hundreds of thousands. Only twenty years ago, two Russian officers, who came from Yokohama to see the image, were cut down near the spot, and it has only been thirteen years since the edicts forbidding Christianity to be preached were taken down. As late as 1829, seven persons—six men and an old woman—were crucified at Osaka on suspicion of being Christians and communicating with foreigners. Yet here we were, a party of Christian men and ministers, measuring the very interior of their greatest idol, while a few stray peasants watched our movements with apparent unconcern!

Just as we finished our lunch it began to rain, and the return trip was made through the wet and mud. Our men pulled up the top which every jinrikisha has, and which is a malodorous oiled paper hood, without side-lights or

ventilation. There was but a narrow opening in the front, before which a depressing panorama of the world, as it must have appeared at the opening of the deluge, flitted past. We found we could only console ourselves with Longfellow's reflection that

Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

It is difficult to conceive of a more forlorn-looking country than Japan in a rain-storm. But our jolly jinrikisha-men trotted on good-naturedly through the rain and slush, shouting and laughing at each other as they would slip and fall in the mud, and bringing us into Yokohama just as the gas-lights began to gleam on every side.

I cannot leave Yokohama without expressing our indebtedness to the kind friends we found there and our appreciation of the good work they are doing. The missionary community is a very pleasant one, and all the members of it are earnest workers. On Sabbath some of them hold as many as six services during the day, and they are untiring in their labors. We had the pleasure of meeting the veteran missionary and translator, Dr. Hepburn, and hearing him teach the Bible-class at his Sunday-school in the chapel of the Congregational Church. Dr. Hepburn has been in the missionary work forty-five years, twenty of which were spent in India and twenty-five in Japan. His English and Japanese lexicon is the standard throughout Japan. He expresses the conviction that in fifty years there will not be a Buddhist or Shintoo temple in Japan used as such—an opinion which was concurred in by a number of the leading missionaries in Japan whose opinions I asked.

We paid a very enjoyable visit to the American mission-school of the Woman's Missionary Society, the first Wom-

an's Missionary Society that was ever organized. Mrs. L. H. Pierson, of Rochester, New York, is the principal, assisted by Miss Crosby, a sister of Dr. Howard Crosby. They have five assistant Japanese teachers and one hundred and eight pupils, of whom eighty are boarders. These ladies have an admirably conducted school, and are doing a most useful work. English is taught in the morning, and Japanese in the afternoon. It was a great pleasure to see these girls at their studies, and to hear them sing, as they did for us, in English, "There is a fountain filled with blood." And we were rejoiced to learn from the devoted Christian lady who is giving her life to the effort to lead them to Christ that many of them professed to have found that fountain sufficient to "wash all their sins away," and were leading earnest Christian lives.

We also spent several delightful hours at the "Isaac Terris Seminary" of the Dutch Reformed Church, where the American teachers are Miss A. H. Ballagh, of New Jersey, and Misses H. L. and Lela Winn, of Alabama. There are about one hundred pupils at this school, and they have a fine building, admirably arranged.

During our last stay in Yokohama we found a delightful home with Miss Britain on the "Bluff." Miss Britain was the first lady who went from America as a missionary to India, and was for many years engaged in the zenana work at Calcutta.

To these ladies, to Rev. Mr. Loomis, Rev. Mr. Squires, of the M. E. Church, Rev. Mr. Ballagh, of the Dutch Reformed Church, and other missionaries we are indebted for much of the pleasure of our visit to Yokohama. It was almost like leaving home again to bid them good-by, but other portions of Japan were to be visited and the time was approaching when we were due in China, and so with some-

thing of sadness we left them at their work and again trusted ourselves on the great deep.

As we sailed out of the Bay of Yokohama, we witnessed one of those beautiful sunsets which are often described but seldom seen in the East. In all my travels I have never seen any thing to compare with that wonderful sinking of the sun to rest as I saw it that evening from the deck of the "Sagami Maru." To the north rose Fuji-Yama, sixty miles away, clear and distinct in its snowy surplice like a solemn priest before the altar of God, while away in the distance, on either side, stretched the gray shore-line of the Japan islands. The sun was a great red orb, like a sovereign on his throne, and no pen could describe or brush paint the exquisite rose-tints which blushed in the whole western sky. As the king of day sunk beneath the horizon, the clouds which had assembled to witness his departure broke into a thousand turrets and castles and pinnacles of purple and gold. In the south the new moon hung like a crescent over an angry, heaving sea of dark indigo, through whose white-capped waves our snug little ship plunged on, with the clouds of spray occasionally breaking over her deck.

We had a tempestuous sea from Yokohama to Kobe, and quite a blow during the night, which delayed us twelve hours. This western coast of Japan is always rough and dangerous. Late in the afternoon of the last day out, we passed the place, which was pointed out to us, where the "Normandy," a large English vessel, was lost about a month ago. Her crew were all saved, but twenty-five Japanese deck-passengers were lost. The fact that these Japanese were the only ones who went down with the ship has excited a storm of indignation throughout Japan, and very naturally so, for it seems a very singular circumstance. The captain of the vessel is now on trial before the English

Consular court at Yokohama, and pleads in extenuation that the Japanese became frightened and refused to leave the ship, but his explanation is far from satisfactory.

The same afternoon a Japanese junk was discovered to our leeward making signals of distress. Our ship was stopped, and a boat was lowered and sent to her. It was found that she had sprung a leak during the wind of the night before. Her crew of three men and one woman were much frightened, fearing that she would sink. Ropes were thrown to her, and the captain of our vessel proposed to tow her to the land near her destination and there leave her. But before this could be done, and after towing her for perhaps two hours, it was found that she was sinking, and another boat was hastily manned, lowered, and dispatched to her. Before this life-boat could reach her she was half full of water, and her bow was completely submerged. But the rescuing boat came alongside; the little crew threw some of their baggage in and, quickly following themselves, were soon on board our ship and looking back at their own sinking vessel, which speedily disappeared beneath the waves. But they were too rejoiced over their rescue, and too thankful to the captain who had saved them, to shed one tear over their lost ship. It was a thrilling scene and strikingly illustrative of the condition of sinners and of the method which God employs for saving them. If all men realized their danger as fully as did those wrecked Japanese sailors, how easy it would be to save the world! And the means of rescue are infinitely more certain and ample than were the facilities for giving those men temporal succor.

Kobe, with Hiogo, its twin city, has a population of about one hundred and twenty thousand, and is a place of considerable commercial importance, though of very little interest to the general traveler. Its importance is princi-

pally due to the fact that it is the sea-port for Kioto and Osyka, with which cities it is also connected by rail. It was, however, full of interest to us, as it is the headquarters of the Japan Mission of our Church. The members of our mission there gave us a warm welcome and did all in their power to make our visit pleasant. It was good to be with Southern Methodist preachers again, and the Drs. Lambuth and their families and Dr. Dukes and wife seemed like "home folks." While they said we brought them a breath of home, we were sure that there was a sweet home atmosphere within their hospitable walls. Dr. Walter Lambuth and Dr. Dukes joined our party to Lake Biwa and Kioto, and added much to the pleasure and profit of the trip.

Lake Biwa is sixty miles from Kobe, with which it is connected by railroad, and is a beautiful sheet of water, thirty-seven miles long and twelve miles wide. It is two hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, and has about the same depth. It has about the area of Lake Geneva, which it much resembles, set, as it is, like a gem among the mountains. It is the only fresh-water lake in Japan, and, with their intense love of the beautiful in nature, they are very proud of it. Carlyle says that descriptions of scenery were not common in European literature until after Goethe gave to the world the "Sorrows of Werther." But the Japanese poets described the eight beauties of Lake Biwa in their own books when they were a hermit nation. Numerous small steamers ply the waters of this lake, and many villages and towns dot its banks. The largest town is Otsu, the terminus of the railroad, a place of thirty thousand inhabitants, enterprising and prosperous.

We rode two miles above Otsu to see a wonderfully trained pine-tree, which is said to be several hundred years old. The tree is of immense girth, and the limbs have

grown to a great length straight out from the tree, resting on stone supports at a height of from six to ten feet. The circumference of the space under the limbs is nearly six hundred feet, and many of the limbs are from ninety to one hundred feet long. Some of the limbs are very large, while one, not more than four or five inches in size, runs out like a vine for over one hundred feet.

The railroad from Kobe to Kioto passes through a very fine agricultural country, which appeared better even than that in the neighborhood of Tokio. It crosses several large rivers on fine iron bridges, and the low lands on either side of the river are protected from overflow by levees, similar to those on the lower Mississippi. Although it was the 4th of December, the farmers were all out in the fields plowing with their oxen, planting, etc., as in the spring at home. Garden-farming is universal in Japan, and I doubt if it would be a kind or a just act to introduce labor-saving machinery, even were it possible, as it would throw out of employment thousands of poor people who have no other means of livelihood.

Kioto, the sacred city, is beautiful for situation—the joy of the whole Empire of Japan. It became the Mikado's capital A.D. 794, having been previously called *Heianjo*, and remained such until 1868. The Japanese word meaning capital is *Miako*, of which *Kio* or *Kioto* is the Chinese equivalent. Kioto stands on an elliptical plain, walled in on all sides by evergreen hills and mountains, like the floor of a huge flattened crater no longer choked with lava, but mantled with flowers. Our hotel is picturesquely situated high up the side of one of these hills, in a charming locality, and is a delightful mixture of a Japanese and American house. It commands a view of the whole city and surrounding hills, and is the favorite hostelry of Central Japan.

This city, with a population of a quarter of a million,

abounds in temples, big bells, Buddhist monasteries, curiosities, and porcelain works. The finest porcelain in the world is made at Kioto. We visited one of the most extensive of these establishments, and saw the entire manufacturing process, from the shaping of the kaoline, a kind of clay which came originally from Kaoling, China, to the last touches of the artist, from whose hand the article came a thing of beauty. All the exquisite paintings on the Japanese porcelain are done by hand, and each is a separate work of art. The most beautiful and elaborate ware, such as would give untold happiness to the heart of an American housekeeper, can be obtained here very cheaply, but the duties and cost of carriage bring the price almost up to that at which it can be purchased at home.

Beautiful lacquer and bronze work is also one of the leading industries of Kioto, some of the finest specimens of which we found at a native blind and deaf and dumb asylum. This asylum is a remarkable institution, and was one of the most interesting places we visited in Japan. The manager is a Japanese, and cannot speak a word of English, but he has the inventive genius of an Edison, and the grace and courtliness of a Chesterfield. He has thirty-five blind and seventy deaf and dumb pupils, and has literally taught the dumb to speak and the blind to almost see. His blind pupils were making the most beautiful ware of all kinds out of paper which they covered with lacquer, while the bronze and metal work was done by the deaf and dumb. He has many ingenious contrivances for instructing his afflicted pupils, and has himself invented many of the most approved appliances which are to be found in blind asylums in America, besides having some which are to be found nowhere else.

The head-quarters of the American Board of Missions are located at Kioto. They have a very valuable compound of

some three acres in the heart of the city, directly opposite the Imperial Palace grounds, and are doing a very fine work in this ancient capital. I was much interested in the work being done by the Doshisha Collegiate and Theological School, whose fine buildings occupy a large part of these grounds. This school was founded principally through the labors of Rev. Joseph Neeshima, the President, whose history is like a romance. When a boy, he learned through the study of geography that the Western nations had been made great by their use of the Bible. He obtained a little book called the "Story of the Bible," written by a missionary in China, and read it with the deepest interest. Though brought up to believe in the heathen systems around him, he became convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, ran away from his father's house, drifted to Shanghai, and there obtained passage in a ship which took him eventually to America. Here he was so fortunate as to fall into the hands of the Hon. Alpheus Hardy, of Boston, the owner of the ship, who, on learning his history, adopted him as a member of his own family, and educated him at Amherst College and the Andover Theological Seminary. Having completed his ten years' course of study, he was ordained at Boston on the 24th of September, 1884, and at once began his life-work. Before leaving America, he succeeded in raising five thousand dollars to establish a school similar to the one at which he had been educated. That school has grown into a boarding-school for girls, a complete training-school for young men, and a theological seminary. Seven of the most able missionaries in Japan are associated with him, and, with efficient native helpers, they have made the ancient city of Kioto a center of Christian effort and influence, as it formerly was of pagan superstition.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Neeshima, and hear-

ing him preach on Sunday afternoon, though the sermon was in Japanese, and of course unintelligible to us. He is a modest-looking, earnest man, of medium height, and about forty-five or fifty years of age.

The American Board of Missions has carried its system of self-support farther than any other band of missionaries. They have thirty self-supporting churches in Japan, four of which are in Kioto, and these Kioto churches also support two out-stations. Each church pays its pastor twenty *yen* (a *yen* is nearly equivalent to a dollar) per month, and the contribution from each member averages about four dollars per member, which the difference in the value of money would make equal to about sixteen dollars in America. The church of which Mr. Neeshima is pastor has three hundred and seventy-one members, and is the largest Protestant Church in Japan. It not only supports its own pastor, but also makes large contributions to the cause of Missions.

Before leaving Kioto, we visited a large Buddhist college, which was established nine years ago by Mr. Ar-Kamatsu, who before inaugurating his enterprise went to England to study Buddhism under Max Muller, and also to learn the secret of the power of Christianity. He was not at home when we called, but a smooth-shaven monk, who looked for all the world like a Jesuit priest, showed us through the building and over the grounds. The center building is a fine, classic-looking structure of brick and stone, modern in all its appointments, with a richly finished interior and a beautiful chapel. The large library was well stocked not only with Japanese books, but with many English works, and among them a Bible in English. Think of an English Bible in a Buddhist college! The dormitories were large two-story brick buildings, and the class-rooms, study-rooms, etc., were such as may be found in any similar American institution. There are one hun-

dred and sixty students here, preparing for the Buddhist priesthood, all of whom will be of the reformed school of Buddhism.

This effort to educate her priests is the dying struggle of Buddhism in Japan. Christianity has been making such rapid encroachments on the ancient faith, and so many of the people are becoming enlightened and imbibing modern ideas, that they have become alarmed and are trying to prepare their teachers for the conflict. But the struggle is a vain one, and the very means they are employing will hasten the end. Buddhism is doomed in Japan, and as the people become informed they will leave it as men desert a sinking ship. What few worshipers we saw in the temples were performing their devotions in a careless, perfunctory manner, and there was an utter absence of reverence in the priests, who were always glad to show us their most sacred places for a few pennies. At Kawachi, near Osaka, a Buddhist temple has been opened regularly for Christian worship, the Buddhist priest himself assisting to gather the congregation, and the Rev. Mr. Hail, a Cumberland Presbyterian missionary at Osaka, told me that he had preached a number of times in Buddhist temples.

From Kioto we went to Osaka, the Venice of the East. We found this a place of six hundred thousand inhabitants, and one of the most beautiful and interesting cities in Japan. Several large rivers flow through it, and it is intersected by a net-work of canals, both of which are spanned by innumerable handsome stone bridges. The rivers and canals are full of boats of all descriptions, and make the scene a lively and picturesque one.

Osaka is the great commercial and manufacturing city of Japan, and has many very important enterprises. It has not, however, fulfilled expectations as a seat of foreign trade, as the population is not favorable to foreigners, and

all the foreign merchants have withdrawn from it except one.

Here you see primitive Japan as in no other large city of the Empire, and there is less adoption of foreign dress and foreign customs than you find elsewhere. We visited the castle, mint, glass-works, and other places of interest, being especially interested in the mint, which is the second largest in the world, and has more improved machinery than any similar establishment. The buildings and grounds occupy forty acres, and there are six hundred men employed in the establishment.

At the hotel at Osaka we met a Mr. Yokoto, an intelligent young Japanese, who had been some time in America, a student at Oberlin University. He invited us to a native union prayer-meeting at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, which we found located in a handsome building, the only one which has been erected by this organization in Japan. Here we found seventy-five or a hundred native Christians, seated on the floor in a semi-circle, in a hall which would hold about twelve hundred. They were engaged in singing and praying, and, at the request of the leader, I had the privilege of here addressing my first Japanese audience, Mr. Yokoto interpreting for me. I also here met Mr. Sameyama, the pastor of the self-supporting Congregational Church at Osaka, who was educated at Evanston, Ill., and is one of the fathers of the modern Japanese Church. A native lawyer and several others whom I met here were as intelligent and cultivated gentlemen as you would find anywhere.

A pleasant episode of our Osaka visit was an hour or two at tiffin in the hospitable home of Rev. Mr. Hail, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The head-quarters of the mission of this Church is at this place, where they have two missionaries (male) and four ladies. Their force

has just been increased by the arrival of Rev. Mr. Hudson, which gives them now three preachers.

On our return to Kobe, we met the famous bicycle rider, Stevens, who is going round the world on a bicycle. Mr. Stevens is from Turney, Clinton County, Missouri, where his parents now reside, though he has for several years been living in New York. He is corresponding for the *Outing* monthly, which pays the expenses of his trip. He left San Francisco April 22, 1884, and came via New York through England, France, Turkey, Asia Minor, and Persia to Afghanistan, where he was arrested and held for nineteen days. He was finally released and taken to Herat, and thence back to the Caspian. He then came through Korassan, thence across the Caucasus to India, through India, Burmah, and China to Shanghai; thence to Japan. He has had many varied and interesting experiences in his long trip; has been mobbed, stoned, arrested, and at times half starved and half frozen. He has used the same bicycle since leaving London, and has made from fifty to one hundred miles per day, the last-named being the longest day's travel he has made. He expects to sail from Yokohama December 30th, and if he arrives safely in New York will complete his long journey by the middle of January.

The Inland Sea—Schools and Education.

TO-DAY there are no foreign lands. "Cæsar could not drive his chariot around the borders of the Roman Empire in less than one hundred days; we can now send a letter around the whole globe in ninety days." I had always thought of Siberia and Corea as the ends of the earth, but when we reached Nagasaki we were only three days' journey from Siberia; and in the ship with us between Kobe and Nagasaki was an agent of an American Electric Light Company, on his way to Corea with the machinery and "plant" to put electric lights in the palace of the king of that country! Truly the world does move, and the sleepy Oriental nations are waking up at last.

From Kobe to Nagasaki our route lay through the Inland Sea of Japan, the most beautiful and enchanting sea-voyage in the world. This inland sea is a gleaming silver and azure plain, two hundred and forty miles long, thickly sprinkled with nearly four thousand green, conical islands, which, by volcanic action, have been molded into all the forms of beauty imaginable. These islands vary in size from mere rocks rising abruptly out of the water, to fertile isles several miles in extent. They are all of volcanic origin, and are part of a vast submerged mountain-chain, extending from the Kurile Islands far southward, and lying on the edge of a great depression in the sea bottom. Japan was never subjected to the drift period, and her rocks present a very interesting study to the geologist. All

of these islands which are of sufficient size are terraced and cultivated to their very summits, and on many of them the mountains rise to a height of several thousand feet.

At each turn of the ship a fresh scene of beauty was disclosed, and the whole passage was a succession of delightful surprises, as an ever-changing panorama of green islands and narrowing straits and expanding bays and picturesque landscapes rolled by us. Sometimes the channel was so narrow that we could easily have cast a stone to either shore, and then it would widen out into a beautiful bay that seemed land-locked, with a dozen little hamlets nestling in the valleys around us. Occasionally we caught a glimpse of the open sea, with other islands in the distant perspective that seemed so dim and hazy that we could not tell where the sea ended and land and cloud begun.

The earth and ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream.

Just before we reached Nagasaki, we passed the little island of Pappenburg, a mass of rocks covered with moss and stunted pine-trees, the Tarpeian Rock of Japan, where, in 1638, hundreds of Japanese Christians were hurled headlong from the precipice into the sea. The Japanese thought thus to exterminate Christianity, and for more than two hundred years the death penalty was inflicted on any man who pronounced the name of Jesus. But when the French brethren of the Mission Apostolique, of Paris, came to Nagasaki in 1860, they found in the villages around them many hundreds of people who held the faith of their fathers of the seventeenth century.

Nagasaki is a thrifty commercial city of about one hundred thousand inhabitants, and one of the cleanest places in Japan. It is a thoroughly quaint Japanese city,

with broad streets near the sea, and narrow, winding lanes as you go farther in. Each little shop along these streets is a museum in itself, and the inhabitants are especially noted for their skill in manufacturing many beautiful objects from tortoise-shell.

The bay and harbor at Nagasaki are the most beautiful in the world, with the exception of the harbor at Rio Janeiro. The terraced mountains inclosing it on all sides and forming a perfect amphitheater; the handsome villas and cottages clustering on the sides and crowning the summits of the hills; the beautiful placid waters of the bay in which ride the great iron-clads of all nations, with steamers, junks, and sanpans, and the native city nestling at the foot of the hills, make a combination of rare beauty such as will always live in my memory.

We spent a most restful Sabbath at Nagasaki. We attended service in the morning at the English Church, which we found on a terraced height overlooking the city and bay. It was an ideal location for a church, and the very spirit of worship seemed to rest among the palms and camellias and evergreens in which it was embowered. The afternoon prayer-meeting was like an old-fashioned Methodist class-meeting. It was held in the Methodist Female Academy, which occupies an elevated, romantic situation, and is almost the first building that meets the eye on entering the bay. As our friends, the Rev. Messrs. Davison, Spencer, Bishop, and others, accompanied us down to the boat which was to take us to our ship, and bade us good-by, we could scarcely realize that we had known them so short a time. We shall always have the most delightful recollections of our last day in Japan.

Persons in America naturally feel a curiosity as to the cost of living in Japan, and a number of my friends asked me to write something on this subject. If one could live

as the natives do, the cost would be very little, for thousands of them live on a dollar and a half per month. But if I should speak from my own experience I would say that no one reared in the United States can live on the Japanese food. I found it an utter impossibility to eat it at all. They have neither bread, butter, milk, lard, nor coffee, very rarely have meat, use no seasoning, drink tea without milk or sugar, and live almost entirely on rice, fish, and a few vegetables. Hence most of the articles of food used by foreigners must be imported from England or America, and are necessarily high. All kinds of fish are very cheap, and eggs are also plentiful and cheap. Domestics, calicoes, and all articles of ladies' apparel, millinery goods, etc., are very high—two or three times as much as at home. A lady told me that she had to pay fifteen dollars for an ordinary hat, and never less than twenty-five cents per yard for prints. Then books, writing-materials of all kinds, medicines, boots and shoes, and furniture are also from fifty to one hundred per cent. higher than in the United States. So that the actual cost of living comfortably as one would at home is from twenty-five to thirty-three and a third per cent. more than with us. Telegrams are twenty cents per word, including the address and signature, both of which are always charged for, and daily newspapers are twenty-five cents each. You can get a certain class of servants very cheap, but good servants charge about ten dollars per month. When, in addition to this, it is remembered that every thing must be paid for in cash—and, as some lady expressed it to me, "You must almost pay to breathe"—it will readily be seen how expensive is living in Japan.

The Japanese believe in education, and are rapidly becoming an educated people. General Grant said that the educational system of Japan was the best in the world. Their public school system is modeled after ours, having

been inaugurated by Mr. B. G. Northrup, of Connecticut, about ten years ago. These public schools are found in every district, and there is practically a compulsory educational law.

We went into one of these schools, and found much to interest and amuse us. The children all study aloud, shouting at the top of their voices, and you can always tell when you are in the vicinity of a school. The din suddenly ceased as we entered the room, and the teacher, who was an *ex-Samurai*, or two-sworded man, politely came forward and invited us in. He had several of his classes to recite for us, and the performance was equal to a monkey-show. The leader would read a line, and then the whole class of ten or twelve would repeat it in concert in a loud, sing-song tone, swaying their bodies from side to side to the music of their voices. They used the *soroban*, the Japanese and Chinese calculating machine, and some of them were very expert, giving the correct answer to a sum in addition almost as soon as the teacher could write it on the blackboard. They use now very largely the Arabic numerals, and some of the boys were working examples in compound fractions. Their copy-books looked like large blotting-pads, for they use small brushes instead of pens, and when they have filled a page simply smear it over with ink and let it dry, when it is ready for another impression. We frequently saw these queer copy-books hanging out in the sun to dry. One little rascal in this school showed that he had the same spirit of mischief as our American boys; for, instead of putting his ink-brush on his copy-book, he had made the hieroglyphics on his face. The school-room was well supplied with rude desks and benches, and the blackboard appeared to be an important factor in teaching.

We also visited the Imperial University at Tokio, which is a magnificent institution, with all its departments fully

organized and equipped, and having several hundred students. Most of the faculty are foreigners—American, English, Scotch, German, and French—and it will compare favorably, both in buildings and equipments, with any similar institution of the highest rank in the United States. We found a fine library, and on the shelves, in addition to Japanese and Chinese books, were such works as Fairbairn's "Studies in the Philosophy of Religion," "Modern Realism Explained," "Supernatural Religion," "Bampton Lectures," "Willman's History of Latin Christianity," "Dr. South's Sermons," "Hooker's Works," Balfour's "Defense of the Philosophy of Doubt," Max Muller's "Rig Veda," etc. Evidently these Japanese are students and thinkers, and such a university as they have here would be an honor to any country. I was glad to learn that Dr. Martin's "Evidences of Christianity" is one of the most useful books among the Japanese and is largely circulated.

In this connection, the newspapers of Japan are worthy of mention. There are two thousand newspapers in the Empire, all the outgrowth of the last twenty-five years—more than Italy or Austria, or Spain and Russia combined, and twice as many as all Asia beside. Scholars of Europe and Japan are making a new alphabet of Roman letters to represent the Japanese characters, and a Japanese-Latin lexicon has been made. The Japanese language is a "syllabary," something like stenography, and has forty-seven characters. These signs are taken from different parts of the Chinese characters. In addition to this native language, which is the vernacular, they use the Chinese as their literary language, in which most of the books and newspapers are printed. So that, while the vernacular of the Japanese and Chinese is altogether different, they can communicate through the written language.

A gratifying evidence of the growth of Christian senti-

ment among this people is the fact that by order of the Japanese Government all Government offices and public schools are closed on Sunday. May the day soon come when the Sabbath will be universally observed in Japan! for one of the most fearful things in a heathen land is the desecration of the Sabbath. As I have passed through the streets of the Japanese cities on Sunday, and seen the people all at work, I have thought that if some of those in the United States who are seeking to modify Sabbath observance, and practically destroy the sanctity of this Christian institution, could thus see the wheels of toil revolving unceasingly amid the hum of the busy crowd, who know no day of rest, they would conclude with Christian people that one of the greatest boons ever given to man was the command, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

If I should judge from actual observation, I should say that the Japanese are a very temperate people, for I have seen only one drunken man in all the cities and towns where I have been. But the Japanese do drink a good deal of *saki*, their native drink made from rice; though they do not get drunk upon the streets, nor are they guilty of the debauchery and dissipation that are so often witnessed in our American cities. *Saki* contains about ten per cent. of alcohol, and one-seventh of all the rice raised in Japan is used in manufacturing this drink. The manufacturers, like the brewers in our country, are very wealthy, and have magnificent establishments. This drink is stupefying, much like beer, and the natives drink it a great deal with their meals. Some one has said that by 4 P.M. all Japan is drunk, but that is an extravagant assertion. But these habitual drinkers get pretty well soaked by evening, and will sleep it off that night and begin again the next day. In Yokohama and Kobe they are now importing a great deal of American poisonous drinks, and you can al-

ways tell when a "Jap" has been filling up on foreign whisky by the noise he makes. Concerning this American liquor the Japanese say: "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and next the drink takes a man." What a burning outrage it is that a Christian nation should send such poison to heathen nations and seek to make drunkards of them! English opium and American whisky are among the most formidable obstacles that missionaries have had to encounter in the East.

As is the case in all Oriental countries, we found a good many beggars in Japan, though begging is forbidden by the Government. But the beggars are neither so urgent nor so imperious as in many places in the East, and are reported as tolerably honest. Some one tells a story of having seen forty or fifty cash hanging on a nail in front of a shop, and, upon inquiring what they were for, was told that they were placed there by the shop-keeper to save time and trouble in answering the calls of the mendicants. When one came along, he simply took a copper and passed on, never abusing the charity of the shop-keeper by taking two. I can testify that one is always satisfied if you pay him a cash, which is very modest when you remember that a cash is only one-tenth of a cent.

VI.

Mission-work.

A YOUNG Japanese convert, a graduate of the Johns Hopkins University, recently said that in Japan nothing is left as it was thirty years ago "except the natural scenery," and "the light of Asia is fading and waning; but while it is at its sunset, the Light of the World is rising on that Island Empire." No country in the history of missionary enterprise has yielded so rapidly to Christianity as has Japan, and Gracey has well said: "Japan is ripe for the Christian religion as no other country is on the globe; and it is possible that Japan may become Christian by royal decree in a day." The number of converts has more than doubled in the last four years, and in all directions there has been a steady and continuous advance in the progress of the gospel, and the weakness of the forces of error. Such is the power of Christianity, in this country, that if all foreign help was withdrawn, the triumph of Christianity is assured. There are a number of wholly independent Church organizations, and the Church of Christ is a native church formed by the union of all the Presbyterian bodies in the Empire, except the Cumberland Presbyterian. For the past eighteen months the converts in Japan have averaged nearly one hundred per week, and, as some one has said, the reports of the missionaries from that country read like the bulletins of a victorious general from the field of battle. Modern missionary work in Japan was inaugurated by the American Presbyterian Church, the Reformed

Church in America, and the American Protestant Episcopal Church, all of whom entered the field in 1859. But there was little missionary work done until after 1871, when other Churches began to send representatives. The first Japanese church was organized in 1872, with eleven members; to-day there are about one hundred and eighty church organizations with nearly twenty thousand communicants, and a Christian population of nearly five times that number. All the prominent Missionary Societies of Europe and America are operating in different parts of the country, and the openings on every hand are beyond the power of the representatives of these boards, with their present force, to occupy. Buddhist temples are being converted into Christian churches; Buddhist priests are embracing the Christian religion, and those of the priesthood who still cling to the old faith are being driven to work to escape starvation. One of the most intelligent Japanese I met was a converted Buddhist priest at Osaka. He had a fine face, a splendid physique, and a deep, rich voice. He was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and was preparing himself to preach the gospel of Christ to those to whom he had so recently declared Buddhism. The people crowd to hear the gospel, eager to learn of this wondrous new faith, and the whole aspect of missionary work to-day in Japan is as fascinating as a romance, while an awful and pressing responsibility rests upon the Church. The field there is white unto the harvest, and "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion," when God is by his providence calling for laborers. It is stated that in one district, since 1873, seventy-one Buddhist temples have been abandoned to secular uses, and within the last fifteen years seven hundred throughout the Empire.

At the meeting of the American Board at Syracuse in 1879, President Seelye moved the following deliverance:

“Never before has the gospel wrought such great and speedy changes as during the past seven years in Japan. It is not only the most remarkable chapter in the history of modern missions, but there is nothing in the history of the world to compare with it. We talk about the early triumphs of Christianity, but the early records of the Church, bright as they may be, pale in the light of what is taking place before our eyes at the present time. Even Madagascar offers nothing to compare with Japan.”

The entire Bible is now given to the people in their own tongue, and in 1885 there were circulated thirty-three thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine leaves of the Tree of Life, of which six hundred and seventy-five were Bibles, and eleven thousand four hundred and six New Testaments, the whole number making twelve million six hundred and fifty-seven thousand seven hundred and one pages of Scripture.

The political changes that are taking place in Japan are portentous of still greater events in the near future. A few years ago the Christian calendar was adopted, and now *Anno Domini* determines all dates. The national “fifth day” has given way to the “one day in seven” as a day of rest. A little more than a year ago, by an imperial edict, a new order of administration was inaugurated. Up to that time there had been a chancellor whose approval was necessary for the adoption of any measure, and from whose decision there was no appeal. This man had never been abroad, and was not in sympathy with the enlightened and progressive policy of the government. By this recent edict, the chancellorship is abolished, and the Mikado now attends personally to all matters of State. A new cabinet, like that of European nations, has also been formed, embracing eleven departments, and at its head, as Premier, is Count Ito Hirobunn, who has long been recognized as a

most able statesman and a leader in all the reforms of the country. Next to him in power is Count Inonye, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who is also a man of progressive and liberal ideas.

These two leaders in "New Japan" have quite a romantic history. When Commodore Perry entered the Bay of Yokohama, the Japanese were overawed by his great men-of-war, which they termed "imprisoned volcanoes," and the Shogun consented to make a treaty with him. But he conveyed the impression to Perry that he was the real ruler of Japan, and called himself "Tycoon," "Great or Supreme Ruler," whereas his real title was "Shogun," "Little Ruler or Vice-ruler." This action gave great offense to the *Sumerai* and friends of the Mikado, who thought he was preparing to assume in name what he had long been in fact, and they began at once to prepare to overthrow the Shogunate and re-instate the Mikado in power. The revolution begun along the shores of the Inland Sea, where the adherents of the Mikado organized a camp, and it was these troops which fired into the foreign ships at Shimonoseki, the latter action provoking a bombardment on the part of the English, French, and American ships, which resulted in the destruction of the fort and town of Shimonoseki.

A short time before this, two young Japanese lads, who had been raised to believe, with all their people, that the Japanese were superior to any other nation, ran away before the mast to England to see for themselves the inferiority of foreigners. They very soon became undeceived, and returned to tell their countrymen the greatness of other countries. But they met with a very rough reception, and were severely whipped for their temerity, one of them receiving injuries the marks of which he still bears. But after the experience at Shimonoseki these lads were in bet-

ter favor, and, espousing the cause of the Mikado, became prominent in the great civil war of 1868. When the Shogunate was overthrown, they were advanced to important places in the government, and have continued to rise ever since, until to-day they occupy the chief positions in the Empire, next to the Mikado; for these two lads have become Count Ito and Count Inonye. This history is interesting and important, as it is intimately connected with those providential movements which have revolutionized Japan.

At the head of the Bureau of Education is Mr. Mori, who is well known in America as an able scholar, and who seeks the highest good of his people. He too is in sympathy with Christianity, as is shown by the fact that one mission-school has been established by his efforts, and two of his sons have been for some time attending another mission-school.

There is no question but that Providence has directed in all these matters, and there is another remarkable incident which was clearly providential. About forty years ago an American sailing-vessel, out of provisions and the crew down with the scurvy, descried a small island in the Northern Pacific toward which they sailed, hoping to find food and water. On landing, the island appeared to be uninhabited, and only a few birds were flying about. But in searching it, they came upon seven or eight men, emaciated and evidently half starved, who made signs to them that they wished to leave the island with them. The captain took them on board the ship with him, and discovered by their language and appearance that they were Japanese fishermen who had been caught out in a typhoon, and when their junk was wrecked had escaped to this island, where they had since subsisted on such fish and birds as they could catch. As it was imprisonment or

death for any foreigners to land in Japan, he took them with him to the Hawaiian Islands, whither he was going. On the way thither he found a young boy who was among them very serviceable as a cabin-boy, and on reaching Honolulu this boy manifested a desire to remain with him on the ship. He accordingly kept him, and when he had completed his cruise took the boy with him to his home near Salem, Mass. When he was ready to leave again the captain told the young lad that if he chose he could remain with his wife and take care of the cow and garden and attend school. This he elected to do, and remained there for several years, acquiring a good English education. He also mastered navigation and astronomy, and when he was about eighteen, on the occasion of one of the captain's visits to his home, he expressed a desire to accompany him on his next voyage, to which his benefactor consented. After taking several voyages and learning navigation practically as well as theoretically, a strong desire to return to his native land took possession of him. The captain went to Honolulu, searched out the seven other Japanese whom he had left there a number of years before, and found them equally anxious to return to Japan. He took them all on board his ship, and when about a hundred miles from Japan, fitted up his largest boat for them, rigged a sail, supplied them with a compass, food, water, and books on navigation, and putting John Moriatry, his young *protégé*, in charge, turned them adrift, as it was as much as his and their heads were worth to land them at Japan. The young commander steered straight for his home, but when near land, as they feared imprisonment or death should they fall into the hands of the Shogun, they effected a landing at the Loo Choo Islands, then a part of Japan. The secret police soon discovered them, and information was conveyed to the Shogun, who commanded that

they should all be brought to him with their boat, equipments, etc. Accordingly they were sent to Tokio, and after being carefully questioned were put into close confinement. Their boat, so different from any thing ever seen in Japan, was carefully examined, with the books, equipments, etc., and they were accused of being spies sent to inspect the Japanese government by the foreign governments. Their story which they told was not believed, and when John Moriarty showed his book on navigation, the Shogun required him to make two or three exact copies of it, figures, logarithms, and all. He then asked him if he could make a boat like the one in which they came to Japan. Upon Moriarty telling him that he thought he could, provided the necessary material, tools, and workmen were furnished to him, these were all given him, and he made an exact copy of his boat. For fear that the Shogun would find some point of difference, he counted the nails in the original boat, and placed not only the exact number in the duplicate, but put them the same distance apart. It took several years for him to finish this work, and about the time it was concluded Commodore Perry arrived with his fleet off Yokohama. As soon as the Shogun saw these foreign boats, he recognized their resemblance to John Moriarty's, and accused him of having brought the foreigners there. His denial went for nothing until he translated a newspaper which was procured from Perry's ships, in which there was an account of these ships having been built after he had left America. When the Shogun finally made a treaty with Perry, Moriarty acted as interpreter. He was afterward released, and for many years taught a school at Tokio, where he still resides with a large family. When the first Japanese embassy came to this country, Moriarty accompanied it as interpreter. He visited his old friends near Salem, but found it difficult to

convince them of his identity, until he exhibited a large collection of Japanese coins which he had brought them. He is greatly respected by his Japanese neighbors and friends, and his singular history is one of the true romances of Japan.

Not only is there absolute religious toleration throughout Japan, but Christianity is virtually recognized by the government as entitled to the same protection as any other religion; and there are many prominent men throughout the Empire who openly advocate the adoption of Christianity as a State religion, urging it as a measure of political economy and national advancement. The advance party in Japan is extremely anxious that their country shall take its place among the great nations of the world, and they recognize the fact that in becoming a Christian nation they would take a long step in that direction. Hence they urge this on purely economic and political grounds, leaving other considerations out of the question.

There are some very noticeable features in the growth of the Christian Church among the Japanese. The first is the perfect unity of spirit which exists among the members of the different denominations. This union of sentiment and work, and the burial of all differences, is very marked among the missionaries in Japan, and has doubtless communicated itself to their converts.

The party names and sectarian differences which seem to so divide the Church in other lands have no such effect here, and the fellowship and sympathy between Christians of all communions is very delightful to see. Another marked characteristic is the strenuous orthodoxy of the Japanese Christians. Teachers of erroneous and strange doctrines are shunned even more than at home, and the Bible is the one and only rule of faith and practice. The

extensive study and circulation of the Word of God have contributed largely to this purity of doctrine, and it may readily be seen how fortunate it is that Christianity in Japan has been kept thus pure.

An interesting story is told of the first missionary money ever raised for Japan. Some fifty years ago an old sea captain, returning from China, brought his wife a singular basket which had come from Japan. She used it to carry her work to the weekly sewing society, and its curious appearance attracted the attention of the ladies, who asked her where it came from. When she told them that it was from Japan, they inquired where Japan was. Like many other people at that time, she supposed Japan was a portion of China, and so told them. Then, said they, "It must be heathen; let us pray for its conversion," which all agreed to do. But one suggested that it would be well to begin to collect money to send a missionary there when one could go; and they every week brought their contributions and put them in that very basket which had so excited their curiosity. This money was sent to the American Board, and was the first missionary money ever raised for Japan. Who knows but that the prayers of those godly women have largely contributed to the spread of the gospel among the Japanese?

There are now in Japan 324 missionaries, of whom 249, or 76 per cent., came from the United States. The mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is the latest comer, it having been established in 1886.

From Tokio to Nagasaki is the main portion of the Empire in point of historical importance, wealth, and population. Between the thirty-third and thirty-sixth parallels of latitude, on a belt a little over two hundred miles wide, stretches from east to west the best part of Japan. Within this belt lie its largest cities, richest mines, best agricult-

ural lands, classic localities, and finest temples. All its great historic cities—Tokio, Kioto, Osaka, Yokohama, Hiogo or Kobe, Shimonoseki, and Nagasaki—lie within this district; all but the latter being on the main-land or the island of Hondo, which is the fifth largest island in the world.

All of the Churches which are doing mission-work in Japan have located their head-quarters either at Yokohama and Tokio in the northern portion of this belt, or at Kioto and Osaka in the center, leaving almost entirely untouched a rich and productive section extending along the Inland Sea from Kobe to Shimonoseki, a distance of two hundred and forty miles, which contains a population of several millions, and has a number of cities with from thirty to fifty thousand inhabitants, and very many smaller towns and agricultural villages. This Inland Sea is one of the wonders of the world, a marvel of beauty, and destined, when Japan has taken her place among the civilized and Christian nations of the earth, to be the favorite Eastern resort of the lovers of the picturesque and the beautiful. In this hitherto neglected section, with great wisdom and tact, the projectors of the Japan Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have determined to plant our Church with head-quarters at Kobe, the northern entrance to the Inland Sea. As soon as possible, they propose to establish a station at Shimonoseki, the southern entrance, and thus occupying the two extremes, to work from both ends toward the center.

Dr. J. W. Lambuth, the veteran Chinese missionary, during 1885 spent some time in Japan surveying the field, and became impressed with the conviction that there was work for our Church to do in this great Empire. He succeeded in convincing the Board of Missions of this fact, and in May, 1886, an appropriation was made for the Japan Mission, and

Dr. J. W. Lambuth, Dr. Walter R. Lambuth, and Dr. O. A. Dukes were appointed to take charge of it. The mission was formally organized by Bishop Wilson, September 17, 1886—which, by the way, was the thirty-first anniversary of the landing of the elder Dr. Lambuth in China—and Dr. W. R. Lambuth was appointed Superintendent.

The question may be asked, Why project a Southern Methodist mission in Japan, when there are four Methodist bodies already on the ground? While it is true that there are four Methodist missions in Japan besides ours, they are very far from occupying the field; and there is abundant room for five Methodisms, without ever crossing each other's path. The Methodist Episcopal Church has twenty-six missionaries, male and female, and one thousand seven hundred members; but these are all at or near Tokio, Yokohama, Nagasaki, and Hakodati, and their stations are contiguous to these centers—all far removed from the region adjoining the Inland Sea. The Methodist Protestant mission is at Yokohama, and both the Canadian Methodist Church and the Evangelical Association at Tokio. These last three missions have altogether only some 20 missionaries, and 576 members, with 6 stations and 11 organized churches. In all Japan there are not more than 20,000 converts to Christianity, and only 324 missionaries. What are these in the midst of thirty-eight million heathens? In Tokio alone, where there is the most missionary strength, the combined missions of all the Churches hardly form an oasis in the great desert of superstition and idolatry, and you feel yourself overwhelmed in the presence of over a million heathen worshippers. So that it seems absurd, in the presence of such appalling facts, to talk about there being no room for us in Japan. I doubt not that the time will come when it will be wise to unite all the Methodisms of Japan in one native Church, but until that period arrives,

we should, as a Church, do our part in the evangelization of this great Empire, and be ready for whatever providential openings may be developed.

Now is the golden opportunity for evangelizing Japan. A wide and an effectual door has been providentially opened to us, and vigorous work just at this juncture is all important. This is the crisis of Japan's history and destiny, and the country should be flooded with the gospel.

Some one has said that the true secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes, and the same is true of Churches. Will God hold us guiltless if we fail to enter this door and seize this opportunity? May it not be that Japan is the key to Asia, and that through Japan we may reach China? Both nations have the same written language, and there is a great similarity in their colloquial dialects. Convert Japan, and precipitate Japanese missionaries by the thousands upon China, and an entering wedge would thus be found into that citadel of heathenism. Although missionaries have been in Japan only a little over twenty years, while they have been in China over seventy-five years, there are half as many Christians in Japan as in China, and missionaries declare that the Japanese are more ready to receive the gospel than the people of any other heathen nation. Another point must not be overlooked—infidelity and materialism are also at work in Japan. Darwin, Comte, Ingersoll, Mill, and Spencer all have their followers, and if Japan is not conquered for Christianity, it will be by some of these forms of unbelief. The old religions of Japan are sure to go, and the only question is as to what will take their place; so that there is a weighty responsibility upon the Christian Church, and the Macedonian cry has never been louder since Paul first heard it than it is now sounding from the sea-girt "Land of the Rising Sun."

Twenty years ago Japan was a hermit nation; to-day she is the advance guard of the civilization of Eastern Asia. In one generation she has made changes which it required five and seven centuries to effect in Europe. "Within fifteen marvelous years Japan has abolished the feudal system; emancipated four-fifths of her people from vassalage and made them in effect proprietors of the soil; disarmed a warlike nobility, which had probably six hundred thousand adherents trained to military service; established and equipped an army and navy on the most approved models; assured the freedom of conscience; introduced railways, steam-navigation, the press, and a general postal and savings system; founded universities, and ordained a free system of compulsory education for the instruction of a population numbering thirty-eight millions."

The sun-orb sings, in emulation,
 'Mid brother spheres, his ancient round;
His path predestined through creation
 He ends with steps of thunder sound.
The angels from his vision splendid
 Draw power whose measure none can say;
The lofty works uncomprehended
 Are bright as on the earliest day.

And swift and swift beyond conceiving,
 The splendor of the world goes round;
Day's Eden brightness still relieving
 The awful night's intense profound.
The ocean tides in foam are breaking,
 Against the rocks deep bases hurled,
And both, the spheric race partaking,
 Eternal, swift, are onward hurled.

CHINA, THE MIDDLE KINGDOM.

WHAT secret current of man's nature turns
Unto the golden East with ceaseless flow?
Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,
The pilgrim spirit would adore and glow;
Rapt in high thoughts, though weary, faint, and slow,
Still doth the traveler through the deserts wind,
Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know
Where passed the shepherd fathers of mankind.

—*Hemans.*

I.

In the Celestial Empire.

A LONG stretch of low, flat, marshy land, lashed by turbulent, yellow waters, was the first view we had of Asia on the coast of China as we steamed up the Yang-tse-Kiang on the "Satsuma Maru" after a forty hours' tempestuous voyage from Nagasaki over the misty, turbulent China Sea. The Yang-tse-Kiang, "Child of the Ocean," is the main artery of China, and has but three superiors in length on the globe—the Nile, Mississippi, and Amazon. It reaches more than two thousand miles across the continent, and empties into the China Sea some twenty or thirty miles east of Shanghai, with so wide an embouchure that it cannot be seen across. It flows through the most populous river valley in the world, and some of the largest and most prosperous cities of China are on its banks. For a thousand miles from the sea it is from one to nine miles wide, and in some places thirty fathoms deep. It is a yellow, muddy stream, much like the Mississippi below St. Louis, and discolors the ocean for two hundred miles out. Fine large steamers run up this river to Hangchow, about six hundred and fifty miles.

We soon entered the Woosing, a smaller tributary of the Yang-tse-Kiang, on which Shanghai is situated about twelve miles from its mouth. As we approached the great metropolis of China, we found the river crowded with junks, sampans, steamers, and men-of-war, and the scene was a lively and interesting one. The prow of each vessel was provided

with two large eyes, without which the Chinese think it would be impossible for a ship to see its course. Deprived of these eyes, a ship is considered as unsafe as a blind man walking the streets of a strange city. The junks have great high poops ornamented with carvings and other fixtures, and are much more seaworthy than the Japanese vessels.

Landing at Shanghai, we were greatly surprised to find a busy modern city with stately mercantile palaces, broad paved streets, electric lights, beautiful parks, fine water-works, grand hotels, handsome residences, and all the wealth and luxury of a Western metropolis. It is really a delightful place of residence, the most pleasant in all the East, and if one has the wealth he may live as luxuriously here as anywhere in the world.

It must be remembered, however, that Shanghai is a triple city—foreign, mixed, and native—and it is of the foreign city that I am now speaking. This consists of three concessions—English, French and American—stretching along the river for three miles. The English is much the more beautiful of the three, and has some as handsome buildings as are to be found in any American or European city. This foreign city has a population of about ten thousand, a beautiful Union Church, a large custom-house, a fine city hall, and other imposing public buildings, with many large and handsome “hongs,” or stores. The mixed city is in the concession, just outside the native city, and has a Chinese population of about one hundred and eighty thousand, with a small sprinkling of foreigners. As in all Chinese cities, this population is very dense. The blocks are built up solidly with narrow alleys about three feet wide and four hundred feet long between the rows of tenements. We went down one of these and counted the tenements, each of which was occupied by a family of five or six. There were twenty-

eight of these tenements and eight rows in a block, which made at least one thousand one hundred souls in each block. In the native city they are much thicker, for this mixed city is under efficient police regulations. The better class of tenement-houses built on the same general plan have, next to the street, high walls rising considerably above the roof, with a gate separating the alley from the public street. In the better class of private houses, where there are no tenements, this high wall surrounds the house and courts.

One night we went into a Chinese sleeping-house. The lower story was simply a narrow passage about two feet wide, on either side of which were two tiers of bunks made of boards. Thirty-two could be accommodated on each side, and the upper story was a duplicate of the lower. Twenty-five cash (two and a half cents) per night were paid for this shelter, and double that amount if a blanket was required. I was told that thousands of coolies and peripatetic Chinese had no other home, and obtained their meals for a few cents a day from the street restaurants which abound everywhere.

Beyond this mixed city, for several miles in the country, along finely macadamized roads, shaded by beautiful shrubbery and evergreens, stretch the suburbs, where many English and French merchants have built handsome villas.

The native city, where the Chinese swarm, has a population of three hundred thousand, and is surrounded by a wall some thirty feet high and about five miles in circumference. Around the outside of this wall flows a canal or moat, twenty-two feet wide, and there are six gates which give entrance into the city. The streets within are narrow lanes from six to eight feet wide, and the houses are low, wooden structures with projecting roofs. In the center of the streets, under the heavy flag-stone paving, and not a foot from the surface, flows a foul sewer which emits a continual and intolerable stench. All the debris and filth of the city

are either thrown into this drain or piled in the street, and give to Shanghai the distinction of being the foulest city in the world. In company with Dr. Allen, we made a tour of this native city, and found that it fully sustained its reputation. The "two and seventy stench" in the streets of Cologne which Coleridge enumerates are outnumbered and overpowered by this Chinese metropolis, and the only wonder to me is that the entire population does not die of cholera and malaria in the summer.

The people swarmed along the streets and in the houses, and crowds of coolies jostled each other in the thronged and narrow thoroughfares, as they bore heavy burdens swung on either end of a bamboo pole carried on their shoulders. No wheeled vehicle is allowed within the walls of this city, and indeed it would be impossible for one to travel along the streets. Every article of merchandise, and every stone and timber for building or other purposes, must be thus carried, and it is astonishing what immense burdens they can bear; but they stand up manfully under them, and shout continually as they go through the throng for those ahead to make way for them. I saw eight men carrying a great stone that weighed at least two tons, and it is no uncommon sight to see men carrying three or four hundred pounds. It was just such a toiling population upon which our Lord looked when he said: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, . . . for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Did not this promise have a literal significance? It is our Christian civilization only which lifts these heavy burdens from the backs of men and blesses humanity by giving relief from grinding physical toil.

Almost every day in the East I see some literal illustration of the words of Scripture. The other day I saw five blind men groping along in single file holding on to each

other, the "blind leading the blind." Every time I have gone into a temple, and heard the worshipers repeating over and over again the same words, I was reminded of the "vain repetitions" of the heathen. The threshing-floors all over China and Japan are similar to those so often spoken of in the Old Testament, and almost every day I saw "two women grinding at the mill."

Shanghai is situated in a vast alluvial plain, and its highest hill is said to be the swelling arch of a bridge over a canal in one of the streets. The soil of the surrounding country is a rich loam, and is in a high state of cultivation, rice and cotton being the principal crops. It was one of the four ports first opened by the treaty of 1842, and is the chief commercial city of the Chinese Empire. It is situated in the province of Keang-Soo, which is distinguished for the wealth and literary attainments of its inhabitants, and has a population of about forty millions. The very fact, however, that it is the financial and literary center of the Empire makes the missionary operations within its boundaries more difficult, and I am not sure whether it is a matter for congratulation or regret that our Southern Methodist Mission is located in this province. The universal testimony is that it is the most difficult population in China to deal with, and results will be very slow in becoming apparent. But when the conquest has been made, it will prove the key to the whole situation. And as some one had to do the work, I suppose it might as well have devolved on us as on any one else.

Of course, the great point of interest to us at Shanghai was the Southern Methodist Mission, and we were not long in finding Dr. Allen, Prof. Bonnell, Brother Reid, and the representatives of the Woman's Board. They gave us such a welcome as only Southern Methodists can give, and from the first greeting until we bade good-by to Shanghai were un-

tiring in their kindness and attention. The Anglo-Chinese school, of which Dr. Allen and Prof. Bonnell have charge, is located in a large, fine building, with spacious grounds, in the American Concession, and about two miles from the native city. There are between thirty and forty pupils in attendance, and the institution is self-supporting, with the exception of the salaries of the teachers. Dr. Allen has adopted the policy of requiring all the students to pay tuition and board, which accounts, in part, for the small number in attendance. This school is undoubtedly doing a good work, and we have some valuable property here which has cost the Board about seventy thousand dollars.

We found Brother Reid, the newly appointed presiding elder of the Shanghai District, hopeful and earnest, planning large things, if he could only secure men and money. He says we *must* have at least ten new men for China this year, and of the urgent need of large re-enforcements I have no question. The organization of the China Mission Conference has placed us on a footing such as we never had in China before, and I believe that the time for earnest, effective work has come. No mission ever had a band of more noble, consecrated men and women than our missionaries in China; and whatever mistakes may have been made in the past, the Church may now confidently rally to their support, and look for large results in the near future. The fact is, we have only been "playing at missions," and it is time for us to go to work as though we meant to accomplish something. An Annual Conference in China looks like business, but we should have twenty men there instead of only six.

The woman's work at Shanghai is organized on a very promising basis. A good providence certainly called Miss Haygood to China, and the ladies did a wise and fortunate thing when they placed her in charge of their interests in

that great city. Nothing that I saw in China impressed me more favorably than the plan of work she has inaugurated and is successfully carrying out. Besides the Clopton boarding-school, with twenty-one girls, she has twelve day-schools located in different parts of the city, which are in charge of native teachers under the direction and superintendency of herself and Miss Muse. The pupils in these schools now aggregate two hundred and seventy, and each school is visited once a week by one of these ladies, who catechise and instruct the children, and thus bring them under their personal influence. Miss Haygood kindly gave us a day during which we visited, in company with her, each of these schools, and we became very much interested in the good work that is being done. We found all the school-rooms filled with bright-looking children, the boys and girls being about equally divided. These girls' schools are one of the blessings which missionaries have brought to China, for there was no such thing as a girls' school in the Empire until the advent of missionaries, and there are only one or two now in existence except the mission-schools. If missions had done nothing more, the movement toward the education of the women of China might well be considered ample compensation for all the money and labor expended.

At one of the schools we heard nine little girls, from six to ten years old, recite in concert a metrical catechism in Chinese. They study the catechism and Bible half the day, and the Chinese classics the other half. Before beginning to read they are required to know one thousand Chinese characters, and the little girls whom we heard knew seven hundred of these. The Chinese language has no alphabet, but each word has a separate character, and as there are about forty thousand of these characters, some idea of the labor involved in acquiring a knowledge of the language may be conceived. Few persons, however, ever learn more than a

few thousand of these characters, which are sufficient for all practical purposes.

At another school, where there were twenty-two boys, they were memorizing the Gospel of Mark. One little fellow, only seven years old, knew the first four chapters, and could rattle them off as readily as children at home can their multiplication table. The teacher called up a class of nine, none of whom were over twelve years old, and had them repeat some of the chapters. One began at the chapter designated; then, at the bidding of the teacher, stopped, and another took it up where he left off; and so on until they had gone through nearly the entire book. These children have prodigious memories, which they must inherit from their fathers, who have been required from time immemorial to memorize the Chinese classics.

In the Clopton school Miss Haygood requires the children to be bound to her for a certain number of years, though she allows them to visit their parents during vacation. It requires about one dollar and a quarter per month to feed each girl, and even this small sum gives them better food than they obtain at home. It is so much more cleanly and of so much better quality that often when they visit home they cannot eat the family fare. Some affecting stories are told of the efforts of the parents, in their poverty, to provide the little girls with food that they can eat. One little girl was pointed out to us who fell sick last summer while at home for the want of sufficient and proper food, and the father almost starved the rest of the family in trying to provide an egg each day for the little visitor. This will give some idea of the deep and abject poverty of this people. Many thousands of them live on less than a dollar a month. We saw a number of women breaking rock on the street who, when asked as to their condition, always answered: "I am sorrowful unto death."

Teaching these children gives the ladies access to the homes of their parents; and Miss Haygood, besides frequently visiting them, has the mothers to meet her on stated afternoons during the week, when she gives them Bible-readings and Christian instruction. The schools which are convenient to the Woman's Home are gathered in the church every morning and evening for prayers, and on Sunday all the schools, with their teachers, attend Sunday-school and church. I had the pleasure of seeing two hundred of them in Sunday-school and hearing them sing. They throw their whole soul into their songs, and are not afraid to open their mouths. With Chinese words, they were the same Sunday-school airs that the children were singing at home. I was inexpressibly thrilled as I looked upon all these little ones of heathen parentage receiving Christian instruction at the hands of Southern Methodism, and thought that they were the precursors of a mighty host from the land of Sinim who should sit down with us in the kingdom of God. I felt grateful to God that we had even a small part in the attempted regeneration of this vast Empire, and I prayed that we might be stirred up to larger efforts.

After Sunday-school we remained to preaching, and heard Brother Parker preach to the native congregation—though, of course, it was a good deal worse than Greek to us. Trinity Church, a beautiful, well-appointed building, was well filled with an orderly native congregation. At the close of the service two children were to be baptized, and Brother Reid called on me to administer the Sacrament. It was a great pleasure to me to baptize these two children—one the infant son of the pastor, and the other the little brother of Emma Poage, a girl who is being educated in the Clopton School by the Sunday-school at Marshall, Mo.

Brother Parker, having learned of our arrival in China,

came down to Shanghai a few days after we reached there to accompany us to Suchow. Eleven years had made very great changes in our Missouri boy, and we found him developed into a stout, portly man, thoughtful and earnest, who is pronounced to be the best Chinese scholar in the province. I believe he is the only missionary in the province, and one of the few in the Empire, who writes the Chinese characters, and he is considered authority on all questions relating to Chinese history or language. It gave us great pleasure to discover the high esteem in which he is held, and it will perhaps be a surprise to some of his friends at home to learn not only of his Chinese scholarship, but also of his scientific attainments. It was certainly a surprise to us to visit his laboratory and work-shop at Suchow and discover the extent of his apparatus, as well as the versatility of his attainments. He has made something of a specialty of electricity and astronomy—has electric bells, telephones, and electric lights of his own manufacture throughout the compound at Suchow, and has recently secured a fine telescope, the largest at any mission-school in China, for which he greatly needs an observatory. We had a continual picnic while going up to Suchow through the canals and lakes in Brother Parker's "house-boat." These house-boats are an institution in China, and afford the only means of locomotion for any considerable distance. In the vicinity of Shanghai and Ning-po canals intersect the country in every direction, and farmers frequently have short branch canals running off to their houses, the farm-boats taking the place of the farm-cart or wagon. The canals are generally from twenty to fifty feet in width, though some widen out into good-sized rivers, and are of varying lengths. The Grand Canal, reaching from Hang Chow to Peking, is nearly a thousand miles long, and China has four canals equal to all the rest

in the world. Some of these are five thousand years old, and they are the great highways of commerce in this section of the country.

Brother Parker's boat was about thirty feet long and ten wide, with a front and aft deck and a small saloon divided into two compartments, and a small kitchen in front. In the larger room, which had bunks on either side, we slept, ate, and sat, while the crew, consisting of five men who rowed, pulled, or hoisted a sail, as wind and tide dictated, occupied the decks. It was an easy, Oriental mode of traveling, the average rate of speed being from three to five miles an hour; but it was the best we could do, and so we made ourselves content.

The country through which we passed was flat and uninteresting, and all the farming was on the style of gardening. Cotton, rice, millet, wheat, and vegetables were the principal products, and the people seemed as dirty and industrious as the Chinese generally are. Occasionally we passed a boat-load of liquid manure for the fields, which was any thing but fragrant; and when, on one occasion, we gave some signs of our disgust, the boatmen returned the compliment by calling us "foreign robbers." Once we met about a dozen small fishermen's boats, and each man had with him, on his boat, ten or twelve cormorants. They were about the size of large hawks, and were sitting quietly on the edge of the boats. The fishermen capture great numbers of fish with these cormorants, who swim under water in pursuit of their prey with great rapidity. They are prevented by a string or ring placed around their throats from swallowing the large fish. These they are trained to yield up to their master, who follows them in his boat and makes use of a long bamboo pole, with one end of which he pushes his boat, while he directs and controls the movements of the birds with the other.

For a number of miles beyond Shanghai, the canal was crowded with craft of all kinds, little and big, and sometimes it was difficult to make our way through the throng of boats. Some of them were quite large and heavily laden, while others were so small that only two or three could ride in them. They were generally propelled by a scull of a peculiar construction, by which the strength of the boatman is applied most economically and effectively. This scull is seldom straight, has generally a broad blade, and turns upon a pivot in the stern. The upper end of it is attached to the bottom of the boat by a rope, which the boatman seizes with his right hand, the left being laid upon the scull-handle.

A peculiar little boat which we frequently met is called the "foot-boat." It resembles a canoe, and is made to carry one passenger with a little baggage. A thick, bent bamboo matting covers the top, and while it protects the traveler from sun and rain, obliges him to keep a recumbent position. The boatman, sitting in the stern, which is only about a foot and a half wide, and bracing his back against a board, propels his little craft in a very peculiar way with a foot-oar, and guides it with a paddle. It is so cranky that the passenger must be careful in moving for fear of upsetting it, and if he moves much, the boatman will halloo to him to lie still. This may be called the dispatch boat of China, and makes about ten miles an hour. It carries all the mail between Shanghai and Suchow, and one boatman will sometimes ply the oar for twelve hours with very little intermission, changing constantly from one foot to the other.

On the way up, we stopped one day at Nantziang, a place with a population of about twelve thousand, where Rev. Geo. R. Loehr is in charge of the station. Here we have a good church, a street chapel, a parsonage, the "Louise Home"

(the property of the Woman's Missionary Society), and a large girls' boarding-school, and boys' school. Miss Lochie Rankin has charge of the girls' school, "Pleasant College," which has fifty-six pupils. This is one of the brightest and best mission-schools which I have seen, and it was a great pleasure to speak a few words of encouragement to them, Brother Parker acting as interpreter. Missouri is educating four girls here, and they are all promising and interesting. Laura Mann is being educated by Brother Mann, of Gallatin; Rosa Lee Moore, by Mrs. L. T. Moore, of Kansas City; and Mary Avis and Marcia Marvin, by the "Busy Bees," of St. John's Church, St. Louis. The boys' school has sixty-five pupils, and had been in charge of Miss Dora Rankin. It was her special pride, and the boys were very much attached to her. Miss Atkinson will soon go from Shanghai to take charge of this school.

We found the Nantziang Station, and indeed the whole mission, greatly saddened by the death of Miss Dora Rankin. She was a brave, devoted young spirit, eminently fitted for her work, and full of zeal and enthusiasm. She came to China when only eighteen, and had been here seven years. She had just returned from a visit home, and was entering on her work with increased earnestness when seized with the malady which resulted so fatally. She met death like the heroic young Christian she was; and almost her last words to her weeping friends were, "God will make it all right." She was the first missionary of our Church in China who fell at the post of duty, and it was a sad pleasure to stand beside her grave in the beautiful foreign cemetery at Shanghai, and note how loving hands had covered the still fresh earth with flowers, and planted evergreens to mark her resting-place.

Not far from where Miss Dora rests is the tomb of Dr. Benjamin Jenkins, who was fourteen years a missionary of

our Church in China, but who, when he died, March 13, 1871, had been for seven years in the consular service at Shanghai. This tribute is on his tomb: "He was highly respected by a wide circle of friends as a Christian of earnest and unassuming piety, a scholar of large and varied attainments, and a public officer faithful and zealous in the discharge of his duties."

Two days before Christmas found us in Suchow, and on Christmas-eve we were made happy by the reception of letters from loved ones at home. I am sure that I never fully appreciated the value of letters before, or the force of the beautiful words which I afterward found engraved on the stone arch in front of the post-office at Hong-Kong: "As cold water is to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country"

II.

Chinese Civilization.

ARISTOTLE has said that man is by nature a social animal, and, he might have added, a selfish one also. It is Adam Smith who says that if a man in Europe were to go to bed with the conviction that at the hour of twelve on the following day the whole Empire of China would be swallowed up by an earthquake, it would not disturb his rest so much as the certainty that, at the same hour, he himself would be obliged to undergo the amputation of his little finger. It is very difficult for us to feel as deep a personal interest in three hundred and fifty millions of Chinese on the other side of the globe from us as in those who are our next-door neighbors, and yet "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth." Tennyson causes his hero in Locksley Hall to say,

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay ;
but the Christian who prays, "Thy kingdom come," sees no difference between Jew or Greek, bond or free, American or Chinese, for Christ died alike for all.

If the poet laureate could see a supercilious mandarin strutting along and looking as if he could eat all the foreigners, and would do so if he did not think it would make him sick, he would at least conclude that it would be difficult to make a Chinaman agree with him. The Chinese named their country "The Middle Kingdom," because they supposed that it was the middle of the earth, and Thoreau expressed the sentiment of every citizen of the Celestial Empire

when he said: "As a true patriot I should be ashamed to think that Adam in Paradise was more favorably situated, on the whole, than a backwoodsman in this country."

The Chinese Empire is situated on that great civilized belt of the globe stretching from the twentieth parallel of north latitude to the fifty-sixth, within which lie all the great nations of the earth. It embraces about one-third of Asia and one-tenth of the land surface of the globe, the British and Russian being the only empires in the world that exceed it in area. It is about twelve thousand miles in circumference, and it covers an area of five and a half million square miles. Its line of sea-coast on the Pacific resembles that of the United States on the Atlantic, not only in length but also in contour. It embraces about the same varieties of climate and production, and both countries are among the most fruitful, beautiful, and healthful parts of the earth. The Yang-tse-Kiang is as grand a stream as the Mississippi, and divides the Empire into two nearly equal parts, which are often designated as "north of the river" and "south of the river." It passes through the most populous valley in the world and one of the most fertile, and is fed by numerous tributaries having their rise in mountain-ranges on either side, and also in the Himalayas on the west.

The artificial or political divisions of China resemble those of the United States, the eighteen provinces corresponding to our States. These provinces are on an average about twice as large as our States, and as our States are divided into counties, so each province has about ten divisions called *Fu*; and each *Fu* is again divided into about an equal number of *Hien*. Fifteen of these provinces are governed by viceroys and three by governors. Each province is autonomous or nearly so, and the supreme authorities are practically independent, so long as they act in accordance with the minute regulations laid down for their guidance. The

government of the Empire is a patriarchal despotism, and the principal function of the Peking government is to see that the regulations are carried out by the viceroys. The present Emperor was chosen in 1875, after the death of the then reigning sovereign, Fung-che, who had no issue. His name is Kwang-su, or "an inheritance of glory," and he was not quite four years old when he was chosen to fill the vacant throne.

Chinese history goes back to the twenty-fourth century before Christ, or to about eighteen hundred years before Confucius. The Chinese are very proud of the great antiquity of their nation, and claim that it is many hundreds of thousands of years old. They are descended from a band of immigrants who, early in the twenty-fourth century before Christ, came into what is now known as China from the south of the Caspian Sea, and drove out the aborigines of the land.

China is the most populous country in the world, the number of inhabitants being variously estimated at from 350,000,000 to 500,000,000. These figures fail to convey to our minds an idea of the immense population, but we will obtain a better conception by comparison. The one nation of China contains nearly one-third of the whole human race. Its inhabitants are about equal in number to those of all the kingdoms of Europe and of North and South America combined. Any one of the more populous provinces contains a population nearly equal to that of the largest nations of Europe or of America. To support such a teeming population, which averages about three hundred to the square mile, every acre of tillable soil is cultivated, and nearly all the land is made use of to provide food for man. Everywhere you are impressed with the fact that the country is overburdened with a population which swarms about you, and that there is on all sides a struggle for existence.

Next to the Caucasian, the Mongolian is, both intellectually and physically, the best variety of the human race, and in these two respects the Chinese are the best portion of the Mongolian family. While I like the Japanese character better, there is no doubt but that the Chinese are superior intellectually. China has been for ages the great center of light and civilization in Eastern Asia, and has given a literature and a religion to the inhabitants of Japan, Corea, and Mantchocria. From the earliest ages they have been a literary people, and you may find in the library of the mandarins a history of China in fifty-six volumes, published by imperial authority; an encyclopedia in eleven large volumes, with a continuation in twelve volumes more, and a complete set of the Chinese classics in thirteen volumes, with their appropriate commentaries. Many of the learned class among the Chinese study themselves blind and prematurely gray, and it is said that there are always scholars to be found in the Empire who can repeat from memory all the classics, with all the commentaries upon them. The imperial library, of eighty thousand volumes, was ancient when that of Alexandria was burned.

The civil service system of China, founded on a series of competitive examinations, is one of the most remarkable and powerful organizations which the world has ever known. Through these competitive examinations, persons of any rank in life may advance to the highest positions in the government. There are three of these examinations and three degrees conferred; the first in the *Fu* cities, the second in the provincial capitals, and the third at Peking. All civil officers must be graduates of the second or third degree. The first degree is conferred by imperial commissioners sent from the capital for that purpose. When the competitors, usually numbering five or six thousand, are assembled in the great examination-hall, each person is

assigned to his place or seat. No one is allowed to take in any books or helps to composition, but only a little food. Themes are then announced for two prose essays and one poem, and these essays must be completed before night. This examination is repeated at least once, and those whose poems and essays are adjudged the best are required to write from memory, with perfect accuracy, specified passages from a Chinese book called "Sacred Edict." The names of the successful competitors are then announced.

The second examination is held triennially in the provincial capital, and is only open to those who have received the first degree. These assemble from all parts of the province to the number of eight or ten thousand, and are frequently accompanied by their servants and friends. There are nine thousand five hundred and thirty-seven stalls, and each contestant occupies a separate stall during the examination. At the further end of the grounds are rooms where three thousand officials, copyists, police, and servants are accommodated. The examination-hall is an immense structure covering several acres. Each applicant is stripped and searched, and placed in a brick stall about four feet square, with a table and seat. Pen, ink, and paper are furnished him, and he must prepare three prose essays and one poem on themes announced from the Four Books. He is allowed a day and a night for writing it, during which time he can hold no intercourse with the outside world, and is given only the scantiest of diet. When the compositions are finished they pass into the hands of the first company of examiners, whose business it is to see that they are free from glaring defects, and conform to the rules of the examination. Then another company copies each essay carefully in red ink, so that the final examiners may not discover the authors by the handwriting. Another class of assistants carefully compare the copy with the original,

character by character, to see that there has been no error in transcribing. Then another company of scholars pass on the literary character of the compositions, and only those which they approve, and on which they place a round red mark, pass into the hands of the final judges. These last examiners are men of the highest literary attainments, and those whose manuscripts they approve receive the second degree. After an intermission of only one day the candidates enter the hall for a second examination, the themes this time being selected from different books—the Five Classics. A third examination follows after another day's intermission, miscellaneous subjects for essays being this time chosen.

The long range of stalls is located on either side of an immense stone walk, and every thing is kept quiet and closely guarded by the attendant police. When the essays are submitted for examination, a mistake in a single character is sufficient to cause the whole to be rejected. The proportion of the successful candidates to the whole number is about one to a hundred. These successful students receive great applause and honor, and their names are publicly announced.

The graduates from the provincial examinations go up to the national capital, where the third examination is also held triennially. It is similar in its details, except that it is still more rigid. The few who finally pass this three-fold ordeal become members of the highest literary class, and from their number all government appointments are made; so that China is the only country in the world which really possesses a literary aristocracy, the public offices being filled only by those who can pass these severe competitive examinations.

It will easily be seen how this system gives a powerful stimulus to literary pursuits, and it has made China largely

a nation of educated men. Persons of every class make an effort to send their boys to school in the hope that they will distinguish themselves in literary pursuits, and finally become members of the official class. Of those who compete at these examinations, only a small portion take even the first degree, although some of them continue to strive for it for a life-time. These unsuccessful candidates, and the graduates of the first and second degrees, are scattered throughout the Empire, and form a large literary class.

This civil service system, which dates back for centuries, is not the only thing in which China can claim pre-eminence over the other nations of the world. The Chinese were a highly civilized people when our ancestors, the Britons, were barbarians. She discovered gunpowder and the mariner's compass, invented the art of printing, and had schools, education, arts, letters and a civil service system centuries old while our forefathers were still naked savages living on roots and fishes.

Buddhism was established in China thirteen years before Christianity crossed the *Ægean* Sea, and Confucius wrote his moral code, the finest uninspired system of ethics the world has ever seen, half a millennium before the Christian era. Books were published by movable wooden types in China five hundred years before the art of printing was known to Europe, and, by jealously guarding the secret of national longevity, she has survived the wrecks of the ancient and mediæval world. She has the oldest newspaper in the world, a literary aristocracy accessible to the humblest peasant in the Empire, has never had either caste or hereditary slavery, has protected the life and property of her subjects under the same form of government for four thousand years, and has given religion, art, literature, and science to one-third of the human race. In the use of the magnetic needle, in the manufacture and use of gunpowder

and silk fabrics, and of chinaware and porcelain, she to-day takes the lead among the nations of the world. She was known to the Romans under the name of *Serica*, and her inhabitants were called *Seres*. Ptolemy and Arian, in the second century, both make mention of the country and people, and Virgil, Pliny, Tacitus, and Juvenal refer to the *Seres* in connection with the *Seric* garments, which seem to have been made of fine silk or gauze. This article of dress was much sought after in Rome by the wealthy and luxurious, and is said to have been worth its weight in gold.

Yet, notwithstanding the great antiquity of the Chinese, their knowledge of the science of government, by which they have constructed a system which has endured longer than any other which man has devised during the world's history, a system which has bound together under one common rule a population to which the world affords no parallel; in spite of their great intellectuality and the possession of many qualities which may well challenge our admiration, they are the most superstitious, the most arrogant, the most conservative, the dirtiest, and in many things the most ignorant, people on the face of the earth. Worse than all else, they are the hardest people in the world to reach with the gospel, and are the most persistent in resisting its influence. I am persuaded that Bishop Marvin was right in his belief that China is the last stronghold of heathenism; that there Satan has intrenched himself for the last great conflict, and that when this vast Empire is taken the conquest of the world for Christ will be practically complete.

Since this chapter was written, the Emperor has issued a decree introducing mathematics into these examinations. This is a great forward movement, and Rev. A. P. Parker writes that it has created a great stir. As a result, many are now applying for admission into his school (Buffington Institute), to prepare themselves in mathematics.

III.

Suchow.

SUCHOW is one of the oldest and most interesting cities of China, and possesses a special interest to Southern Methodists as the place where one of our most important stations is located. The Chinese have a proverb which says: "Above is heaven; below are Su and Hang," indicating the high esteem which they place upon the two cities, Suchow and Hangchow. Suchow is over twenty-three hundred years old, and has at present a population variously estimated at from three hundred thousand to half a million, though at one time it is said to have contained over a million. It is about four miles long by over two wide, and is surrounded by a wall fifteen miles in circumference and thirty feet high, and with an embankment on the inside twenty feet wide at the base, while wide and deep moats are both on the inside and outside.

This city has long been noted as the abode of wealth and luxury, and as one of the principal literary centers of China. It is also celebrated for its silk-weaving, which is here carried on very extensively, and employs a large portion of the population. It is a great improvement in cleanliness and general appearance over the native city of Shanghai, and has some really fine streets (though they are all very narrow), and a great number of elegant shops.

Suchow has been the scene of many fierce struggles and dissensions, and has been destroyed and rebuilt a number of times. It was almost entirely destroyed during the great

Tai Ping rebellion, and many ruins are yet to be seen all over the city. Great mounds of rubbish are in every direction, a forcible reminder of the prophet's declaration that "The city shall become heaps."

This Tai Ping rebellion, which began in 1850 and lasted fourteen years, was the most remarkable as well as the most disastrous civil war which China has had under the Tartar dynasty. The leader was Hung Sew-Tswian, who was a nominal Christian and an applicant for membership in the Baptist Church. He had gone to Canton as a candidate for the degree at the triennial examination, and had there heard Christianity preached. He became convinced of its truth, applied to Dr. Roberts, of the Baptist Mission, for membership in that Church, and went home to the Kwongsi Province, where he began a crusade against idolatry. He organized a new sect called "The Society of God-worshippers," which increased so rapidly and was so iconoclastic in its practices that the attention of the Government was directed toward it and troops were sent to break it up. This threw the movement into one of open rebellion, and they successfully resisted the Imperial army, and took city after city and province after province until it appeared for some time as if they would overthrow the existing Government. But they lacked organization and system, and, while at first they had the sympathy of Christians and foreigners, their fanaticism and ignorance soon deprived them of this, and largely through the assistance of General Gordon and the American, Ward, the Government was finally able to overthrow them after they had carried on the war for fourteen years, and caused an immense expenditure of blood and treasure.

Some of the most stirring scenes connected with this rebellion were in the Kean-So Province, Hung having made Nankin the capital of his new kingdom. No city suffered

more than Suchow, and it will probably never fully recover from the effects of the war.

First among our missionary enterprises at Suchow is the "Buffington School," in charge of Rev. A. P. Parker, our Missouri missionary, who went from St. Joseph eleven years ago. The school-building and chapel were originally erected at a cost of six thousand dollars, the money being the gift of Mr. Buffington, of Kentucky. Two years ago, Rev. C. F. Reid, while on a visit to the United States, raised four thousand dollars, with which new and commodious buildings have been erected. These will give accommodation for about one hundred pupils, and Mr. Parker expects to have at least seventy-five when he opens his next term in February. He has now thirty-seven, nearly all of whom are boarders. The school is well equipped and organized, and several of the boys are preparing to preach. Mr. Parker has absolute control of these boys, who are bound to him for six or eight years, good security being required in every case with the bond. No school in China has a better record, for several of the best native preachers and helpers have come from this school, and in every case where boys have been with him for any length of time they have become religious, their after history nearly always demonstrating the sincerity of their conversion.

There has been some adverse criticism of Mr. Parker's plan of furnishing every thing to his students, but the *consensus* of opinion among missionaries is in favor of this method as the most effective method of winning them to the gospel. The opinion of Dr. Blodgett, of the American Board, one of the oldest missionaries in China, is that the best native workers of whom he knows are in the Protestant Episcopal Mission at Shanghai, all of whom were trained in similar schools. The Methodist Episcopal Church, the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Episcopali-

ans all have these schools, and an experience of thirty years has demonstrated their success. Dr. John L. Nevins says: "The result of more than twenty years' experience with our boarding-schools at Ning-Po is to show that schools of this kind are among the cheapest and most efficient missionary agencies which can be employed in China."

We found our two Missouri ladies, Miss Lou Philips and Dr. Mildred Philips, daughters of Rev. Preston Philips, of the South-west Missouri Conference, comfortably located in the Woman's Home at Suchow, and earnest and enthusiastic in their work. Miss Philips has charge of Mrs. Parker's school, now numbering some thirty-five scholars, and took great pleasure in exhibiting her pupils to us, and showing us through the premises. We spent some delightful hours with our Missouri friends here, and it is not often that eight Missourians are together in this far-off land, as was the case one evening in the parlor of these ladies. Dr. Mildred Philips has secured a piece of ground adjoining Dr. Park's Hospital, and hopes to erect her hospital next year.

With all the members of the mission, we ate Christmas dinner in the hospitable, pleasant home of Rev. D. L. Anderson, presiding elder of the Suchow District. And though we could say with the Laureate,

"We are within the stranger's land
And strangely falls our Christmas-eve,"

these kind friends tried to make us forget that we were eight thousand miles away from home, and they at least succeeded in making us feel that we were not among strangers.

The Southern Methodist Compound at Suchow includes the Buffington school, the Ladies' Home and School buildings, the residences of Brothers Parker and Anderson, a house for the Rev. C. K. Marshall, a parsonage for the native pastor, a good church, the Suchow Hospital, and the

residence of Dr. Park, the surgeon and Superintendent. These buildings are all admirably grouped in the south-eastern portion of the city, near the city wall, where they are not closely surrounded by the Chinese, and yet sufficiently convenient for the purposes of their work.

The Suchow Hospital is a very important adjunct to our work in this city. The value of hospital work has been in some degree recognized since the inception of missions, but its importance has been more clearly established within the past few years. Medical missions are a natural outgrowth of the spirit of Christianity, and while in one sense they may be called new, in their present form, yet they are as old as Christianity itself. In this respect, as in every other step of real progress, Christianity has only reverted to the original model. Our Saviour himself healed the sick, and it is declared of him that "he went about doing good." The whole history of early Christianity shows how deeply the spirit of the Master actuated his disciples. Heathenism never suggested the founding of a hospital. Dollinger remarks that "among the millionaires of Rome there was not one who founded a hospice for the poor, or a hospital for the sick." Julian, the Apostate, was the first to borrow such institutions from Christianity in order to remove from heathenism the reproach of selfishness.

The Moravians were the first who sent physicians in connection with their missions, and the first hospital opened by missionaries in China was that of the Medical Missionary Society at Canton, originally opened as an Ophthalmic Hospital by Dr. Peter Parker, November 4, 1835, and now under the superintendency of Dr. J. G. Kerr, who has had charge for over thirty years. Medical work was initiated in the China Mission of our own Church by Dr. Charles Taylor in 1848, and has been carried on at intervals since, though not systematically or regularly until 1882, when

Dr. W. R. Lambuth projected the Suchow Hospital, which was built and opened the following year. The hospital embraces eight buildings, admirably planned and arranged, situated on a little over an acre of ground, and adjoining the other buildings of our mission. These buildings are an administrative building, containing a chapel, dispensary, store-room, diagnosing and reception rooms, and an office; three wards for patients; an operating and surgical ward; a kitchen and laundry, a residence for the superintendent of the out-door department, and a service ward. The hospital service is divided into the out-door and in-door departments, each of which has a native superintendent. In the chapel connected with the hospital there is preaching every day at half-past twelve for the patients, which they generally all attend. At one o'clock the dispensary is opened, each out-door patient being admitted into the consulting-room by ticket, in the order in which the ticket has been obtained, for which he pays twenty-eight cash (two and one-half cents). After being examined and prescribed for, the patient gets his prescription filled at the dispensary, paying a small fee for that also. During the first year, there were five thousand seven hundred and seventeen patients treated; during the second year, seven thousand eight hundred and five; and during the third year, seven thousand four hundred and ninety-one. The first two and a half years Dr. W. R. Lambuth was Superintendent; during the past eighteen months Dr. W. H. Park has been in charge. Special attention is given to religious instruction, and the claims of the gospel are earnestly pressed upon the patients. Many are thus reached, and it is a matter of very great importance that through these hospital services the gospel is preached annually to over seven thousand persons, while to the majority of these personal appeals are also made. It also affords a means for the missionaries to become acquainted

with them, and it is a most favorable method for bringing the work of the mission to the attention of the people. The missionaries often find some of these patients in the villages and out-stations which they visit. Dr. Park is also frequently called in to see rich patients, and thus gains a footing for Christianity among the higher classes. They have the utmost confidence in foreign doctors, and believe in their medicines, if they do not in their doctrines. There are six bright young medical students who, with Brother Marshall, assist in the work of the hospitals.

Most of the Chinese doctors are great charlatans and quacks; and, while they have very large *materia medica*, many of their medicines are composed of such things as cats' eyes, snakes, animals' teeth, and all kinds of roots and vegetable compounds. They take a deer, horns and all, put him into an immense mortar, and beat flesh, bones, hide, etc., into a mass of jelly, from which they make one of their favorite medicines called "whole deer pills."

The hospital life has some very amusing scenes. Dr. Lambuth tells of one young man who came to him suffering from the effects of a prescription given him by a traveling doctor for dyspepsia and constipation. The pills were to consist of some twenty ingredients, and he was to take two hundred a day for two months! The patient had faithfully followed the directions, and had actually taken *two hundred pills* a day for *forty-two* days, and at last had only desisted from sheer exhaustion and absolute inability to swallow any more. *Eight thousand four hundred pills* literally choked up his alimentary canal, and he had not been able to swallow any food for a week, not doing anything in fact but vomit and eject pills during that time. He said he could taste nothing but pills, and spit nothing but pills, and pass nothing but pills. When he recovered strength enough to talk (for he had almost collapsed) he

gravely told the doctor that he believed his body had turned into pills! The man actually recovered. I confess the story sounds like a tough one, but Dr. Lambuth gives it in his published report of the Suchow Hospital. Brother Marshall told me he first found the man and carried him to the doctor, and Brother Parker said he saw the pills and tried to analyze some of them.

Dr. Lambuth also reports the case of a woman who took *three pounds* of medicine daily for several weeks.

An amusing story is told in the first annual report of the hospital, of a patient who came without a shred of bedding. "Why did you not bring your bed?" was asked. "I have none," he replied. "What do you sleep on at night?" "I don't sleep at night; I am a night watchman." "But you must sleep! Where do you sleep in the day?" was the puzzled inquiry. "On other people's beds," he answered very gravely. Here this man had been at this business for three years, and during the whole time had not owned a bed or bedding, but had been benevolently employed in keeping his neighbors' property warm for them.

A man came one day to the hospital at Amoy, who seemed to be afflicted with some loathsome skin disease. The physicians, who had heard of such cases before, guessed at once what was the matter, and asked him how often he washed himself. The man seemed loth to answer, but being pressed at last answered solemnly, "I never wash!" "What!" said the doctor, "do you mean to say you never wash?" "Rarely," said he; "perhaps once in ten or twenty years." The man had actually lived for between forty and fifty years almost without washing. By all physiological and hygienic laws he ought to have been dead long ago, and yet, beyond the very abnormal condition of his skin, he seemed to be in fair average health.

Besides our mission at Suchow, the Northern and South-

ern Presbyterians have each a mission there, the former with three missionaries—Rev. Mr. Hayes, Rev. Mr. Lyons, and Miss A. C. Safford—and the latter with two missionaries—Rev. H. M. DuBose and Dr. Davis, the latter having just returned from a visit to America. We are indebted to all these missionaries for many acts of kindness and attention, Mr. DuBose having especially exerted himself to render our stay at Suchow a pleasant one. In his company and under his guidance we spent a delightful day in seeing the sights of Suchow, visiting all the points of interest and attracting as much attention from the populace as a circus would in a Western town. But the curious crowd was generally a good-natured one, the children only occasionally calling us “foreign devils” and “foreign worms.” Mr. Palmore came in for a full share of their attention, his six feet two being to them a source of great wonder. They would stand beside him and comically measure their height by his, looking up at him as though they would ask if it was cold up where he was, while the children would feel of his legs to see if he was flesh and blood like other men.

One of the first places visited was the City Temple, which is to Suchow what St. Paul’s is to London, or Notre Dame to Paris, or St. Peter’s to Rome. There has been a temple on this site for sixteen hundred years, and it is the great resort for the Buddhists of Suchow. It is situated near the center of the city, and the grounds surrounding it embrace about two acres. It is really a group of thirteen temples, the center one being called “The Temple of the Three Pure Ones.” This is a barn-like structure, three stories high, and containing two hundred idols. There is little that is interesting or attractive about it, and in fact we have found all the temples in China very inferior in appearance and adornment to the Japanese temples. They

are none of them handsome, but are heavy, cumbrous edifices, with mold, dirt, and smoke everywhere.

The great pagoda, which we ascended, is nine stories high and the largest in China, if not in the world. It is three hundred feet in circumference at the base, and two hundred and fifty feet high. It is octagonal in form and built of brick, having a narrow veranda with banisters around each story, to which access is had by doors. There is an outer and an inner wall, between which is the passage-way leading to the top by means of eighteen flights of stairs. On each story there are a number of niches, in which are idols to whom incense is continually being offered and worship paid, while at each octagonal corner of the roof of each story on the outside is also an idol, so that altogether there are about two hundred idols in the building. This pagoda is about seven hundred years old, and is a stupendous piece of architecture. We ascended to the top, from which we had a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country spread out like a map before us. At our feet lay the great city, with its broad expanse of flat roofs and the narrow lanes of streets between them, along which thronged the busy multitude. Stretching out from each gate were the various suburbs, said to contain a population of one hundred thousand. A vast, populous plain lay all around the city, beyond which rose high hills and mountains, and still farther in the distance could be seen the gleaming waters of the Great Lake, thirty miles distant. A chain of lakes and canals stretched toward Shanghai, which were dotted with the white sails of fishing-boats, while on every side rose pagodas and temples dedicated to the gods of heathenism. Within our range of vision, which extended for thirty miles in every direction, were the homes of five millions of people dwelling in five walled cities, one hundred market towns, and from two thousand to twenty-five hundred ham-

lets. We were looking upon the most populous plain in all the world, and could see the homes of more people than can be seen from any other one point of observation. The picture was indelibly photographed upon our memories, and with it came the startling thought that all those millions were idolaters and heathen. There are only six male missionaries working in all that surging mass of people, and yet we sometimes hear it said that the missionaries in China are crowding each other. Imagine one preacher in St. Louis, or four in Missouri, or one hundred in the United States, and you will have some idea of the "crowded" condition of the missionaries in China.

On the summit of this pagoda, looking out upon this vast heathen population, we sung a Christian hymn, and had a little prayer-meeting. So that we have taken part in Christian worship in the greatest pagoda in China.

The origin of pagodas is unknown, but they are from Buddhism. One writer states that they are founded on the Indian tradition, that when Buddha died his body was divided into eight parts, which were inclosed in as many different urns to be deposited in towers of eight floors. But all pagodas have not eight floors, neither are they of uniform shape. Some are round, some square, some hexagonal or octagonal, and they are built of wood, brick, or partly of earthenware. Sometimes pagodas are reared as monuments over the graves of noted Buddhist priests, and more frequently as store-houses for relics. Occasionally they are built to correct the *Fung Shuey*, or "good luck," of a locality, as was the "ink pagoda" of Suchow. The Chinese also consider them as a highly ornamental feature of the landscape.

Suchow is one of the most idolatrous cities in the world, and if Paul could visit it he would feel his spirit stirred within him even more than when at Athens. There are

about two thousand temples in and around the city, and about thirty thousand people who make their living by serving in the temples, and by the manufacture and sale of articles for idolatrous purposes. Shop after shop contains nothing but incense sticks, idol paper money, candle-holders, pictures of idols, gongs, bells, etc. Many of the temples are supported chiefly by the contributions of women, who are the most devoted worshipers. There are fifty Buddhist nunneries in Suchow, averaging six or eight nuns to a house. These are maintained by wealthy women, whom the nuns have persuaded will purchase great merit by supporting them. Individuals buy an interest in the private prayers of these nuns at a price ranging from a few cash to several dollars, according to the wealth and liberality of the women soliciting them.

On Sunday, both Mr. Palmore and myself were pressed into service, and, besides preaching, assisted Mr. DuBose in dedicating a new chapel which he had just finished. It was quite an interesting service, and the chapel was thronged with a mixed Chinese audience, whom we tried to address, Mr. DuBose acting as interpreter.

I have been somewhat lengthy in my description of Suchow, so that the Church may have a clearer idea of the great city in which one of our most important missions is located. The world does not contain a grander or more inviting field for Christian work. "The harvest truly is plentiful, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth more laborers into his vineyard."

IV.

Hong Kong and Canton.

OUR last evening at Shanghai was a very delightful one. Dr. and Mrs. Allen invited all the mission to meet us at dinner, and we discussed China, methods of mission-work, our own mission, and Church matters generally until the time came to say good-by. We had become much attached to these good friends who had shown us so much kindness, and as we parted from them, possibly never to meet again in this world, Bishop Wilson's injunction to them to "stay on the field and die in the name of Jesus," rung in my ears. I believe this to be the spirit which animates them; and, though they are now "sowing with tears," doubtless they shall "come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

We had previously met a number of the Shanghai missionaries at the monthly Conference, which we attended with Prof. Bonnell, and several of these called on us at the hotel, and showed us other courtesies. Among those whom we met were Rev. A. J. Bamford, pastor of the Union Church at Shanghai; Rev. Dr. Farnham, of the Presbyterian Mission Press; Rev. Dr. Gulick, superintendent of the American Bible Society; Rev. William Muirhead, of the London Mission, one of the oldest missionaries in China; Rev. Dr. Williamson, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Dr. Yates, of the Baptist Mission. We also met at this same Conference Mrs. Leavitt, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who left San Francisco, No-

vember 15, 1884, and is making a circuit of the world, establishing everywhere branches of an international association.

One afternoon while at Shanghai, I accompanied Brother Reid to his street chapel where he preaches, when at home, every afternoon at four o'clock. The chapel is a rented room, about twenty by thirty feet, on a crowded street in the Chinese quarter of the city, and is fitted up with a small pulpit and seats. Connected with it is a house for the native pastor, who has services every night. Brother Reid threw open the doors, which were immediately on the street, and began to sing, and in a few moments a mongrel crowd had collected. A number of women, a man with a traveling restaurant, several coolies, ten or fifteen children, some mothers with their babies, two or three men of the better class, and a peripatetic barber or two made up the audience. The hymn finished, Brother Reid began to preach. The audience was a migratory one, and changed every few minutes. As Sam Jones would say, each one would leave as soon as he got his little bucket full. Some would appear interested for a little while, but directly they would get up and leave, and others would take their places. But in all this kind of work seed-sowing is going on, and some of the best converts are first reached through these street chapel services.

Sometimes, however, those who appear interested understand little of what is being said. Brother Reid says that one day, while preaching, he noticed a man who seemed especially interested, and paid marked attention, apparently, to what was being said. Thinking that here was an opportunity of reaching an earnest soul, he directed all his attention to him, and was considerably nonplused when, at the end of about fifteen minutes, the man turned to his neighbor and said in an audible tone, "He's drunk."

At twelve o'clock Wednesday night we bade farewell to Shanghai, and embarked on the Peninsula and Oriental steamer "Surat" for Hong Kong, which we reached, after a pleasant voyage, on Saturday afternoon.

Hong Kong is, as its name signifies, a "good harbor." The large harbor is almost land-locked, and here always lie anchored a large number of steamers from all parts of the world. It is claimed that Hong Kong is the fourth largest tonnage port in the world, and it is a place of very extensive commercial interests. It is the terminus of some of the longest lines of steamers afloat, viz.: the Peninsula and Oriental Steam-ship Company from Southampton, England; the Messageries Maritimes from Marseilles, France; the Holt Line from Liverpool, and the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company from San Francisco. It is also the objective point for a large number of coasting vessels, Chinese boats, sailing-vessels, Canton steamers, etc., and is a sort of posting station for the whole Eastern world, ships without cargoes and ships without orders coming here to await orders from their owners. Ships are leaving almost every day for all parts of the world, and the harbor is at all times a lively and interesting scene.

Hong Kong is a bold, rocky island, rising abruptly from the sea, and is chiefly composed of gray granite, affording excellent building material. The island is about forty miles in circumference, with hardly a level spot on it, and is dotted over with residences, some of which crown the highest peaks. It is the most easterly possession of Great Britain, having been ceded to that country by the Chinese after the opium war of 1842. It is well fortified and garrisoned, and is a fine strategic point for the English power, being not more than a mile from the main-land.

The city of Hong Kong is built on a succession of rocky terraces, reaching nearly a third of the way up to Victoria

Peak, which attains an elevation of seventeen hundred feet. Many charming residences occupy these terraces, and high up on the side of the peak are the beautiful Government Gardens, which present a gay and brilliant picture on a fine afternoon when the military band is playing and the walks are filled with promenaders.

The city has a population of about three hundred and sixty thousand, three hundred thousand of whom are Chinese. The other sixty thousand form the most composite population I have ever seen, and indicated what was afterward confirmed by the testimony of well-informed citizens, that the place is a modern Sodom and abounds in all species of vice and corruption. We attended service on Sunday at the Union Church, and out of a large congregation only about twenty remained to communion, three of whom were strangers. A magnificent view was obtained from the summit of Victoria Peak, which was ascended in sedan chairs, each chair being borne by four coolies. The view of the town below, of the harbor with its shipping looking like miniature craft, of the surrounding waters and islands, and of the open ocean stretching toward our distant home, amply repaid us for the trip.

Canton, on the Canton River, ninety miles from Hong Kong, is reached by large American steamers which reminded us much of the lower Mississippi steamers, though not nearly so elegant. The third city in the world in size, it is the strangest of all strange cities, and has more unusual sights, sounds, and people to the square yard than are to be found elsewhere on the globe. As I think of my day in Canton now, it seems to me like a visit into wonderland, for it is certainly the most wonderful and bewildering old city under the sun. It is the most densely populated city in the world, as China is the most densely populated country; and is estimated to contain about two million inhabit-

ants. Standing in the center of Canton, within a radius of twelve miles there are at least three millions of people. It is a city within a city, the wall around the old city having been built in the eleventh century. It became a port of commerce in the eighth and ninth centuries, and was visited by Arab voyagers in the tenth century. For a long time it was all that the outside world knew of China, and I can remember how strange and mysterious seemed the mention of it in the old geographies. In 1684 the East India Company established itself in the city, and had the monopoly of foreign trade until 1834. In 1842 it became an open port, and is considered the wealthiest city in China. In the wholesale quarter there are many splendid hong, which will equal any similar establishments in any quarter of the globe.

Immediately after landing we went to the "Shameen," to find the American Consul, Mr. Charles Seymour. Shameen, which means "Sand-face"—"Devil's Bank" is the popular and significant name which the Chinese have given it—was formerly a sand-bank, but by means of a stone wall which has been placed all around it, and by trees, and shrubbery, it has been made one of the most beautiful places in China. All the foreign residents, except the missionaries, have their homes here, and there are many large and elegant houses on the island. The streets are very broad and shaded by magnificent banyan-trees, and it was difficult to realize when there that we were in an immense Chinese city.

We found Mr. Seymour a very courteous and obliging gentleman, who did all in his power, while we were in Canton, to have us see the city. He accompanied us to all the points of interest, and his long residence and thorough familiarity with the city made him an invaluable guide. He was appointed Consul by President Arthur, and during the

riots of 1883, when a large part of the Shameen was destroyed and most of the foreign residents were driven from the city, he was the only foreigner who could appear upon the streets, being universally known and respected by the Chinese.

For his services at that time, as well as for his general efficiency as a public officer, he was so highly esteemed that when President Cleveland was elected, the missionaries in Canton got up a petition for his retention, which was signed by every American resident, and hence he is one of the few Republican officials who have been retained by a Democratic administration.

To attempt a detailed description of Canton would be to try to describe the indescribable. Imagine a city of two million busy people—a human bee-hive, with not a street more than eight feet wide; not a wheeled vehicle in it; very few houses more than a story and a half in height, with the eaves projecting a quarter or a third of the way across the street, and the remaining space in the middle often loosely covered over with boards, placed crosswise, entirely excluding the sun and much of the light; and with a surging mass of people pouring along the narrow, smoothly paved streets, and you have some idea of Canton. Then take out all the fronts of the shops, so that each square is an unbroken succession of wide door-ways, fill them with queer-looking men and queerer women; put gilt images and magnificent gilt shrines, visible from the street, in the background of every shop, and place all the strange articles of which you can conceive upon the shelves and counters, and you have some slight picture in your mind of what we would call their stores. Some of these shops are very elegant, and present a beautiful appearance with their tempting arrays of jewelry, curios, porcelain, and other articles of ornament and utility. All of these shops have little

shrines by the door dedicated to the God of Wealth. I have known some merchants in Christian countries who worshiped at the same shrine.

Many of the streets form long arcades, covered and but dimly lighted. The tempered and mellow light, the brilliant gilt and vermilion signs standing upon end, with their quaint Chinese lettering; the color and variety of goods offered for sale, and the odd faces and costumes of buyers and sellers, all combine to form a strange and interesting picture. Here are shops with beautiful crepe and silk-embroidered goods, artificial flowers, fans, etc.; then come handsome furniture establishments, where chairs, sofas, divans, cabinets, bedroom sets of black-wood, richly carved, and with variegated marble tops, are being manufactured and offered for sale. Workers in tin and brass and iron and wood are almost within touch as we pass along the resounding alleys. Here are markets with dried fish and strange fruits; undertaking establishments, with the great massive, strangely shaped coffins; and every now and then a pagan temple. Next comes a whole street devoted to shops dealing in the jade-stone, from which all sorts of ornaments are made; and adjoining these are great porcelain-establishments, a flouring-mill with eleven run of stones, these stones being turned by water-buffaloes and bullocks, blindfolded; and two or three large opium-dens. Odors of sandal-wood fill the air in various places, while in other quarters there are strange smells far more offensive.

Through these kaleidoscopic streets we pushed our way, I in a sedan chair, the others walking. The streets were so narrow that as my coolies swung my chair along they kept up an incessant shouting to the crowd to clear the way; and they would good-naturedly part right and left, some taking shelter behind a sign-board, others dropping into friendly door-ways, and others flattening themselves

against a wall until the chair, which almost filled the street, had passed. Whenever our company of four foreigners would stop, a crowd would instantly gather, and in five minutes the streets would be so blocked that the shouts of the crowd, surging from both sides and attempting to pass, would make a din such as cannot be heard outside a Chinese city. At such times the old nursery rhyme came back to me:

O the babble of the Babel!
O the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us!

The streets of Canton have high-sounding titles, such as "The Street of Benevolence and Love," that of "Refreshing Breezes," "Accumulated Blessings," "Ninefold Brightness," "Ascending Dragon," "Great Peace," and "Thousand Beatitudes." These names are, however, ornamental—their Sunday clothes, as it were—and they have very common work-day names by which they are generally known.

One of the most striking and interesting features of Canton is its boat life. Thousands of boats, forty or fifty deep, line both sides of the river, and it is estimated that no less than one million people live in these boats, the vast majority of whom never set foot on the land. Here they are born, spend their days, and die, and these boats are the only homes and the only shelter they have from their birth to their grave. They form a distinct class of the population, and are said to be not of Chinese origin, but to be remnants of the aborigines of the country. There is nothing now, however, to distinguish them in speech or appearance from the ordinary Chinese. The boats are of all sizes and of all sorts, most of them small sampans, somewhat larger than an ordinary row-boat, with a simple mat or bamboo covering one end, while others are large and elaborately ornamented

with carvings in wood, and painted in gilt and red. All of them have eyes on the prow, reminding one of the eye of Osiris which was painted on the Egyptian funeral bark that carried the dead across the lake to the final burial-place.

These Cantonese boat-people are very skillful with their oars, and dart hither and thither along the streets and alleys of their water city, conveying passengers and freight, and manage to pick up an uncertain and precarious living. The women do most of the rowing, and the girl who rowed us across the river to the temple of Honam, which was on the opposite side, fully understood her business, sculling and rowing with a dexterity that I have seldom seen surpassed.

The most prominent buildings in Canton are the pawn-shops, large square stone towers rising up far above the other houses. They look very much like the elevators of our Western cities, and are quite an institution among the Chinese. They not only do a regular pawnbroker's business, but are also used as places of deposit for valuable articles that are not in common use. The owners of these establishments become responsible for the safe-keeping of these goods, the people having generally no safe place in which to keep them at home. But they also do a lively business in their regular line. In summer the average Chinaman pawns his winter clothing that he may have more capital to employ in his business, and when the cold weather comes he reclaims his needed clothing, if able.

I have always been a little skeptical about the Chinese eating cats and rats, and so I asked Mr. Seymour if he could convince us by ocular demonstration that these were among the articles of diet of the Cantonese. He told us to follow him, and in five minutes' walk from Shameen we were at several "cat-restaurants." There was no mistaking it. There were some skinned and cleaned, several just

killed and being cleaned, and a number of large crates full awaiting the "slaughter of the innocents." The eyes had all been taken out of those killed, and were in a box waiting for the apothecary, who sold them as valued medicines. A little later in the day we visited a large dog-restaurant where "chow" puppies and cats were sold. We saw the puppies—a number of them—hanging up with their tails and claws still on them, so that they could be easily identified. The grinning caterer seemed to appreciate our amusement and astonishment, and showed us a fat puppy awaiting the sacrifice, also fishing up some savory pieces of dog from the bottom of a smoking caldron. A large kettle was sitting in front of his establishment which bore this inscription: "Ching hoc non yonk shon pin," which one of our friends interpreted to be: "Real black cat inside always ready."

Our friend told us that the flesh of black cats and dogs is preferred as being more nutritive, and in some parts of China it is customary for people to partake of dog flesh in the beginning of summer to fortify themselves against the coming heat. In the immense encyclopedia compiled under the direction of the Emperor K'ang-he, there is a receipt for hashed dog.

Dried rats also have a recognized place in the markets of Canton, and I saw some on one of the boats. They are eaten not only by those who have a relish for them, but also by those who have a tendency to baldness, the flesh of rats being considered an effectual hair-restorer.

The transition is rather abrupt from this unsavory subject to missionaries, but we must speak of the kind friends whom we met at Canton. We bore letters to a Missouri lady, Miss Young, and also to the Rev. Dr. Graves, both of the Baptist Mission. Here we also met the Rev. Mr. Simmons. They received us most cordially, and contributed

much to the pleasure of our short stay in Canton. We also visited the Presbyterian Mission, where we met the Rev. B. C. Henry, Dr. Swan, Dr. John G. Kerr, Superintendent of the Medical Missionary Society's Hospital, and others. This hospital, which we visited, is the largest and oldest in China, and is doing a grand work, not only for the alleviation of suffering, but for the cause of Christianity. Besides these I have mentioned, there are also at Canton the Church Mission, the London Missionary Society, the English Wesleyans, and the Berlin (German) Missionary Society. Thus the work is going on, and, with the blessing of God and the help of these noble men and women, China will yet be redeemed.

V.

Chinese Customs.

I REMEMBER when I was a boy and began the study of geography, how puzzled I was when told of the Chinese who lived on the opposite side of the globe; and it was difficult for me to rid myself of the idea that they were all standing on their heads. I have found that, though not literally, they are metaphorically on their heads, and are not only our antipodes geographically, but also in their customs and modes of life. That they are awake when we are asleep, that their noon is our midnight, and their sunset our sunrise, are indications of the contrarieties which exist. We shake hands with each other; the Chinaman salutes a friend by shaking his own hand. We uncover the head as a mark of respect; they keep their heads covered, but take off their shoes. We shave the face; they shave the head and eyebrows. We believe in evolution; they in analysis. We begin at the center and work toward the circumference; they begin at the circumference and work toward the center. We count the cost, and finish what we begin; they never do. The Chinese have a great many grand things begun, and they take the big things first, despising the day of small things. For example, they have torpedo-boats, men-of-war, the telephone, and the telegraph, but no postal system and no currency. Instead of saying, "Good-morning," or, "How do you do?" the Chinese ask, "How old are you?" or, "Have you had your rice?" Auctioneers, instead of receiving bids, bid themselves, beginning with

the highest price and continuing to fall until they reach a price at which some one will take the article. In America ladies go to the stores to shop; in China the stores go to them. The finest articles are carried by the peddlers to the houses of the wealthy. We have the long beard in front; they the "pigtail" behind. Chinese carpenters, in using the fore-plane, draw it toward them instead of pushing it from them. So the tailor sews from him, not toward his body, and holds his thread with his toes.

In dress, the Chinaman begins where we end. He wears his shirt outside his coat, and his drawers outside his trousers. He whitens his shoes instead of blacking them, and lets his finger-nails grow instead of cutting them off. The men carry fans and wear skirts, and the women wear the breeches—not metaphorically, as is often the case with us, but literally.

In their social habits and in eating, they are likewise our opposites. We begin with soup; they finish with it. We take our dessert and sweetmeats last; they theirs first. We drink cold water; they hot. With us the place of honor is the right hand; they seat the most honored guest on the left. They never touch beef, butter, milk, or cheese, but eat rats, cats, dogs, bird's-nests, shark fins, devil-fish, and snails. They use neither milk nor sugar in their tea, drink no coffee, eat with chopsticks instead of knives and forks, and chew betel-nut instead of tobacco.

In our country the groom always goes after his bride; with them the bride is carried to the husband, as we saw being done in a gorgeous wedding-procession at Canton. With us young people always do their own courting; a young Chinaman employs a man to do his courting for him, and never sees his bride until he is married to her.

While with us death is the most solemn of subjects, John Chinaman treats it as a joke and always laughs when it is

mentioned. They never even call the word, but speak of it as "a departure," "gone," "passed away," etc., while the slang expression is, "He has stuck up the pigtail." They avoid all allusion to the subject, and yet keep coffins in their parlors. We would never think of giving a coffin as a present, but they have no more suitable birthday or feast-day gift. Their coffins are huge boxes, the planks of which are three or four inches thick. While we bury our dead at once, they keep their dead several weeks, sometimes a year; and then, instead of burying them in the ground, in cemeteries, they bury them on top of the ground or simply place the coffin out in the open field without burying it at all. These unsightly mounds and exposed coffins are to be seen everywhere, not only in the country but also in the cities. Black is our mourning color; white theirs. We go quietly and solemnly to the grave; they with tom-toms, cymbals, and many noisy demonstrations. We plant trees around the graves of our dead and rear monuments over them; no shadow must ever fall upon a Chinese grave. We mourn for our dead; they hire their mourners.

Their books are also the reverse of ours, beginning just where ours end. We read horizontally, in lines, from left to right; they perpendicularly, in columns, from right to left. Our titles are at the top; theirs at the side. Our foot-notes are at the bottom; theirs at the top. They place the contents of a chapter at the end instead of the beginning. Their spoken language is not written, and their written language is not spoken. We have a character to represent each letter; they a character for each word. A Chinese "case" in a printing-office has over five thousand fonts of type, as I ascertained by actual count in one I visited. We use a pen and liquid ink for writing; they use a brush and a solid cake. They put the surname first and the Christian name last. Vehicles in passing turn to the left instead of the right. They

say "whoa" to a horse when they wish him to go, and cluck to him when they wish him to stop. The dress-makers and milliners are not women as with us, but men. The index finger of our mariner's compass points to the north; theirs to the south. They say west-north and east-south, instead of north-west and south-east, and have six points of the compass instead of four, including the zenith and nadir in their enumeration. In America men kill their enemies in revenge; a Chinaman takes vengeance by killing himself.

In that land of contradictions grown up men fly kites and play marbles, and boys look on admiringly; policemen sound a tom-tom to warn marauders of their approach; bridesmaids are old women clad in black; and a husband never appears in public with his wife. They mount a horse from the right side instead of the left; draw canal-boats with men instead of horses; sell wood by weight rather than by measure; sell silk by the pound and not by the yard; and actually build the roof of a house before they begin the foundation.

Of all the contradiction of the Chinese, their language is the most contradictory, and appears to me an impenetrable and unfathomable abyss. They have no alphabet, but a character for each word—in all forty-four thousand characters—though there are some two hundred and fifty radicals from which these characters are all formed. Three thousand of these, however, form a sufficient vocabulary for most foreigners. The *ultima thule* of Chinese learning is the four elementary books and the five classics. These are the only subjects of study in a Chinese school, and the boy learns most of them by heart. For four thousand years these have been the only text-books for the Chinese, and this doubtless accounts in a large measure for their conservatism. Their minds are all cast in the same mold, and the memory has been unduly cultivated at the expense of the thinking pow-

ers. Thus a Chinaman is the same the world over. The character of the nation is stereotyped, and their system of education has projected the same set of ideas from one generation to another.

The Chinese language is a very difficult one to acquire, not only because of the great number of characters, but because of its peculiar system of accent and intonation. The same word will sometimes have eight or ten totally different meanings, according to the accent or inflection or some peculiarity in the intonation. Some very amusing mistakes sometimes arise from missionaries or other newcomers giving a word the wrong inflection. A missionary was preaching a very earnest sermon a short time ago on the redemption of all men by the Lord Jesus Christ, and unfortunately frequently used a word which in one tone means hog, and in another Lord. A heathen, who was perhaps hearing the gospel for the first time, seemed a very attentive listener, and after the sermon was over some one asked him how he liked it. "O," said he, "I thought it was a fine discourse on pig!" The preacher had given the wrong intonation to the word, and, as the Chinese are very fond of pork, it had caught the attention of this man. Another missionary, committing a similar blunder, told his congregation that if they did not repent they would all go to the post-office, and a Sunday-school teacher in our mission gravely informed his class that Judas Iscariot went out and danced himself to death! A lady at Shanghai amused us very much by telling one of her early experiences with her servant, whom she tried to induce to go out and kill the donkey for breakfast. But we who laugh would perhaps make even more ludicrous mistakes if we were to attempt to struggle with that most bewildering language—a language which has as many dialects as provinces, so that a man who goes a hundred miles from home is called a foreigner

and cannot understand a word of the language which is spoken.

But while it is true that citizens of different provinces cannot understand each other's conversation, the written language is the common medium of thought for the whole Empire. No language, living or dead, puts one in communication with so large a portion of the human family. When Alexander had conquered the world he was a foreigner in his own provinces, and could not speak the language of a fourth of his subjects. When Rome had belted the Mediterranean Sea and extended her conquests as far as civilization reached, her Empire was a confusion of tongues. The sun never sets on English territory, and her tattoo is never silent as it goes round the world. But there are fifty different languages written and spoken in the vast Empire of Victoria. The English tongue cannot reach more than one hundred million souls, while the Chinese written language reaches five hundred million. Some one has said that the human race may (not very unequally) be divided into, first, the Chinese; second, all other nations. To reach the latter half, you must have three thousand and sixty-three tongues; to reach the former, only one.

Probably marriage is more nearly universal in China than in any other civilized or semi-civilized country in the world. It is considered indispensable, and few men pass the age of twenty without taking a wife. A husband may divorce his wife for any one of seven different causes, ranging from the disease of leprosy to the habit of garrulousness. But no offense on the part of the husband gives the wife occasion for divorce. Confucius says: "Of all people, women are the most difficult to manage. If you are familiar with them they become forward, and if you keep them at a distance they become discontented."

One of the most singular customs of China, and that

which, perhaps, has excited the most universal attention, is that of the women binding their feet. It is said to have originated as the custom of wearing cravats arose from Alexander having a wry neck. The story is that an Empress of China named Tan-Key, who lived some three thousand years ago, having club feet, induced her husband to impose the same deformity on all his female subjects. A more ungallant reason is given by some, who say that it was a clever device invented by husbands to act as a restraint on the gadding-about tendencies of their wives. However this may be, it is one of the most cruel of customs, and is by no means confined, as I supposed, to the higher classes. I saw women breaking rock on the street whose feet were not more than three inches in length. This compression of the feet begins when the child is six years old, by turning the toes under and bandaging them tightly. The foot is never allowed to grow afterward, and never is free from the bandage except for a few moments at a time. The smaller the foot, the more beautiful it is considered, and the feet of many of the women are only two and a half inches long. These cannot walk at all, and when they attempt to hobble along must be supported by a servant on either side. I saw a girl one day attempting to walk alone, and as she limped along she supported herself by clinging to the sides of the houses and fences. It is usually only the higher classes whose feet are so small that they cannot walk without assistance, but nine-tenths of the women whom I saw in China had bound feet. Such is the power of habit and fashion that, notwithstanding the suffering entailed, they cannot break away from it, and it frequently happens that women whose feet are not so bound will thrust their toes into the tiny shoes and wear long pantaloons to conceal their natural feet. When the missionaries talk to the women and men about this custom they say that it is not so bad

as the habit our ladies have of compressing their waists. Are they very far wrong?

The cue was imposed upon the Chinese by their Tartar conquerors as a sign of subjection, and it is high treason for a Chinaman to cut it off. Like many other customs which were at first tokens of disgrace, the pigtail is now considered by the Chinaman as both highly ornamental and useful, and he expends great care on it. There are few barber-shops in China, but there are large numbers of peripatetic barbers whose business it is to shave the heads and dress the queues of their customers. You see these barbers with their razors stuck in their belts, and frequently carrying a stool, everywhere throughout China and the East generally. There are said to be seven thousand in Canton alone. The right management of the pigtail is among the Chinese what the management of the hair is among us. It is a mark of respect to allow it to hang at full length, and any one who would venture to address a superior without having his tail hanging down his back would be considered as boorish as an American who would enter a lady's drawing-room without removing his hat.

The caudal appendage is also frequently of great utility. A sailor will tie his hat to his tail when the wind rises, and a school-master sometimes uses his tail in lieu of his cane. If his cue is not of sufficient length, the Chinaman will take black silk and make an artificial "switch," and thus increase his tail to the regulation length.

As in every thing else, so the Chinese are very peculiar in deciding when their calendar year begins. There is a Board of Astronomers at Peking, who have an inscrutable method of calculating when the New year ought to come, and every year it is on a different day. No one knows when it is to be until they issue their almanac, which is usually about six months before the time appointed for

New-year. It generally falls between the first and fifteenth of February. At New-year they have a holiday lasting from two weeks to a month, when all places of business and all schools are closed, family gatherings are held, social reunions take place, all debts are paid, and everybody has a good time, except the poor fellow who hasn't the money to settle up. If a Chinaman cannot pay his debts at New-year, he considers himself ruined and disgraced, and often commits suicide. This latter practice is more common, however, in the interior than at Shanghai, where contact with foreigners has taught them that a man may not pay his debts and yet live.

A Chinese year has three hundred and sixty days. About every five years they have an intercalary month to make up the deficiency. Their months are either twenty-eight or twenty-nine days, and no one can tell which will be the long and which the short months until the almanac is issued.

Eclipses are announced by this same Board, and as the time for an eclipse approaches, the officials throughout the Empire post a proclamation at each "yamen," or official residence, calling on all the people to turn out and keep the "wild sun" from eating up the tame sun. They come with their gongs and drums and tom-toms, to which they add their shouts and screams, until the scene is a perfect pandemonium. The whole city is in an uproar, and when the eclipse is over, they go home and congratulate themselves that they have averted a great calamity. Yet in making all this noise at an eclipse, they only follow the example of North American Indians, Peruvians, Africans, and many other semi-civilized races. Even the Romans at an eclipse flung fire-brands in the air, blew trumpets, and clanged brazen pots and pans.

The Chinese have a system of merit and demerit which

is curious and interesting. Each Chinaman keeps a regular account with himself according to the principles stated in a book called "The Rules of Merit and Transgressions." These rules give an enumeration of almost every conceivable action, stating the commercial value of good deeds in the market of Hades, and the relative scale of punishments for the evil. Every night the Chinaman enters in his account-book the actions of the day and the number of marks which he has gained or lost. At the end of the month he burns the book, and thus transfers the account to the next world. The following are samples of these rules:

Credit marks: To pay the debts of a father, ten marks; when rich, to marry a deformed girl to whom betrothed when poor, one hundred; to lend an umbrella, one; to entreat a mother not to commit infanticide, thirty; to save one hundred insects, one; to bury a bird, one; to pick up one grain of rice, one; for one year not to eat beef or dog meat, five; to forgive a debt, one hundred; to destroy the stereotyped plates of immoral books, three hundred; purity through life, one thousand; to hang up a lantern on the street, one.

Debit account (transgression demerits): To love a wife more than father or mother, one hundred; to listen to a wife against one's own brothers, ten; to be double-tongued, thirty; to be insincere, ten; to have one bad thought, ten; to see immoral theatricals, ten; to dig up a worm in winter, one; to laugh at an ugly person, three; to get drunk, five; to be guilty of usury, one hundred; to misuse written or printed paper, fifty; to cook beef or dog meat, one hundred; to dig up a coffin, one hundred; to assist in infanticide, fifty; to drown an infant, one hundred; to publish an obscene book, *measureless*.

The scale on which these marks are graduated gives a good insight into Chinese character and exalts our concep-

tion of their morality. It will be noticed what great importance they attach to purity of life and thought. Many in Christian lands might learn lessons from them.

When we were on Brother Parker's canal-boat I noticed his "boy" carefully gathering up every grain of rice that had been dropped during our meal, that he might add to his merit marks.

But the outward morality of the Chinese is wholly deceptive, and the gospel only can purify and regenerate them. Besides their gross idolatry and superstition, they are guilty of the most sinful and corrupt practices, while lying, theft, suicide, infanticide, and many other crimes are considered virtues by them. The testimony of all foreigners and missionaries is that dishonesty is universal among them. They are too shrewd to steal openly, knowing that honesty is the best policy; but if you give them a chance they will cheat your eye-teeth out of you. You may lay a five-dollar gold-piece on your table, and it will lie there for a month and your Chinese servant will not touch it; but change it into five silver dollars, and give him one each day to buy your marketing, and he will steal twenty-five cents per day from you, telling you he has spent it all. He knows that you cannot detect him. An English gentleman in Shanghai had a Chinese servant who, in this petty, thieving way, stole so much from him that he at last had him arrested and brought before the court, which there consists of an English and a Chinese judge. The English judge, after hearing the evidence, declared that the man must be punished; but the Chinese judge said: "How much do you suppose this man has stolen from you?" "Well," said the master, "I know he has stolen more, but I will say fifteen per cent. of all the money with which I have intrusted him." "Well," said the judge, "if you have come here to live among these people, and only lose

fifteen cents out of every dollar, you may consider yourself a very fortunate man. I will not punish him."

Suicide is very common among them, and is considered an act of great virtue. Not only do men take their own lives, but young women of wealth and good family often commit suicide, and the Emperor will have a monument reared to their honor, while poets will sing their praises.

Infanticide is practiced to a very great extent. It is said that in winter you may sometimes, early in the morning, pass along the streets of Peking and pick up a cart-load of dead babies. Baby-towers, into which these little innocents are frequently thrust alive, are to be seen all over the land. If a weak, peevish baby is born into the world, they imagine (as they believe in the transmigration of souls) that it is the spirit of some enemy come back to torment them, and they will sometimes kill it on that account. Then they are so poor that they will sometimes kill the baby, especially if it is a girl, to be rid of it.

These and hundreds of other like crimes stain the Chinese character, and they stand in dire need of the gospel. Thousands are lost every year who would be saved if the Church in Christian lands sent them that gospel.

Just before leaving Shanghai I learned three very interesting facts. Gen. Kennedy, the United States Consul-general, told me that only a few days ago the Chinese merchants of Shanghai had, unsolicited, given him one thousand dollars for the relief of the sufferers in the Charleston earthquake. Also that the Chinese Government has just paid to the Methodist Episcopal Church twenty-two thousand taels (about thirty thousand dollars) for the injuries inflicted during the recent riot in the west of China. The last fact is the most interesting of all. A proclamation has been issued under the direction of the Peking Government and posted up conspicuously in every

province, reminding the people of the treaty stipulations with foreign Governments, and calling on them to respect the subjects of those Governments in their midst. It especially speaks in commendatory terms of the work of Christian missions, and reminds the people that the only object of the missionaries is to do them good. This is the first public recognition of Christianity and the work of Christian missions ever made by the Chinese Government, and is one of the results of missionary labors.

The following is the proclamation:

Kiong, Intendent of Circuit of Suchow and Lukiang District, of the Second Rank, Controller of the Water-ways and Salt Revenue Department, Advanced One Grade (in promotion) and Recorded Ten Times (*i. e.*, noted by the Emperor ten times).—

Issues this Important Proclamation concerning the Catholic and Protestant Churches. From the time of the establishment of commercial relations between China and foreign countries, several tens of years have elapsed. During this time the members of those sects have rented houses and dwelt in the country, and traveled about preaching their doctrines, which is all in accordance with the treaty. Their only object is to exhort men to the practice of virtue, and they do not in any way interfere with the welfare of (our) people. Neither do the common people who are members of those Churches become seditious persons and violators of the law, and hence do not come within the prohibitory statute (against secret societies). All of us, Chinese officials, merchants, literati, and common people, each abiding in his allotted sphere and attending to his own business, and not seeking to oppress or overreach others, seeing that we are embraced within the guardianship and protection of the Imperial Government, should not become doubtful and suspicious (of the Catholics and Protestants), and seek to prevent them from residing on our soil.

Nevertheless, there is still a want of harmony between the people and those Churches, and difficulties have recently arisen in consequence. At first these difficulties were only of a trifling nature, growing out of slight misunderstandings and mutual dislikes, but they have gradually increased until the Church-members on one side and the foolish common people on the other become set in

their mutual distrust. Then one or two meddlesome fellows came forward to stir up and increase the strife, and the rogues and idlers of the locality, seeking occasion for thieving and robbery in confusion and riot, joined the mob and increased the disturbance. Then, when serious damage was done, and the matter could not be settled, those base fellows would deny having had any thing to do with it. But the local officials, receiving orders to investigate the matter, were obliged to make searching inquiry as to the authors of the disturbance and punish them, sometimes by corporeal punishment, or, in severe cases, by the confiscation of the property of the offender. In this way very many have been led to take part in such disturbances, and great numbers have suffered in consequence. This is truly lamentable.

On account of this, the Great Officials have been ordered by Imperial Edict, dated Kwang-su, 10th year, 7th moon, 7th day, to protect, throughout all the provinces, and at all times, all the Churches (in their several jurisdictions), and prevent disturbance and riot. In accordance with this decree, we have ordered all the minor officials within our jurisdiction to obey this decree; and we do, moreover, hereby notify all classes of people, civil and military, within our jurisdiction that you ought to know and understand that the preachers and people in the aforesaid Churches, living together with you in the land, should receive the same treatment that guests receive from their host, and in the ordinary affairs of life, politeness and forbearance (in the treatment of them) is of the first importance.

If difficulties arise that cannot be settled (by the parties concerned), the only proper thing to do is to appeal to the local officials and have the matter thoroughly examined and justly decided. These officials have full power (to settle such matters). Be careful and do not in a fit of momentary anger allow yourself to fall into the net of the law. I have been connected with foreign affairs along the coast for over twenty years. I am well acquainted with the relations of Chinese and foreigners, and of the common people with the Church-members, and I am not afraid to take the trouble necessary to arrive at a clear understanding of any matter, and this not only with a view of protecting the Churches (aforesaid), but more particularly with reference to the welfare of your people. Let every father command (his son), and every elder brother exhort (his younger brother) to abate their anger and cease strife and turn for-

ever from their former (evil) ways and thus avoid bitter repentings hereafter. This is what I most earnestly hope for.

Respect this, a special proclamation. Given this 5th day of the 10th moon of the 12th year of the reign of Kwang-su (October 9, 1886).

Posted at the chapel inside the west gate of Shanghai.

The world does move, and this proclamation is a clear proof that China, with all her conservatism, is slowly awakening from her sleep of four thousand years.

VI.

The Religions of China.

GIBBON says that when travelers from the North used to visit Rome, they would go and stand in front of the great Coliseum and say: "While the Coliseum stands, Rome will stand. When the Coliseum falls, Rome will fall, and when Rome falls, so will the world." So it may be said of China, the great stronghold of sin and error: "When China falls, the world will fall; and when she is conquered for Christ, the victory will be complete in all the East." The Chinese are found throughout the whole Orient from Japan to India, and they dominate all of Eastern Asia and the islands of the Northern Pacific.

But the magnitude of the work which the Christian Church has undertaken in attempting the conversion of China can only be comprehended by one who has been on the ground and has been brought face to face with the great hard mass of heathenism. For four thousand years the Chinese have been intrenching themselves behind their fortifications of idolatry, ignorance, and superstition, and it is not the work of a day or a year, or even a century, to dislodge them. When we remember how Buddhism has grown into the very heart of the nation, how Confucianism ramifies every part of their civil and social life, and how Taoism means patriotism and devotion to the State, we can understand that the destruction of these three religions of China—and the three are one—means the complete recasting of their national life. These three dominant religious

systems are not rival and antagonistic, but are co-ordinate and supplementary, the people making use of them together and giving to either one prominence, as their fancy may dictate. The ethical in Confucianism, the physical in Taoism, and the metaphysical in Buddhism live together in such a state of interfusion that it is difficult to separate them. A man worships in a temple of Confucius to-day, is a Buddhist to-morrow, and the next day avows himself a disciple of Taoism. It is probable that in former times these systems were more distinct and their classification more accurate, but they have become so modified and intertwined that it is difficult to separate them, and there is, in fact, but little distinction between them in the Chinese mind. It is a matter of dispute whether Confucianism is entitled to be considered a religion or a mere system of ethics. While it is true that it is a system of politico-moral philosophy, applying to the pressing wants and circumstances of men, and carefully excluding all reference to spiritual and divine things and the wants of the future, it is also true that it takes the place of religion in many minds, and that the most magnificent temples in the Empire are erected in all the cities and towns, consecrated to the memory of Confucius, and dedicated to his worship. No other system wields so great an influence over the religious thoughts of the people, and it is difficult to properly comprehend the exalted position which Confucius occupies in the Chinese mind and heart. They call him the "Throneless King," which is the earliest declaration of the royalty of intellect. He is the only one of his race who has achieved a world-wide reputation, and his fame extends over larger territories and vaster populations than that of any other uninspired teacher. He was born in the year 551 B.C., and was contemporary with Socrates, and with the great Hebrew prophets, Ezekiel and Daniel. At the time of his birth, Cyrus was

on the throne of Persia, Xerxes was invading Greece, and the Jews had just returned from the Babylonish captivity. His parents were poor, though well connected and highly respectable, his father being a military officer, and descended from the ancient royal family of the Shang dynasty. His father died when he was only three years old, and his mother was left to struggle alone with poverty. He very early manifested a taste for study, and began to teach when twenty-two years old. He soon gathered a large number of disciples about him, and continued to teach for some fourteen years. Although several times appointed to office, his morality and theories of government and of political economy were of so severe a type that he was each time speedily relegated again to private life. Much of his long life was spent in journeying from province to province, striving in vain to correct the abuses of his times, imparting instruction to his followers, and prosecuting his studies. Though for 2,300 years his philosophy has controlled Chinese thought, like Socrates, Gautama, and other great teachers, he was unknown and unappreciated while living, and the same may almost be said of him that was said of Homer:

Seven cities claim a Homer dead,
Through which a living Homer begged his bread.

Confucius did not profess to teach any system of religion, and in fact he disowned all claims to wisdom or superior knowledge. He taught morality, and yet said distinctly that he was "a transmitter and not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients." One of the sayings of Confucius comes very near the Golden Rule, and teaches negatively what Christ taught positively. One of his disciples asked him: "Is there one word which may serve as a rule for practice all of one's life?" To which the philosopher answered: "What you do not want done to yourself, that do

not to others." Confucius appealed very largely to the conscience, and the Chinese are great believers in what they call "the No-yes heart."

We search in vain through his writings for any thing relating to the duties of man to God. He frankly declared that he did not comprehend the gods, and thought it best not to meddle much with them. He said: "The part of wisdom is to attend carefully to our duties to men, and while we respect the gods to keep aloof from them." But while he thus abstained from touching the question of a future state or man's relation to God, the duties growing out of human relations are well defined. First in the category of human duties stands filial piety, and conjugal fidelity is also strenuously insisted upon. He urges truth and honor among friends, and passes the highest encomiums upon manly character. One of his proverbs is: "He that knows the right, and fears to do it, is not a brave man."

His greatest error was in teaching the self-regenerative power of human nature. He taught the innate goodness of humanity, and that man could redeem himself by his own efforts. He covered the whole duty of man by the five relations subsisting between Emperor and officer, father and son, husband and wife, older and younger brothers, and friends. If a man bore himself properly in these relations, he did all that was required of him. Rev. Dr. Crawford well said at the Missionary Conference in Shanghai: "Confucianism boasts of its teachings of the five relations; but it has only the five fingers without the palm on which they all depend, for it knows nothing of God." So that the philosophy of Confucius, like all other systems of human philosophy, utterly failed in that it had no regenerative quality. Christianity is differentiated from all other systems of religion in that it begins at the heart, and, changing that, works out to the life, thus regenerating the whole man. Any sys-

tem like that of Confucius is a failure, which seeks to make men better without making them holier.

Next to Confucianism, Buddhism occupies the most conspicuous place in the religions of China. In fact all the disciples of Confucius are Buddhists, and while the Chinese sage is the last appeal on all questions of political economy or morality throughout the whole Empire, the traditions and teachings of Buddhism are no less venerated. Buddhism is the religion of perhaps five hundred millions of people, or more than one-fourth the inhabitants of the globe, its disciples outnumbering those of any other religion. It has spread over all the vast region north and east of the Himalayas as far as Siberia on one side and the Pacific Ocean on the other, going even to many islands of the sea. It is found in India beyond the Ganges, and in the foot-hills of the Himalayas, in Ceylon and Siam, in Burmah and Malay, and is the prevailing faith of China, Japan, and Corea.

Sakya Muni, Gautama, or Buddha, as he is variously called, was the son of a Rajah of Kapila, born about 650 B.C. His native land is a small province situated on the southern slopes of the Himalayas, between Nipal and Sikhim. The young prince was brought up in every luxury, married a lovely wife, and was the father of a son. But he became surfeited with pleasure, and having seen an old man, a diseased man, and a dead man, his eyes were opened to the woes of humanity. This feeling was intensified by the belief in metempsychosis, so universal in the Eastern world, and he saw the evils, not only of an individual life, but of an endless chain of successive existences, beginning with an unknown past and running on into eternity. He becomes a changed man; abandons his father's palace and his expectation of a throne; deserts his wife and child; cuts himself off from all the ties binding him to the world, and becomes one of those religious mendicants who have always abound-

ed in India. After carrying his alms-bowl around the city of Rajagriha on the southern bank of the Ganges, he retired into the jungle of Gaya, where in meditation and solitude he prepared himself to become a Buddha, or apostle to deliver humanity from the miseries of a prolonged existence. From thence he went to the deer-forest near Benares, and about the time that Thales was teaching in Greece, Zoroaster in Persia, Confucius in China, and Daniel in Babylon, he began to preach what he termed the law, and to exhort the people against theft, murder, falsehood, adultery, and intemperance. This Indian sage was one of the earliest temperance reformers, and no modern prohibitionist ever advocated total abstinence more strenuously than did he. Nor did he content himself with a mere negative morality; he taught a practical benevolence, and good actions, good words, and good thoughts were the frequent themes of his sermons. The converts of Buddha multiplied rapidly. The legends say that fifty-four princes and one thousand fire-worshippers speedily became converts; kings became his disciples; Brahmans turned from their ancient religion to this new faith; his father, wife, son and child were soon among his followers; and ere long he had a retinue of twenty thousand priests.

Buddhism is a great improvement over Brahmanism, of which it was a reformation. It has no bloody, obscene rites, as has the Hindoo faith; nor does it outrage decency and morality. Gautama began his career of a religious teacher with the honest and noble purpose of elevating and purifying humanity. The Buddhism of the present day is no more like the faith he taught than Romanism is like the religion of the Nazarene.

The chief philosophy of Buddha was a repression of the natural desires—his creed was a mixture of stoicism and mysticism. Nirvana, the *summum bonum* of existence, is ex-

tion, cessation of being, loss of individuality in God. It is reached by contemplation and asceticism, by conquering all the natural passions and desires. In the hands of the metaphysical followers of the great teacher, Buddhism becomes pure nihilism. Buddha, denying himself the pleasures of this superior unconscious state, pauses on the very threshold to give exercise to his benevolence in instructing and elevating men.

Buddha's table of the law has five commandments—do not kill; do not steal; do not commit adultery; do not lie; do not become intoxicated. These are the rules of life for all men. But to those who aspire to a purely religious life, other and stricter rules are given.

Some writer says that Buddhists are a strange paradox—religious atheists. “Their daily prayers are endless repetitions, designed merely to exert a reflex influence on the worshiper. Those in whom discipline is complete have entered Nirvana—not an elysium of conscious enjoyment, but a negative state of exemption from pain.”

Buddhism was introduced into China A.D. 61. That year the Emperor Ming-ti sent an embassy to the West to seek for religious teachers. It is said that this was in consequence of a dream, though it is not improbable that rumors of him who was “born King of the Jews” may have traveled to Eastern Asia and caused the deputation to be sent. The messengers reached India, and there met with Buddhist priests, who told them of their deity, Buddha, and of the doctrines of a future state, and a way of escape from sin and its consequences. They supposed they had found the object of their search, and returned to China with eighteen Buddhist teachers. Early in the fourth century native Chinese began to take Buddhist monastic vows, and the new faith spread rapidly. “Large monasteries began to be established in North China, and nine-tenths of the

people," says a native historian, "followed the faith of the great Indian sage." Buddhism was vigorously propagated in China by missionaries and books, and at the beginning of the sixth century there were three thousand Indian missionaries there preaching their faith, and temples had multiplied to thirteen thousand. What a contrast to the work being done by Christian missionary societies of the richest nations of the world, who only maintain four hundred missionaries among the four hundred millions of China—one to a million! Were the Buddhists of India more solicitous about the propagation of their faith than the Christians of America and England are for the spread of the gospel?

There is a striking resemblance between Buddhism and Romanism, which has been noticed by all writers who have compared the two systems. Both teach the celibacy of the priesthood; prayers in an unknown tongue; burning of incense and candles; prayers to saints and intercessors, and to a virgin with a child; prayers for the dead; works of supererogation, and self-imposed austerities and bodily afflictions. Both have monastic orders, monks and nuns, rosaries, feast-days and fast-days, a formal daily service, pictures and images, religious processions, relics and fabulous legends. If you should happen into a Japanese Buddhistic temple, without knowing where you were, you would conclude at once that you were in a Roman Catholic Church.

Legge says that modern Taoism was begotten by Buddhism out of the old Chinese superstitions. Its forms are those of Buddhism, while its voice and spirit are fanatically base and cruel. There is, however, in this system a more distinct recognition of spiritual existence than in either Confucianism or Buddhism. It is a mystic sort of religion, however, which deals in spirits and incantations, astrology and alchemy, pretends to hold intercourse with the other world, and has many points of resemblance to our

modern spiritualism. The sect originated with Lao-tsz, a Chinese philosopher, who was born 604 B.C. There is in this system much that is contradictory, for, while teaching spiritual existence, it regards matter as eternal. "The grosser forms of different substances tend downward, and constitute the solid material of the earth; the more refined essences tend upward, and wander through space, possessed of individuality and life, and constituting, when they assume visible forms, the stars which look down from their spheres upon the lower world. While the earth is composed of the grosser and the heavens of the refined forms of matter, so also the body and the soul of man are similarly constituted." Taoism is really the religion of the Chinese people, and all of their superstitions, foolish ideas of *Fung-shui*, divinations, etc., belong to the system. But it is ready to decay, and the day is at hand when it will be plucked up root and branch, and cast out from the land of its birth. A greater than Lao-tsz or Confucius or Gautama is beginning to speak to the millions of China, and the day is coming when China shall be redeemed from these false religions, and when the mighty forces of Christianity shall take possession of that vast Empire. May God hasten the hour!

VII.

Missions.

AS early as the sixth century, missionaries were sent to China by the Nestorians of Armenia, and their labors for several centuries were attended with a considerable degree of success. Numerous Christian communities were established throughout the Empire, numbering at one time as many as thirty thousand, and they were in no way interfered with until the great Mongol conqueror, Genghis Khan, inaugurated a fierce persecution which resulted in their complete extinction, about A.D. 1369, when the downfall of the Mongol dynasty occurred. These Nestorians left a record of their work on a celebrated monument in Sen-gan-foo. This record gives a short history of the sect from the year 630 to 781, and also an abstract of the Christian religion.

During the last century of the existence of the Nestorian Church in China, Roman Catholic missionaries first entered the Celestial Empire. The first of these was Jean de Corvin, who with difficulty established a footing for his Church. In 1307 he was appointed archbishop by Pope Clement V., and several other missionaries were sent to his assistance. A number of flourishing churches were established, but all these shared the fate of the Nestorians, and forty years after the death of Corvin no trace of them was to be found.

For several centuries no further attempt was made to Christianize this great Empire, but in the sixteenth century the Jesuits undertook the task. The history of their

enterprise is very similar to that of the two which preceded them. For some time it looked as if they would be successful, and they stood high in favor with some of the early Emperors of the Manchu dynasty. But, through disagreements and quarrels among themselves, they finally fell into disrepute; were suspected of plots and intrigues against the Government; were finally driven from the country, and the natives forbidden to become Christians. After this China was closed to foreigners, and nearly all of the native Catholics went back to their old religion. But when, two centuries later, by the treaties of 1842, China was once more opened, a few scattered descendants of those early Catholics were found dispersed through the Empire, and they formed a good nucleus for the re-opening of the Roman missions.

In the last forty years the Catholics have been working vigorously, and have their missions in all parts of China. They report stations in sixteen of the nineteen provinces, and claim 861,000 communicants, and 129,678 baptized children.

Robert Morrison, the "last maker" of Norfolk, England, was the pioneer Protestant missionary in China. He was sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1807, having previously prepared himself for his work by making boot-trees all day and studying all night. He first went to the East India Company's factory at Canton, and afterward to the Portuguese settlement at Macao, diligently studying the language all the while, and laboring on a translation of the Holy Scriptures into Chinese. In seven years he completed his translation of the New Testament, and the same year he baptized his first convert. About this time he was joined by the Rev. William Milne, and in 1818 these two men gave the entire Bible to the Chinese in their own tongue. Morrison labored in China for twenty-seven years, translating, teaching, acting as interpreter in commercial

and diplomatic service, praying and preaching when he could. In 1830 he had only ten converts, and during all these years he toiled almost alone in the face of the greatest discouragements and difficulties, but with undaunted faith and indomitable energy. Several missionaries were sent to his assistance by the London Society, but none of them gave more than a few years of service to the work, except the Rev. W. H. Medhurst, who spent forty years in efficient labor in the China Mission. The Netherland Society sent Rev. Charles Gutschaff in 1827, and in 1830-33 the American Board sent Bridgeman, Abeel, and Williams. In 1842 the treaty between the British and Chinese Governments was made, by which the ports of Canton, Amoy, Foochow, and Shanghai were opened, giving foreigners the right to live at these points and to build churches. The great missionary societies of England and America at once entered these open doors, and aggressive missionary work may be said to have begun in earnest from that date. Converts began to multiply, and the work has extended rapidly since that period. In 1850 eighteen societies were represented at Hong Kong and the five open ports. These have increased to thirty-four at the present time, seventeen of which are English, five belong to other Protestant countries in Europe, and thirteen are American. From 30 missionaries in 1850, the company has grown to 925 in 1887, of whom 449 are men, 318 wives of missionaries, and 158 single women. There are 125 ordained native helpers, and 1,365 unordained. There are 79 medical missionaries in China, of whom 27 are women. A distinctively medical journal has just been started, which is connected with the recently established Medical Missionary Association of China. In 1830 there were 10 converts; in 1853, 351; in 1863, 1,974; in 1868, 5,734; in 1872, 8,000; in 1877, 13,035; in 1881, 19,660; in 1884, 26,287; in 1886, about 30,-

000. So that within twelve years the communicants have more than trebled their numbers. In one mission alone—a mission of the Church of England—in the province of Tuh-Kien, there are some two thousand baptized members. It is safe to say that the Church in China doubles its membership every seven years, and at the present rate of increase, in one hundred years the entire Empire will have been converted to Christianity.

Dr. Williams, who has been thirty-two years in China, is even more hopeful, and thinks that half a century more of Christian missions will evangelize, and even Christianize, the Empire. Mr. Burlingame testifies that intelligent men there put no faith in the popular religions; and Dr. Bartlett ventures the prophecy that this “Gibraltar of pagandom may become its Waterloo.”

But, it is said, men and money have been going to China for forty or fifty years, and the results have been wholly disproportioned to the outlay. When men so talk, they forget that China is a mammoth Empire having a population of three hundred and fifty millions of people, and that in all heathen countries a vast deal of preparatory work, of sapping, and mining, and drilling must be done. Only fragments of the vast population of China have as yet even come in contact with the gospel. Each of the provinces of Kan-Suh and Kivei-Chan has only three missionaries for its three millions; Shen-Si has ten missionaries for ten millions; Yun-Nan has four missionaries for six millions. In these four provinces together, nearly four times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, with twenty-two millions of people, there are only twenty Protestant missionaries. We are much like children playing at gardening, who plant their seed one day and go out the next and dig them up to see if they have sprouted. We are too impatient—too eager for numerical results. If Robert Morrison could wait sev-

en years for his first convert; or the London Missionary Society ten years in Madagascar, and thirty years in the Madras Presidency without any, and fifteen years in Tahiti for its first convert; or the Baptists twenty-one years for twenty-one converts among the Teloogoos, surely the Church can wait for God to work in China. During all these years the faithful missionaries there have been drilling into the hard rock of heathenism, storing here and there the dynamite, and preparing for the explosion which will come by and by. It took years of work for the Chinese to understand what the missionaries were there for, and it is no small thing that they have come to understand their work, and to know something of the great doctrines of Christianity. It has taken years of toil and prayer to get this heathen nation into a receptive condition; and even though, like the disciples, the devoted workers have toiled all the night and taken nothing, what matters it if they have done their duty, and if, in the glad morning of fruition, which will surely dawn, the Master shall come and so bless their nets that they shall capture a nation in a day?

Besides, are we to gauge our duty by results? Is it not putting the whole missionary question on entirely too low a basis to only continue to send men and money for the evangelization of the world as the results realize our desires or expectation? As in every thing else, so in this we are to do our duty and leave the results with God. The Church has everywhere been clamorous for large results in the mission-field, and unfortunately in some instances missionaries have yielded to this demand, for they are only human, and have colored their pictures somewhat too highly. While the Church should adopt the best possible method of mission-work, and as far as practicable avoid all errors, it should vigorously press the battle at every point, and trust that God will give the victory in his own good time.

The only question to settle is as to the duty of giving the gospel to the heathen; and, recognizing as binding upon every Christian the command of our Lord to "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," we are to do all in our power to obey that command and "Go or Send." If the Church is using wrong methods, substitute proper plans; if mistakes are being made, correct them; but in the name of our Master let us "go forward" into the deep waters of heathendom and no longer merely play at Missions. If Christians at home who close their hearts and shut their purses because, forsooth, there have not been as many converts in China as they think there ought to have been, could have stood with me on the summit of the great Suchow pagoda and looked over the great plain, where were clustered five million heathens worshiping in two hundred idolatrous temples, and where were only *six missionaries* trying to bring that vast, cold heathen mass into the warmth and vitality of the gospel; if they could have threaded with me the narrow lanes of the great city of Canton, with its two millions of inhabitants, where thousands have never even heard of Christ, and are buried in bestiality and sin; if they could go into crowded Shanghai with its filth and squalor, its poverty and vice, its superstition and idolatry; they could no more withhold sympathy and money from the cause of Missions than they could refuse a crust of bread to a starving man.

But the results have been by no means such as to weaken the faith of the Church, either in missionary fields in general or in China in particular. In 1883-4 the Protestant Churches of Europe and America, with one hundred and nineteen thousand four hundred and thirty-one ministers and twenty-eight million seventy-four thousand one hundred and sixteen communicants, had a growth of one hundred and fifty-five thousand five hundred and fifty-

three members—a percentage of 5.1. These Churches maintain one hundred and one Foreign Missionary Societies. In the foreign field they have two thousand nine hundred and eight ordained missionaries, and two thousand three hundred and sixty-two ordained natives. These, with seven hundred and sixty-nine thousand two hundred and one native communicants, made a gain during the year of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand one hundred and forty-nine, or 19.11 per cent. In the home fields the converts averaged 1.3 to each minister; in the foreign field, 24.5 to each ordained laborer! These figures are astounding, and, according to the logic of the opposers of Missions, would close every home Church and send every preacher to labor among the heathen, where he could have large returns for his work.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, resolved at the first annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, held April 4, 1846, on “the establishment of a mission in the Chinese Empire.” Rev. Charles Taylor, M.D., and Rev. Benjamin Jenkins were appointed to that work, and on April 24, 1848, they sailed with their families from Boston “in the little ship ‘Cleone,’” for Shanghai. Dr. Taylor landed at Shanghai in September, 1848, but Mr. Jenkins was detained at Hong Kong by the illness of his wife, and did not reach there until May, 1849. These two faithful men planted the mission of the M. E. Church, South, in China, being re-enforced in 1852–3 by Cunnyng- ham, Kelley, Belton, and Lambuth. Mr. Belton’s health failed, and, returning to this country, he died March 17, 1856, less than a month after his arrival in New York. In 1859 Young J. Allen and L. M. Wood were sent out. Soon after this the civil war broke out in the United States, and the China Mission of the Southern Methodist Church became almost entirely disorganized. Lambuth and Allen

only were left in the field, and, cut off from all supplies at home, they supported themselves by their own labor. The war over, an impoverished Church could do little for several years for Foreign Missions. But God prospered the Church; the interest in the China Mission revived; Parker, Reid, and others were sent out; the work grew, and there are now in the field nine missionaries under the Parent Board and nine under the Woman's Board, occupying three stations and eight out-stations. Last November (1886) Bishop Wilson visited this mission and organized it into the China Mission Conference. The report of the Committee on the State of the Church at that Conference showed sixty-seven weekly appointments, with an average attendance of over fifty, making about one hundred and seventy-five thousand people to whom our missionaries preach during the year. The total value of the property of the Parent Board is \$107,300; of the Woman's Board, \$28,200.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is doing a grand work in China, and has a mission station eight miles from the Great Wall and within sight of it, and only thirty miles from the birthplace of Confucius. They have two Annual Conferences in China, with a total membership of about four thousand. The Foochow Conference, which has received from the home funds large grants for native agency, and has grown to its present size, in a good degree, by the labors of native agents, last year organized a foreign mission for Corea, and is supporting two men in that field. It is a remarkable fact that the first knowledge of the gospel which was carried to Corea was carried by Japanese and Chinese converts.

The China Inland Mission, which was founded by Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, a Baptist missionary, thirty-three years ago, has about two hundred workers and stations in thirteen provinces in the north and west of China, one being

on the borders of Burmah. This mission is conducted wholly on faith principles, has no home board and no regular source of income, though in 1884 its income from free-will offerings was nearly one hundred thousand dollars. The missionaries dress in native costume, wear the pigtail, live among the natives, and like them, and are dependent for support wholly on those among whom they labor, and voluntary contributions from the home Churches. The mission is undenominational, organizes no churches, and is composed of a body of self-sacrificing, devoted men, who are doing a valuable work in leavening the masses and diffusing a general knowledge of Christianity, though their labors lack continuity and permanency. We met one of them at Shanghai who was driven from his work during the riots in Northern China, and from whom we derived much valuable information in regard to their methods. From him we gained some interesting facts regarding a Jewish colony which settled in Central China several thousand years ago. The descendants of the early immigrants are still there, and have the old traditions of their race with some semblance of the old worship. Among other things, they sacrifice a kid every morning. They had never heard of the destruction of the temple or the overthrow of Jerusalem or the atonement of Christ, until Christian missionaries taught it to their children.

Protestant missions have had a large share in opening China to foreign intercourse, and in initiating every good enterprise which has been set on foot for the welfare of the Chinese within the last forty years. They have also had very much to do in creating a religious and secular literature, by which to communicate to the Chinese the treasures of Western religion and science.

Before concluding this chapter on Missions, it may not be amiss to say a word or two about salaries and how the

missionaries live. The objection is frequently raised that missionaries live in better houses and draw larger salaries than is necessary or expedient. In regard to the first objection, one must go among the people with whom the missionaries labor, see their squalor and dirt, become sick with the thousand disagreeable odors that greet his olfactories at every step, and faint with the disgusting scenes that meet his eyes on every side, to see the absolute necessity for a home where some of the refinements and comforts of life can be found, and where all these repulsive things can be shut out. If the missionary had no such place where he could recruit his strength and restore his physical and mental tone, he would soon become utterly unfitted for his work, and neither mind nor body could endure the strain. It should be remembered that a preacher in America can find at the houses of his friends and parishioners that which his own home may sometimes lack, but this is not the case either in China or in most mission-fields. If the tired and jaded worker has nothing sweet and refreshing within the sacred precincts of his own home, they are not to be found, and his spiritual nature will starve, and ere long brain and body will refuse to discharge their proper functions. So that to do the best work, and even to do his work at all, the missionary must have a pleasant and comfortable home to which he can retreat.

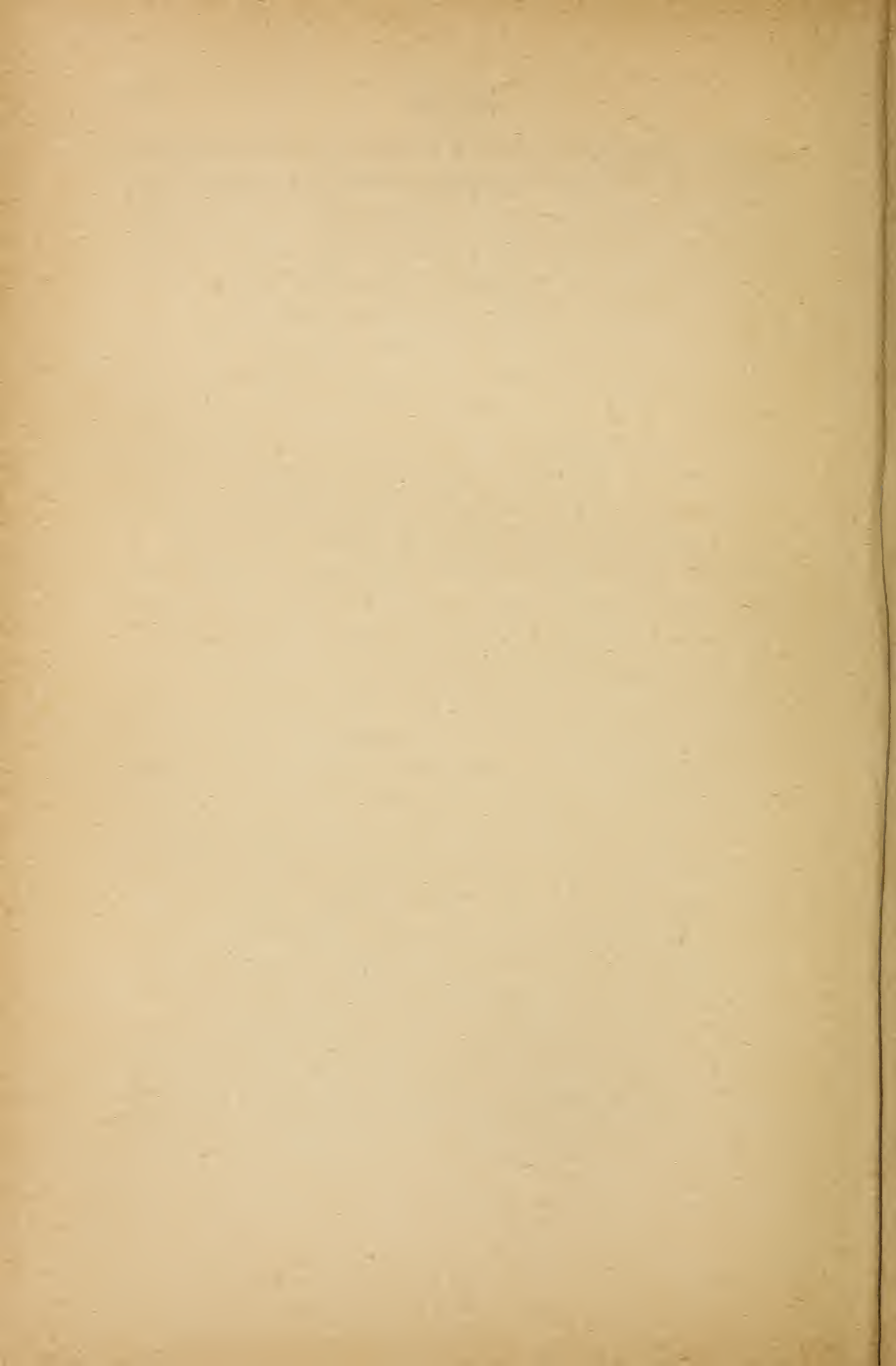
Perhaps this may be better understood if I give a chapter from my own experience. While in Shanghai, I went out one day with Miss Haygood, and we walked through several narrow, malodorous Chinese streets, stopping at a number of native houses. On the last miserable lane of a street down which we came, the houses on one side were built over a vile canal, where the refuse and accumulated filth of the entire neighborhood were thrown, and the fetid odors which were constantly rising were sickening beyond

expression. At almost every step we encountered the most repulsive sights, shocking alike to the delicacy of woman and the refinement of man. When at last we reached the inclosure around the Ladies' Home, and, passing through the great gates, shut out the Chinese sights and sounds, I gave a great sigh of relief and said to the noble woman who, hearing the cry of heathen China, had left the refinements of her beautiful Southern city for all this hideous repulsiveness: "Thank God, Miss Haygood, that you have such a refuge from all that mass of sin and corruption!" "If I did not have such a place," said she, "where there is a breath of home, I could not stand it."

With regard to the question of salary, I am satisfied that it would be impossible for the missionaries to live comfortably on less than they now receive. And to be properly equipped for their arduous work, it is important that they have such food as they have been accustomed to at home. But some faithful pastor at home who is only getting five or six hundred dollars may say, "Why should the missionaries receive twelve hundred dollars, while I only get six hundred? Is living so much higher in China than in America?" Perhaps the mere matter of food is no higher, take it all together, in China than at home; but there are several other points to be considered. In the first place, the missionaries are entirely cut off from all perquisites and gifts. So far from receiving a marriage fee, when they marry a couple they are expected to make a present. Sometimes a popular pastor at home will receive one or two hundred dollars per annum in marriage fees, and his flock will almost supply him with his provisions. But the missionaries receive nothing whatever from these sources; have no discounts made them at the stores, but, on the contrary, usually are made to pay a premium to the servant who makes the purchases, and must pay the cash for every article pur-

chased. Then, for every little luxury or extra comfort, for books and newspapers, furniture, telegrams, postage, etc., the most extravagant prices must be paid. For example, all canned goods are fifty per cent. higher than at home. Butter is fifty cents per pound, while all articles of ladies' attire, table-cloths, napkins, blankets, domestics, linen, medicines, etc., are very much higher. Telegrams from Suchow to Shanghai, only seventy-five miles, are twenty cents per word. Postage on letters is five cents from Shanghai to the United States, and five cents extra must be paid on every letter to and from Suchow and Nantziang. Postage on papers is one dollar and four cents per annum from America. Daily papers are thirty-two dollars per annum. I asked one of the missionaries how his salary compared with what he received at home, and he said that six hundred dollars on a circuit in Georgia would go further than his twelve hundred dollars in depreciated currency in Suchow.

The magnitude of the work before these faithful missionaries may be gauged when we remember that if the Chinese were scattered over the whole earth, they would so occupy the world that every third man we should meet would be a Chinaman, and every third house a Chinese dwelling. So numerous are these people, and so powerful the influence that they exert over the whole Eastern world, that the statement has been made that, after subtracting the Mohammedan and the nominally Christian nations, the claims of China are about equal to those of all the rest of the heathen world put together. The missionaries who are laboring in that vast field are but as Gideon and his lamp-bearers; but the walls are shaking, and they will yet surely fall, and the day is coming when China shall be conquered for Christ.



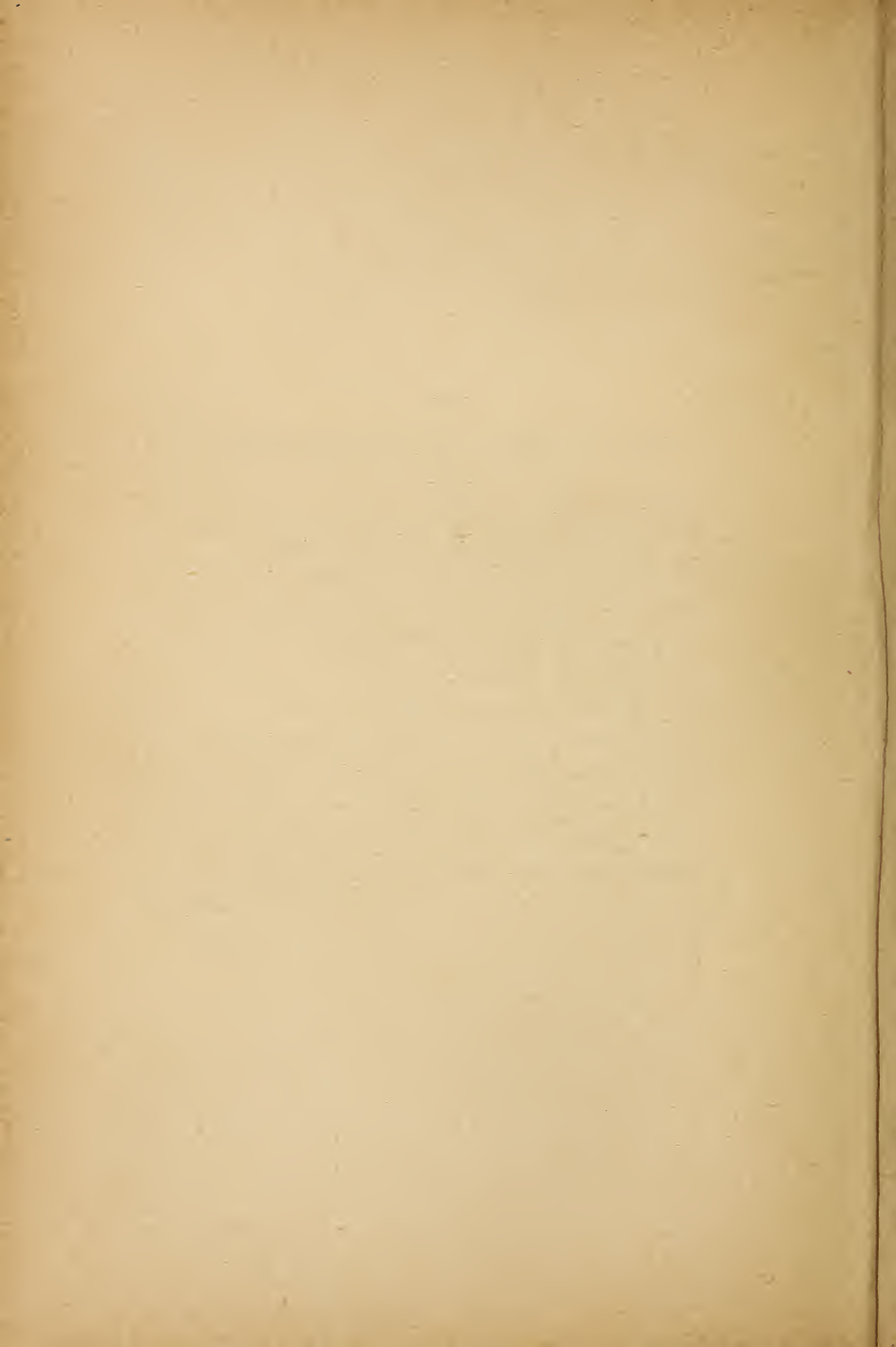
III.

THE ISLANDS OF THE TROPICS.

I LOOK forth
Over the boundless blue, where joyously
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are upward flung
In acclamation. I behold the ships
Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,
Or stemming toward far lands, or hastening home
From the old world. It is thy friendly breeze
That bears them, with the riches of the land,
And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,
The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail.

—*Bryant.*

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I.

Singapore and Penang.

BY examining a map of Asia, it will be seen that the southern extremity of the continent is a long, narrow peninsula called Malay, and just at the foot of the Malay Peninsula, and separated from it by a narrow strait not more than half a mile wide, is the little island of Singapore. In sailing from Canton to Calcutta, you must sail two thousand miles south to Singapore, and then turn and sail two thousand miles north to Calcutta; so that the traveler journeys over two sides of an equilateral triangle. In going around this Malay Peninsula, the time and distance are almost equal to those of two trips across the Atlantic. But it is a pleasant voyage, though a little tedious, and all travelers around the globe must needs pass by Singapore, even if it is the jumping-off place. It is the one inevitable point in Asia as San Francisco is in America. It is almost directly on the opposite side of the globe from New York. Before reaching Singapore, all our letters went by way of Japan and San Francisco; after passing Singapore they will go by way of England.

This island is about twenty-five miles long and half as wide, and is another one of the possessions of Great Britain in the far East, having been purchased from the Sultan of Jahore, Malay, in 1819. England has dominated the south of Asia, and preserves her power in the East by a line of outposts from the Mediterranean to the Orient, commencing at Gibraltar, thence to Malta, Aden, Ceylon, Penang,

Singapore, and Hong Kong. As we sailed southward toward the East Indies, there was a very perceptible change in the temperature, and we realized that we were nearing the equator. The calm sea, the still air, the heavy, sultry atmosphere, all indicated that we were in the low latitudes, and when at last we reached Singapore, we were only forty miles north of the earth's great central belt.

In all our long journey we found nothing that interested us more than this tropical island, the Queen of the East Indies, which might well be called the "Island of Palms," and which is one charming park throughout its whole extent. The luxurious tropical vegetation; the tall, stately palms on every side; the bamboo thickets; the jungly swamps; the low, thatched huts; the tawny, naked natives; the swarms of Malay boys in their little canoes diving for coins, and the white European bungalows peering out from under a dense mass of foliage, made a picture so strange and new that it will always remain in my memory.

Lying in the very lap of the tropics, the climate is always hot and moist, and in common with the other islands of the Malay Archipelago, the animal and vegetable productions are different from those in any other portion of the world. The most precious spices, the most brilliant flowers, the richest fruits, the gaudiest feathered birds, and the most ferocious animals are here seen at home, and a new and distinctive type of man also appears, such as you find nowhere else.

Our vessel lay for two days at Singapore, during which we had ample time to see all the objects of interest. The population of the island is about one hundred and sixty thousand, made up of ninety thousand Chinamen, forty-five thousand Malays, thirteen thousand Tamils, two thousand Cingalese, five thousand Europeans and Eurasians, and the rest of various nationalities. It was the most cos-

mopolitan place that we have yet found, and no less than five different dialects are spoken, while Malays, Tamils, Sikhs, Parsees, Chitties, Japanese, Hindoos, Chinese, Portuguese, French, Dutch, and English jostle each other on the streets and form one conglomerate population. The Tamils are a dark race from the south of India, and are largely the burden-bearers of this part of the East, while the Sikhs are from the Punjab, in the north of India, and are a tall, handsome race of people, whom we first saw as policemen on the streets of Shanghai. The Chitties are also Indians, and are the Jews and money-lenders of the East, while the Parsees are fire-worshippers from Persia. The Malays and Tamils wear little or no clothing; and as light a costume as the Georgia Major's uniform, consisting of a paper collar and a pair of spurs, is the fashionable one in this climate. If "Miss Flora McFlimsy of Madison Square" had lived in Singapore, the fact that she had "nothing to wear" would not have troubled her, as she would have been in the fashion. We saw scores of children eight and ten years old whose most elaborate toilet consisted of a pair of bracelets and a pair of ear-rings, and the great majority of the men had not a vestige of clothing except a loin-cloth. The women were somewhat better clad, though they had as little as decency would allow. But they were all profusely decorated with jewelry, and if some of our ladies could see them I am inclined to think it would induce them to forever eschew ear-rings. These ear-rings are of immense size, and sometimes the ears are pierced in three or four places, with an ear-ring pendent from each hole. I counted six ear-rings in the ear of one girl who was just in her teens. But the nose-rings which most of them wear are worse still, and are as disfiguring as any thing intended for ornament can possibly be.

Chambers states in his Encyclopedia that tigers fre-

quently cross the strait from the main-land, and on an average carry off one native a day. I asked a gentleman about this, and he laughed very heartily and said that a tiger was almost as rare a sight in Singapore as it would be in America, and that perhaps one a year was seen in some part of the island.

The days and nights of Singapore are the same length the year round, the sun always rising and setting within five minutes of 6 o'clock; while the temperature is also very equable, being about 70° in the shade, winter and summer. But in the sun it quickly mounts up to 140° or 150°. The sun has fearful power in these low latitudes, and a few moments' exposure to it without proper covering on the head will produce *coup de soleil*, terminating in many cases fatally. We have been obliged to provide ourselves with solar topees, made of pith, which are as ugly as they are comfortable.

It being Sunday on which we landed at Singapore, we started out in search of a church, and were directed to the English Cathedral, which we found to be a handsome Gothic building, surrounded by ample grounds. Sunday-school was in session, and from the rector we learned that there was an American Methodist Church in the city. By inquiring our way we soon reached a beautiful, classic looking structure, where we found a large congregation collected and services in progress. We heard an earnest, evangelical sermon from the pastor, Rev. W. F. Oldham, to whom we introduced ourselves at the conclusion of the services. We received a warm Methodist welcome from him and his co-laborer, Rev. Geo. A. Bond, and at their cordial invitation spent the evening and night with them. To Mr. Oldham we are indebted for some valuable statistics of the Singapore Missions.

The Presbyterians have a self-supporting English Church

with a membership of about seventy, and a Chinese Mission consisting of four small churches with an aggregate membership of one hundred and ten. The Church of England has two Chinese Missions with a membership of one hundred and sixty, and a Tamil organization of about fifty. The Plymouth Brethren, as they are called, who are wholly independent and support their mission on the faith principle, have about fifty Chinese members. The latest comers are the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, who begun their work early in 1885, sending out the Rev. W. F. Oldham, of the Michigan Conference. The Singapore Mission is really a mission of the South India Conference, to which Conference Mr. Oldham has been transferred. He began with nothing, and in less than two years has organized a self-supporting church of forty-one members, has built a beautiful house of worship in a central location, and has erected within a few feet of the church a large school and parsonage building, where he has a fine Chinese boarding and day school. A remarkable feature of this work is that this last building has been erected at a cost of four thousand dollars with money subscribed by the Chinese merchants of Singapore. They wished Mr. Oldham to teach their boys, and built the house for this purpose. The Rev. George A. Bond came out a month ago to assist Mr. Oldham, and Miss Battie is also a member of the mission.

We were greatly interested in the luxuriant tropical vegetation of this island of palms, and saw many trees here whose names have been familiar to us since our school-boy days. Mr. Oldham pointed out to us from his front door the penang, or betel-nut tree, a tall, stately palm which shoots up without a branch or a leaf for seventy-five feet, when the great leaves begin; the cocoa-nut, very much like the betel-nut, though not so straight or tall; the plantain, or banana, another palm; the low, bushy bread-fruit tree with

its large leaves and orange-shaped fruit; the durian, with its peculiar, spiky-looking fruit; the guava, which bears something like a plum, except that it is full of little seed; the mango, whose fruit is as large as ordinary apples—dark brown outside, brilliant red inside, with a white pulp which melts in the mouth; and the teak, the most valuable timber of the tropics, which is used very largely for ship-building. Afterward, in our drives about the island, as well as in the Botanical Gardens and Water-works Park, both of which are beautiful places, we saw many other specimens of the flora of the tropics. One of the most striking of these is the Traveler's Palm, about thirty feet high and with long palm-leaves, fan-shaped, the circle of the leaves being nearly fifty feet in circumference. The stems of these leaves are hollow and full of fresh and wholesome water, which often furnishes refreshment to the thirsty traveler. The pine-apple, which is very abundant and cheap at Singapore, and of most delicious flavor, is a small plant not more than three feet high, with long, sword-like leaves two feet in length and an inch wide, tapering to a point. It looks much like a familiar plant at home called the "flaming sword." The mangosteen, about the size of a walnut with a thick, green rind, inclosing a white, pulpy-looking substance, a great favorite with Europeans; the rambosteen, a peculiar pale prickly fruit with an acrid taste; the jack-fruit, a great, gross-looking fruit as large as a pumpkin, which is eaten only by the natives, and which hangs from a large evergreen resembling the oak; the pomello, which is like an immense orange; and the custard apple, which slightly resembles the mango, are some other fruits which nature has lavished on the tropics. But, with the exception of the pine-apple and the banana, I do not think that these tropical fruits can compare with our own products of the temperate zone, and, like the songless birds and odorless flowers

of the same latitude, they seem to lack something which our fruits have.

We drove out to the gardens of Whampoa, one of the show places of Singapore, and saw nothing remarkable there except his shrubbery, which he has trained to resemble birds and animals, and the immense water-lilies, whose leaves were fully six feet in diameter.

From Singapore our course lay through the Malay Archipelago to Penang. This archipelago, better known as the East Indies, consists of a number of islands, the largest of which are Borneo, Sumatra, and Java. It lies between Asia and Australia, belonging to neither and yet belonging to both. Each island appears to have its own distinct fauna and flora. Sumatra is full of tigers; in Borneo there is not one. In two islands, separated only by a narrow strait, there are two as distinct animal and vegetable kingdoms as those of the United States and Brazil. One group belongs to Asia, the other to Australia. Little is known of either Borneo or Sumatra, though the first is the third largest island in the world. Much of it has never been explored, and it is said that in the interior there is a race of wild men called "Dyaks," who live in trees and are cannibals. It is over one thousand miles long, and has more square miles than Great Britain and Ireland together. The Island of Sumatra is a world in itself. In the interior, unexplored, are different races, speaking a dozen different languages or dialects. It is a dense jungle and the home of wild beasts—the tiger, rhinoceros, and wild elephant. Just now, and for over twenty years, the Dutch have been trying to take possession of it, and have been waging a general warfare with the natives at Acheen, on the western extremity of the island. But they will never be able to conquer it, and indeed they hold all their possessions in the East Indies by a very frail tenure. Although they have owned Java for two hundred

and fifty years, the natives of the island are very restless under their yoke, and are liable at any time to cast it off.

These islands constitute a vast, rich empire, and only need development and civilization to become of great importance in furnishing the world with their products. The peninsula of Malay, like them, is largely unknown, and much of it has never been explored. There are about fifty million Malays in the peninsula and on the Malay Islands, and twenty million of these are in Java alone. There are about three million on the peninsula in a state of slavery. At Penang, from the deck of our ship, we could look over into the Malay Peninsula, not more than half a mile distant, and see the black, naked natives among the straw huts and under the cocoa-nut palms on the shore. All along the sandy beach the heavy timber, filled with a tropical mass of vines, came down almost into the waves.

It is somewhat remarkable that there is scarcely a missionary among these Malays. India on the one hand and China and Japan on the other seem to have absorbed the energies of the Church, and the Malays have been neglected. Not even in Singapore is there any work being done among the Malays, and Mr. Oldham told me that in the whole island there was not a single adult Malay member of a Christian Church—possibly there were one or two women. Here is a great work for the Church to do—a new field for her to enter. Surely while such efforts are being put forth for the conversion of India, China, and Japan, something should be done for this heathen people who occupy one of the richest and most productive sections of the globe. The majority of them are Mohammedans, although there are also a great many Buddhists among them.

It is a sail of a day and a half along the Malay coast and past Sumatra and other smaller islands of the archipelago to Penang, a small island which is also the property of Great

Britain, and which lies about a mile and a half from the Province of Wellesley and free State of Pera, on the mainland, from which it is separated by the Strait of Malacca. The Province of Wellesley is subject to the British crown, as are several other Malay States of which England has taken possession. The fact is that England is very much of a cormorant, and snatches up every little piece of land or island to which she takes a fancy, regardless of the rights of *muum* and *tuum*.

Penang originally belonged to the Malay Kingdom, but in 1785 it was given to an English seaca-ptain as a marriage portion with the King of Keddah's daughter, and by him transferred to the East India Company. It has greatly increased in population and importance since it became the property of Captain Light. It is about the size of Singapore, and has a population of ninety thousand nine hundred and fifty-one, divided as follows: Europeans and Americans, six hundred and seventy-four; military, one hundred and ninety-four; floating, one hundred and thirty-four; Eurasians, thirteen hundred and fifty-two; Chinese, forty-five thousand one hundred and thirty-five; Malays, twenty-one thousand seven hundred and twenty-four; Tamils, fourteen thousand two hundred and seventy-one; Japanese, five thousand four hundred and sixty-two; Straits born Chinese, ten thousand four hundred and seventy-seven. Being only five degrees from the equator, it is a veritable Gehenna for heat. The average temperature is eighty-nine degrees in the shade; seventy-five at night, and one hundred and fifty-two in the sun. Although it was the middle of winter when we were there, it was insufferably hot and dusty, and the only relief would have been that suggested by Sydney Smith, "to take off our flesh and sit in our bones."

Bayard Taylor calls Penang "the most beautiful island in the world," but, while it is a mass of the richest tropical

vegetation set in the midst of tropical seas, I saw nothing to justify such an encomium. The cocoa-nut grows here with great luxuriance, the fruit being of enormous size, surpassing any thing in the way of cocoa-nuts that I have ever seen, while the leaves attain the length of fifteen or twenty feet. The water of the green cocoa-nut is very refreshing and wholesome, and in these tropical lands, where the water is generally not fit to drink, it is a great blessing. During a drive to a beautiful little mountain water-fall five miles from the city, and about the only "show place" in Penang, being thirsty, we gave a few coppers to a native Tamil to climb one of the tall palms and bring us down a brown cocoa-nut from a cluster in the top. These stately palms, the glory of the tropics, are as destitute of limbs as the mast of a ship, but at the height of fifty or seventy-five feet each tree is crowned with a drooping mass of immense leaves amid which nestle the great nuts. The native ran up the smooth tree like a squirrel, sat astride one of the leaves while he pulled the nut, and then brought it down, holding it by the stem in his mouth.

We found only one mission on this island, beside the Church of England, which is of course supported by the Government, and the Catholics. The former has a Tamil church with a native pastor. The Rev. William McDonald, of the Plymouth Brethren, a faith mission and undenominational, has been here twenty-one years. He is a faithful, earnest man, and has done great good among the Chinese and Tamils, his mission being chiefly among the former. He has an organized church of one hundred among the Europeans and Chinese, some good mission buildings, and several out-stations. But he gave similar testimony to that which we had received at Singapore, and did not know of a single Christian Malay either in Penang or on the peninsula.

From Penang you sail fourteen hundred miles through the steaming Indian Ocean with heavy clouds and frequent tropical showers. You are only three degrees north of the equator, and are sailing toward India, the mysterious land of ancient faiths and civilizations which were old when Rome was young. You are in the zone of calms, which, as Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" says, is a terror only to sailing-vessels; and only the monsoons blow and help the ceaseless throbbing of your steamer's engine. Day by day the sun rises and sinks at the same hour, and at night the sky overhead is all aglow with celestial fires, while at times the sea is luminous with the light which she carries in her own bosom. These Southern seas are full of those marine insects which shine like glow-worms in the dark, and as you lean over the stern of the ship you can see a long track of light left in the phosphorescent waters. The moon walks majestically along her pathway among the stars, and the glorious Southern Cross blazes in beauty near the horizon on your left. You are sailing over the romantic Indian Ocean of which you have read and dreamed a thousand times in your childhood, and, according to Professor Winchell, you are just above the submerged cradle of the human race, and thus for four charming days you sail under delightful skies and over a sleeping ocean, until you come to where

The spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle.

II.

Ceylon, the Land of Cinnamon and Spices.

SIXTY miles east of Southern India, and washed by the Indian Ocean on the south and the Bay of Bengal on the north, is the "rustling paradise" of Ceylon, the most beautiful island in the world, and the home of the cinnamon, the spice, the nutmeg, the palm, the coffee-plant, the bamboo, and all the other luxuriant flora of the tropics. Belted as it is with a double girdle of golden sands and waving palm-trees, and set like one of its own pearls in the midst of tropical seas, no language can do it justice, and we might well deem it a bit of Paradise which God had left to show what earth would have been but for the fall. The interior is a vast green garden of plain and highland, valley and mountain, with snatches of scenery more beautiful than that of Switzerland, and happy valleys more charming than those of Rasselas. I have never imagined any thing half so beautiful as the green terraces of the paddy fields on the hill-sides between Colombo and Kandy, nor have I ever seen grander mountain scenery, even among our own Rockies, than is to be found in this fair "Land of Lanka." It is said that almost every thing grows here known to the botanical world, and in the Gardens of Peradenia, at Kandy, you may sit on a bench with the upas-tree on one side and the cinchona-tree on the other, while twenty varieties of palms are before you and a grove of mahogany-trees is at your back. In those same gardens, one hundred and fifty acres in extent, I rested upon the great gnarled roots

of a splendid specimen of the *Ficus Elastica* (India-rubber tree), and saw but a little distance from me the coca (from which the new anæsthetic cocaine is made), the nutmeg-tree with its spicy nut in its coat of scarlet mace, the pepper-vine which yields the black pepper of commerce, clusters of brown cocoa-nuts on stately palms, and a dozen varieties of strange fruits whose names I had never heard before. And so in this wonderful land, where every hut is embowered in palm-fronds, and where the rays of a blazing equatorial sun are tempered by delightful sea-breezes, you may drift along under arbors of feathery bamboos, broad-leaved bread-fruit trees, talipot and areca palms, cocoa-nut groves, and stretches of rice-fields, cinnamon and sugar-cane, and have all your dreams of life in the tropics fully realized. Or you may stretch yourself upon one of the benches that are scattered along the beautiful "Galle Face" beach, and, with the murmuring sea at your feet and the hum of the distant city behind you, hire a willing Cinghalese boy for a copper to bring you a fresh cocoa-nut; or, if you choose, you may buy a delicious pine-apple, as long as your arm, for two cents, and a cart-load of bananas for a rupee.

Is it any wonder that people living where nature is so lavish of her gifts should grow indolent? Some one said at Singapore that the cocoa-nut tree and the fishing-rod had been the ruin of the Malay. But other peoples of the tropics beside the Malays show the baneful effects of being able to live without work. However, my observation of the people of Ceylon leads me to think that, while the un-Christianized portion of them are a good-natured, indolent set, they hardly justify good Bishop Heber's sweeping condemnation of being altogether "vile"—save, perhaps, in a theological sense, which may have been what he meant. By the way, in the *Ramayana*, one of the early Sanskrit epics, it is said that when Ravana was reigning in the island

of Lanka, the modern Ceylon, his power was so great that he made the gods his slaves, and "Vayu, the God of Wind, *blew gently* at Lanka." Did Bishop Heber get his idea of the "gentle breezes" blowing "soft o'er Ceylon's isle" from this? or is it only a rather striking coincidence?

It is but natural that a people living amid such beautiful and romantic surroundings should have poetical legends and traditions. One of these is crystallized in the name commonly given the inhabitants of Ceylon, and was doubtless founded on fact. The story is that in the year 543 B.C. Prince Wijjeys, the son of an Indian king, Seinghavahn, who lived and ruled on the banks of the Ganges, was for his wicked and vicious conduct banished from his father's court, and drifted, with seven hundred of his followers, to this island. The name *Seinghavahn* means "Lion descended," and the tradition is that this king was the son of a lion. Wijjeys married a native princess, conquered the island, and the descendants of himself and his followers, who became the dominant people, were called Singhalese or Cingalese—a name which they retain to this day. The aborigines, whom they found in Ceylon, were called *Yakkhos*, from the Sanskrit *Yaksa*, to eat, they being cannibals. Remnants of these aborigines, called *Vedas*, are still found in Middle Ceylon, most of whom are devil-worshippers.

Another Singhalese legend accounts for the singular worship of monkeys which prevails so extensively in India, and indicates that for three thousand years the fortunes of this classic little island and of the neighboring peninsula have been closely identified. Rama, the son of the Maharajah of Ayodhya, who had been unjustly deprived of his "Raj," or kingdom, had a beautiful wife named Sita, who was stolen by Ravana, the ruling Rajah of Ceylon. In great distress, the bereaved husband secured the services of armies of monkeys

and bears, who had been born on earth as incarnations of the gods, to assist him in the holy war which he waged for the recovery of his wife. A famous monkey named Hanuman was the commander-in-chief of the armies of monkeys, and his prowess and exploits have been the delight of the people of India for unrecorded centuries. In almost every temple worship is paid to him, and representations of him are seen everywhere. Under his command the army of monkeys brought rocks from the Himalaya Mountains, and built a bridge over the sea between India and Lanka. Xerxes's famous bridge of boats for the transportation of his army across the Hellespont becomes commonplace in comparison with this bridge of stone, sixty miles long, across a deep sea. Strangely enough, a rocky causeway runs out from the Indian side of the channel, terminating at the Island of Ramisserom. A similar causeway runs out from the opposite shore of Ceylon and terminates in the Island of Manaar, whilst a sandy ridge, known as Adam's Bridge, connects Manaar with Ramisserom. This singular natural conformation has strengthened the belief in the tradition, and the huge blocks or bowlders which are to be found in various parts of India are said to have been dropped by the monkeys in their attempts to carry them southward for the purpose of building the bridge.

With the help of these strange allies Rama recovered his wife, gained his throne, became the greatest monarch of prehistoric India, and has been worshiped for nearly three thousand years as an incarnation of Vishnu.

Ceylon has been subject to the British Crown since 1796, though there was a King of Kandy for twenty years after that period. But the last King of Kandy was a cruel and inhuman despot, who executed his own wife and children, and then seized and horribly mutilated some British subjects who were trading at Kandy. War was declared in

January, 1815; an avenging army seized Kandy and carried the King a captive to Colombo, whence he was transported to the Indian fortress of Vellore, where he died in January, 1832. Since then Ceylon has rapidly advanced in prosperity and wealth, and in proportion to its size England has no more valuable possession. Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon is the present Governor, and from all that we have seen we judge that he rules wisely and well. Especially have we been struck with the strict observance of the Sabbath in Colombo, and after our two months' stay in the Sabbathless lands of heathendom it was sweet and refreshing beyond expression to find the stores all closed and the streets deserted on Sabbath morning. I could sympathize with the feelings of a returned missionary, who said that the rest and peace of the first Sabbath that he had spent in Christian lands for ten years brought tears of gratitude to his eyes. When I compare this island with China and Japan I am almost glad that one-sixth of the population of the world bears allegiance to Queen Victoria.

Ceylon is shaped somewhat like a mango, its greatest length being two hundred and seventy-one miles, and its greatest breadth one hundred and thirty-seven miles. It has an area of twenty-five thousand three hundred and sixty-five miles—a little less than Ireland—and a population of 2,763,300, distributed according to religions as follows: Christians, 268,000; Buddhists, 1,700,000; Hindoos, 595,000; Mohammedans, 198,000; scattering, 2,300. Of the Christians, 208,000 are Catholics, 22,000 Church of England, 13,000 Presbyterians and Congregationalists, 20,000 Wesleyans, and 5,000 Baptists. It will be understood that this is the population, and not the number of actual communicants. There are 162,270 Christians among the Singhalese, and 82,220 among the Tamils. There are but 3 Moors, 32 Malays, and 1 Veda in the island who are Christians.

Buddhism was introduced into Ceylon B.C. 307, and has been since that time the controlling religion of the people. In some parts of the island a number of years ago, however, many of the natives relinquished the worship of Buddha for the worship of devils. The devils are regarded as the authors of all temporal evils, and they are worshiped in order that these may be averted. When in health the worshipers offer gifts of money and rice; when in sickness they either go to the devil-dancers or send offerings, vowing that in case of recovery they will perform some peculiar service for his goodness toward them. It is said that in the southern part of the island temples to the devil are in almost every village, and devil-priests are as numerous as Buddhist priests. Children at their birth are dedicated to the devil, their parents hoping that they may thus escape evils. Buddhism both prohibits and encourages this worship. We did not see any of it, but conversed with gentlemen who did, and they described it as diabolical in the extreme.

The average annual rain-fall of Ceylon is $87\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the average temperature is eighty degrees, being about the same the year round. There are one hundred and seventy-seven miles of railway, the principal road—and only one in fact of any importance—being between Colombo and Kandy, with a branch running nearly to the hill station of Neuralia.

The Singhalese are a dark-complexioned race of Aryans, though lighter than the Tamils, and are a fine-looking set of men, especially when Christianized and civilized. The coolies and lower classes of the men all go nine-tenths naked, the children wholly so, while the women wear as few clothes as decency will allow—and their ideas of the limits of decency are considerably below those of the Anglo-Saxon. The better classes of the men wear a tortoise shell

comb, fastening back their long black hair, and a dark coat or jacket over a sort of petticoat of white. The Moormen go all in white or red and white, while conspicuous everywhere are the Buddhist priests with their yellow robes so draped as to leave bare the right shoulder.

Nearly all the domestic wants of the Singhalese can be supplied by the cocoa-nut tree. He can, and often does, build his house entirely of it. He needs no nails, as he can use the coir rope made from the outside husk. He makes his oil from the kernel; the hard shell supplies him with spoons, cups, drinking-vessels, lamps, and water-buckets; while if he is thirsty he gets a cocoa-nut and drinks the milk, and if he is hungry he eats the meat. Give him a cocoa-nut tree on one side, a banana-tree on the other, with a bread-fruit tree in front, and he wants nothing more.

The native Singhalese craft, of which numbers were darting hither and thither all over the harbor the morning we landed, is a singular one and peculiar to this island. It is a mere knife-edge, with just room enough for the fisherman's legs, being kept from capsizing by a balance-log of lunnic-wood, braced to the canoe with two bent spars. When the breeze freshens, a hand is sent out to squat on the log; when it gets rough two are sent out, so that they talk of a "one-man gale" or "a two-man gale." The boat is propelled by a queer-looking square bit of canvas. We started out expecting to try all kinds of land and water conveyances, but, as we were not very expert swimmers, we concluded not to risk ourselves on these "outriggers," as they are called.

We have also met with a new kind of land conveyance here—bullock carts, which are as unique as they are picturesque. The cart is a two-wheeled basket vehicle with a square top, but no side or back curtains. The driver sits on the tongue, almost astride the bullock, while there is a

seat behind for another passenger. The little Guini bullocks, generally fat and sleek with red or yellow painted horns sometimes tipped with silver, are pretty creatures, and go trotting along like little ponies, as obedient to bit and voice as any well-trained horse.

Colombo, now the principal sea-port and chief commercial city of Ceylon, is a handsome city, except in the native quarter, with one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. We found pleasant quarters at the Grand Central Hotel, and spent a charming week here and at Kandy, seventy-five miles inland, among the mountains. It is difficult to tell where Colombo ends and the country begins. We have driven for miles along the pebbly beach, through fragrant cinnamon-gardens, past forests of lofty palms, beyond long stretches of native huts, and still the white villas of the Europeans nestled amid luxuriant tropical foliage in spacious "compounds" told us we had not reached the outer boundaries of this unique city of magnificent distances. Fresh air and plenty of shade are indispensable to comfort in this torrid climate, and hence the suburbs are very extensive and go for miles in every direction.

We found Mr. Morey, the American Consul, as gentlemanly and obliging as all the representatives of our Government have been whom we have met abroad. He kindly gave us a note to a Mr. Dennis DeLoysa, the native manager of the Mutual Mills of Volkart Bros., and we made a very interesting visit to this extensive establishment. Mr. DeLoysa is an educated, gentlemanly Singhalese, and seemed to take great pleasure in showing us through his mills and explaining the various processes by which coffee, cocoa for chocolate, cinchona bark, cinnamon, and plumbago, all of which are here handled, are prepared for market. Between five and six hundred hands are employed, half of whom are women, and we stood for some time watching these poor

creatures picking out and assorting the grains of coffee for *seven cents* per day. All the coffee fit for foreign market is picked out by hand, and the refuse is sold to the natives. The sizes are then assorted by a kind of fanning machinery and put in bags ready for shipment.

Abyssinia is generally accepted as the home of the coffee-plant, and it also grows wild in the north-west of Ashantee. The belt of country suited to the cultivation of coffee is comprised between the fifteen degrees north and south of the equator, and chiefly on well-watered mountain regions from between one thousand to five thousand feet above the sea-level. Although the coffee-plant was known in Yemen at an early period, it is doubtful whether its use as a stimulant was discovered before the beginning of the fifteenth century. The Arabs introduced it early into India, and before the arrival of the Portuguese or Dutch the tree had been grown in Ceylon; but the preparation of a beverage from its berries was totally unknown to the Singhalese, who only employed its tender leaves for their curries, and its white flowers for ornamenting their temples and shrines. Bruce, the traveler, says the Ethiopians parched the coffee-bean like grain, bruised it into powder, and mixed it with grease into balls, two or three of which supported a traveler for a whole day. The chance discovery of its value as a beverage is attributed to an Arab in Yemen about the close of the fourteenth century. The United States consumes one-third of all the coffee used in the world, being nearly as much as the entire Continent of Europe. What tea is to England and the East, coffee is to our country. Ceylon was formerly a very large coffee-producing country, but, owing to the ravages of a fungus on the leaves of the plant, cultivation has decreased from nine hundred and eighty-eight thousand three hundred and twenty-eight hundred-weight in 1874-5 to two hundred thousand hundred-weight

in 1885-6. The cultivation of tea is largely taking the place of that of coffee. This year thirty-five thousand acres of tea are planted, and it is estimated that when these plants are in full bearing, a season's shipment will equal ten million pounds. Eventually it is probable that Ceylon will have one hundred and fifty thousand acres in tea, and an annual export of upwards of sixty million pounds.

The cocoa-berry is assorted much in the same way as that of the coffee, and the two plants somewhat resemble each other, each usually growing from six to ten feet high. The export of cocoa began with ten hundred-weight in 1868, and has increased to ten thousand hundred-weight in 1886.

The increase in the culture of cinchona has been even greater. The exportation began with *twenty-eight ounces* in 1869, and for 1884 it exceeded eleven million pounds. No quinine is manufactured in Ceylon, but the bark is all shipped to England and the United States.

In cinnamon and the products of the palm-tree, Ceylon now sends an annual value of from eight hundred thousand pounds to a million sterling into the markets of the world, as against one-fifth of that value thirty years ago. There are also raised on this favored island large quantities of rice, sugar-cane, cotton, potatoes, tobacco, nutmegs, cloves, allspice, ginger, vanilla, cardamon, an abundant variety of all kinds of tropical fruits, croton and castor oil shrubs, and the various essential oils from citronelle, lemon, cinnamon-bark, etc.

A visit one afternoon to the Buddhist College and monastery of Vidyodaya (Rice-wisdom) was full of interest. We found the old high-priest and president, Summangala, sitting in the wide sheltered balcony of his house, half naked, and chewing betel-nut. He received us very cordially, drew his yellow robe partly on, and seemed to take great pleasure in showing us over the college and in exhibiting

the many rare and valuable old Pali manuscripts which are to be found in the library. There were also a number of Sanskrit and English books, and, as we had found in the Buddhist College at Osaka, an English Bible. This institution was established in 1873, and has ninety students and thirty priests. The buildings are modern and rather imposing, but very far inferior to the Japanese institution.

The same afternoon we called on Arabi Pasha, the exiled Egyptian Minister of War. He is a finely proportioned, dignified man of fifty, standing six feet two inches in his stockings, and weighing about two hundred pounds. He looks a good deal like my friend, Dr. Runcie, rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Joseph. He was out in his grounds when our cards were sent to him, and he scanned them long and carefully, but at last came and gave to us a courteous welcome. He has a sad, depressed look, and is doubtless greatly changed since his career of opposition and defiance to the European powers which ended so disastrously for him. He could speak but little English, but seemed interested in America, and thanked us for calling.

Finding the weather quite warm at Colombo, after several days' stay, we went up among the mountains to the delightful little city of Kandy. From Colombo to Kandy your train first passes through endless groves of palms, between which lie paddy fields and jungly swamps teeming with life, and luxuriant with tropical vegetation. Then the road begins to climb the mountains, and you are soon hanging over dizzy precipices, with the green valleys and terraced hill-sides far below you; or going through narrow defiles with the beetling crags rising a thousand feet on either side; or turning some sharp curve where the most magnificent mountain scenery bursts upon you; and all the while palms and ferns are beneath and overhead, and you look in wondering delight at nature's open-handed prodigality.

Late in the evening you reach Kandy, a beautiful gem in a setting of hills which tower all around the little valley, and if you are not captivated with its lovely, artificial lakes, its broad esplanade, its romantic walks and drives, its beautiful gardens, its historic old temples and palaces, and its unsurpassed scenery, you have no poetry in your soul, and can neither appreciate the beauties of nature nor the goodness of God.

The *Dalada Maligawa*, or Temple of the Sacred Tooth of Buddha, at Kandy, is one of the Meccas of all good Buddhists. It is one of the wealthiest Buddhist temples in the East, and is the repository—so all good followers of Gautama believe—of one of Buddha's teeth. It is held so sacred that the kings and priests of Burmah and Siam still send valuable presents to it annually. Every afternoon at six o'clock the temple is opened for worship and for visitors, and while those who come for the first offer fragrant blossoms of the champak, frangipanni, and iron-wood, the latter are admitted through great brazen doors and behind heavy brocaded curtains into a small *adytum*, where they are permitted to see, not the tooth itself, but the *daghobas* of precious metal under seven of which, placed over each other like a nest of boxes, the sacred relic is said to rest. But I was more interested in the library to which we were so fortunate as to gain access. Looking out over the esplanade and lake, at one corner of the group of rather massive-looking buildings constituting the temple, is an octagonal, tower-like structure, on the upper balcony of which the King of Kandy, in the olden days, used to sit and view the processions of his followers as they passed, riding on elephants and in all the barbaric pomp and splendor for which the kingdom was renowned; or here he would stand and address the throng as they gathered below. This building is now used as an Oriental library, and contains a large number of valuable man-

uscripts and peculiar Pali sacred books, written on Talipot palm-leaves, the covers being ornamented with rubies, sapphires, diamonds, opals, and other precious stones. In the dim light of the swinging lamps, these jewels shone like stars, and it was difficult to decide which was of most value—the manuscripts themselves or their sparkling covers.

While at Kandy we had an opportunity of seeing something of the fauna of Ceylon, and found it almost as diversified as the flora. Besides elephants, tigers, leopards, deer, and a vast tribe of smaller animals, these denizens of the forest and the jungle embrace the wild peacock, kite, vulture, owl, heron, snipe, kingfisher, crane, bird of paradise, water-hen, green parrot, teal, millions of crows, and myriads of sparrows. In the museum we saw several bronze images of the sacred goose, which was anciently worshiped by the Singhalese.

Southern Ceylon is classic ground. The fleets of Hiram, the ships of the wild Arabian rovers, and the ancient mariners of Portugal, successively watched and visited these Southern shores as they sailed to and from the Lands of the Orient in the past centuries.

Ceylon is believed to be the Ophir of the Hebrews, abounding, as it does to this day, in precious stones, such as rubies, sapphires, pearls, amethysts, garnets, cat's-eyes, topazes, etc. A large proportion of the finest precious stones in the markets of Paris, London, and New York come from this island. This island is also the classic ground of Buddhism, and is rich in prehistoric monuments—ancient Hindoo and Buddhist temples, and ruins of lofty pagodas from three to four hundred feet in height. Some of these date as far back as three centuries before Christ, when Buddhism was first introduced into the island. The ruins of Anuradhapura, the ancient capital, are remarkably rich in sculptured stones, carved friezes, mural ornaments, and fragments of temples,

which attest the material greatness as well as the high civilization of the prehistoric races of Lanka. There are also the remains of an elaborate system of irrigation which must have covered the country like a net-work, and which was marvelous in its completeness and extent. These are the mementos of a race who trod this beautiful island perhaps before the Pyramids or the Sphinx existed, and whose civilization was older than that of Greece or Rome.

But to Methodists and Wesleyans the world over, Ceylon is full of much more glorious associations and sacred memories. In June, 1811, five Wesleyan missionaries brought to the waiting races of this island the first gospel message. But they came with hearts full of sadness, for only a few days before they had buried in the sea their venerated leader, Dr. Coke, whose name and memory are so dear to American Methodists. In the Wesleyan Mission church, at Colombo, there is a memorial tablet to Dr. Coke with the following inscription:

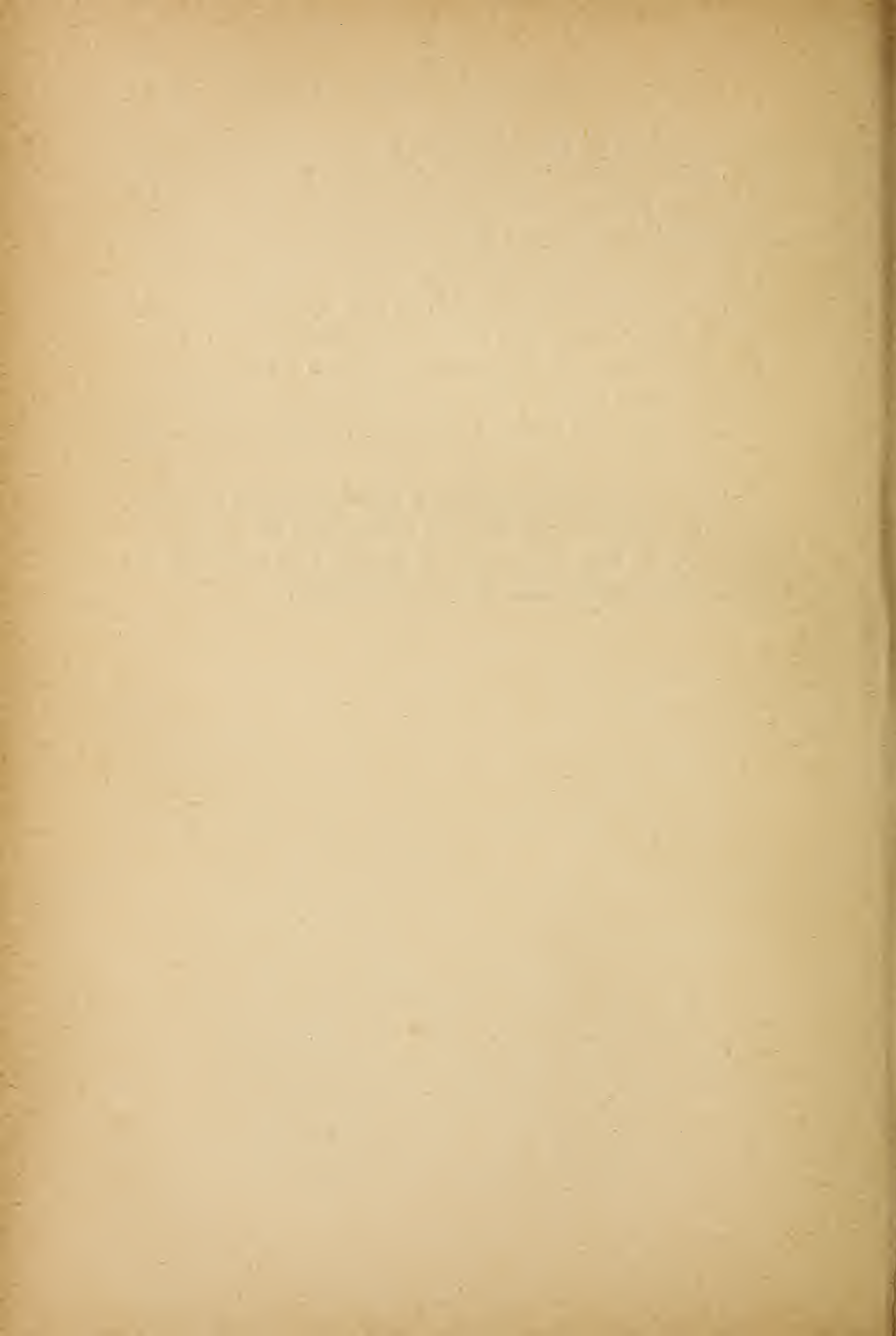
“Sacred to the memory of the late Rev. Thomas Coke, LL.D., of the University of Oxford, General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Methodist Missions, who was an ardent lover of immortal souls, and a zealous and persevering advocate and friend of Christian missions among the heathen. By his instrumentality, liberality, and personal exertions the Wesleyan Methodist Missions were introduced and established in all the four quarters of the globe. Their success in the conversion of sinners lay nearest his heart, and was one of the chief sources of his joy while on earth. Thousands of real converts will hail him blessed in the great day. His last principal undertaking was the introduction of this mission to Asia. For this purpose, like that primitive and eminent missionary, St. Paul, he withstood the earnest entreaties of his numerous friends, and at the advanced age of sixty-seven years he left his na-

tive and much-beloved country, under the express sanction of the British Government, and bearing letters testimonial from several of the principal characters in the State, being accompanied by six other missionaries—the Rev. Messrs. Lynch, Ault, Erskine, Harvard, Squance, and Clough—burning with fervent missionary zeal for the conversion of the inhabitants of India. He was followed by the tears and prayers of anxious multitudes. His constitution, however, sunk under the change of climate and from intense application to preparatory studies. He died on the voyage May 3, 1811, happy in the Saviour whom he had so successfully preached to others, and his mortal remains were interred at sea in lat. $2^{\circ} 29'$ south, and long. $59^{\circ} 29'$ east. This tablet, inscribed by his surviving missionary friends and sons in the ministry, is designed as a public and constant memorial of their unceasing respect, affection, and reverence for his person and character. August, 1816.”

The martyrdom of Dr. Coke and the devotion and consecration of those early missionaries has borne abundant fruit, and the Wesleyan Mission in Ceylon has now three districts, 42 missionaries, 87 churches, 2,417 members, 595 probationers, 5,857 Sunday-school scholars, and 7,561 children in day-schools. We met a number of these missionaries and laymen, and found them earnest, consecrated Christian people. We looked in on a district meeting of the Colombo District, but had only time for a word of greeting. It was a privilege to preach on Sunday evening in the Colpetty (Colombo) church; and I have never had a more attentive audience. The Rev. John Scott, the Chairman of the Colombo District, has been in Ceylon thirty-one years, and his wife, the daughter of a missionary, was born here in the house where they are now living. It is not often that an itinerant Methodist preacher's daughter and wife spends her whole life in the house in which she was born. At din-

ner one evening in this hospitable Christian home we had rather a remarkable company. Although there were only nine persons present, every continent was represented. Two were English, representing Europe; two were born in Asia, one in Africa, one in Australia, while there were three Americans. The lady from Africa was a granddaughter of Rev. Robert Moffat and a niece of David Livingston. One of the Americans was the evangelist, Miss Leonard, who conducted a successful revival-meeting several years ago in St. Joseph, Mo., and who is making an evangelistic tour of the world.

The visit of Bishops Marvin and Hendrix is still remembered with pleasure by these good people, and the Rev. Mr. Eaton told us that the people at Kandy still speak of a sermon which Bishop Marvin preached there.



IV.

INDIA, THE LAND OF THE VEDAS.

Outside of Indus, inside Ganges, lies
A wide-spread country famed enough of yore;
Northward the peaks of caved Emodus rise,
And southward ocean doth confine the shore;
She bears the yoke of various sovereignties
And various are her creeds. While these adore
Vicious Mafoma, those to stock and stone
Bow down, and eke to brutes among them grown.

—*Camoens.*
(217)

I.

The Great Temple Cities of Southern India.

I FOUND it difficult to realize that I was at last in India, the land of palms and pearls, of the Vedas and the sacred rivers, of philosophies that were old when Greece was young, and of religions that were cradled with the race. I cannot remember when I did not dream of this wonderful land; of its matchless Taj and gorgeous Peacock throne; of its magnificent temples and terrible Juggernaut; of its marble palaces and pearl mosques; of its great Moguls and priceless gems. From my boyhood I have heard in imagination the rustle of its palms and bamboos, the flow of its sacred rivers, the murmur of its winds as they have swept down the sides of the Himalayas, and the mysterious voices of its past. The whole land is electric with mighty associations and full of thrilling historic memories. But more interesting even than the marvelous wealth of "Ormus and of Ind," and the checkered history of the dead Empires of India, are the people who made that history and who established a civilization which has challenged the admiration of the world for nearly four thousand years. When the great Aryan migration took place thousands of years ago, from the foot of the Hindoo Kosh Mountains into Western Asia and thence into Europe, dividing into the Indo-European nations, a branch of the immigrants left the main body and, crossing the Himalayas, went south into the great peninsula which we call India. This was about fourteen hundred years Before Christ, and near the same time the children of

Israel were becoming established in the Land of Promise. The great mountains, standing like giant sentinels along the northern borders of the Punjab, divided them from the rest of the world and made their isolation complete, and for a thousand years they wrote poems, sang their Vedas, founded Empires, established splendid dynasties, and constructed grand systems of philosophy and religion, without any interference from other nations; so that what we can learn of them during that period through their traditions and the Vedas—the oldest books in the world except the Pentateuch and possibly the Book of Job—teaches us more of our great Aryan ancestors than we can discover through any other source. They are our nearest of kin, and possibly sing the same hymns and offer the same prayers that our old fathers did four thousand years ago.

The only historical records of that early period that have come down to us are contained in two epic poems, the *Maha Bharata* and the *Ramayana*. There is a tradition that King Darius, the Persian monarch, invaded India about 518 B.C., and that the provinces which he conquered and annexed to his kingdom were so rich and extensive that their tribute furnished one-third of the revenues of the Persian Crown; but many historians deem this story apocryphal. The first authentic records are with regard to the invasion of Alexander in 327 B.C. He made himself master of the Punjab and went as far south as the Ravi, the most southern of the five rivers from which this section of India gets its name.

On the death of Alexander, in the division of the Macedonian Empire, this passed to Seleucus and afterward became part of the Kingdom of Maghada, which lasted until 195 B.C.

Here there is an hiatus of nearly a thousand years in the history of India—a distracted period during which the

whole of Hindostan was divided into a great number of little kingdoms, each contending for the mastery. But the wealth of India had been discovered, and marvelous stories were told of where

The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Pours on her kings barbaric wealth and gold.

Roman merchant fleets sailed from Egypt to Malabar, and Portuguese armadas darkened the Indian seas. Adventurers from all lands began to flock to this new Eldorado, and in all the centuries since this wonderful country has been the mine and the battle-field of the world. Greeks, Persians, Arabians, Afghans, Tartars, Portuguese, French, and English have in turn invaded, conquered, and robbed it. When Marco Polo started out to see new and strange countries, he first turned his steps to this land of rare and precious stones, of temples, idols, priests, and dancing girls. When Columbus set sail from Spain, the object of his expedition was to find a new and shorter route to India.

The Mussulman first came to India in the year 1001 A.D., and he came to stay. This first Mohammedan conqueror was a Turk named Mahmud; after that, first the Mohammedans and then the Afghans held India until 1398, when Tamerlane descended the passes of the Himalayas with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other. But he was only an invader. One hundred and twenty-five years later, his descendant, Baber, completed the conquest of Hindostan and established the Mogul empire, founding the most splendid dynasty the world has ever seen. The character of these rulers, the terror of whose name has filled the whole earth, is well described by Moore where he speaks of them as

That saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to heaven.

Near the close of the last century, the power of the Moguls began to wane, and in 1785 the Mahrattas of the South obtained possession of Delhi and usurped the supreme authority. But in 1803, Shah Alum, the last actual possessor of the once mighty throne of the Moguls, gladly placed himself and his Empire under the protection of Great Britain, that power having already established important commercial interests in India through the great East India Company, which was chartered by Queen Elizabeth in 1600. This protectorate continued for more than fifty years, but in 1856 Shah Alum's grandson, Mohammed Suraj-oo-deen, instigated by his young wife, Zeenat Mahal, violated his treaty engagements and brought about the great Sepoy rebellion, which resulted in India becoming in name what it already was in fact, a part of the British Empire.

We wished to see India thoroughly, and especially desired to see the great temples in the South not often visited by travelers, and hence we crossed over from Ceylon to Tuticorin, which is only a short distance north of Cape Comorin, the southern point of the great peninsula. We took passage in a steamer of the British India Company, and although we thought that our 10,000 miles of ocean voyaging had by this time made us pretty good sailors, we found the same old nausea returning as our little vessel plunged and tossed in the strait between the island and the main-land, down which the wind sweeps at all times, making it a veritable English Channel. We longed for that bridge by which Rama recovered his wife, and perfectly sympathized with one of the Catos of ancient Rome, who, as he was drawing near his end, said there were three regrets still lying on his mind. The first was, that he had spent a day without bringing any thing good to pass; the second, that he had once intrusted a secret to a woman (in

which I wholly differ from him); but the third regret was one in which I have deeply sympathized with the old Roman several times since I started on this trip—that once in his life-time he had made a journey by sea when he could have gone by land.

One fortunate thing about this trip, however, was that it was not long. We crossed in about fifteen hours, though they anchored six miles out, and we had to pay two rupees to get ashore in the steam launch, notwithstanding our tickets read to Tuticorin.

Our first view of India was disappointing. It was not the land of our dreams. Tuticorin is a dry, sandy, hot Indian village with long, sunny streets, shapeless mud huts, flat-topped and irregularly thrown together, and a narrow, crowded bazaar, where the natives squat in the sun all day. Like all the villages in Southern India, it looks like an aggregation of dog-kennels, baked in the sun and cracked. Several groves of palm-trees, a number of large tanks in various parts of the town, in all of which there were natives bathing; one or two small temples, and crowds of natives, nine-tenths naked, basking in the sun, complete the picture. We did not tarry long, but left by the noon train for Madura. Although this latter is a city of 52,000 inhabitants, there is no hotel—only a small “Dak Bungalow”—a rest-house for travelers provided by the Government—and two rooms over the railroad station, with a refreshment room. The bungalow was full, and one room at the station was occupied. The rules of the railroad company only allowed two to stay in a room, and there were four in our party. The old lady who had charge of the rooms was inexorable, and all that we could do was to send a note to the residence of the superintendent, a mile off. The coveted order came at last, and about midnight we began our first night's sleep in India.

The next morning we were off early to see the great Hindoo temple of Madura, one of the largest and most celebrated in India. It is a parallelogram seven hundred and forty-four feet long from east to west, and eight hundred and forty-seven feet from north to south. At three of the corners are immense towers or "Gopuras," the tallest being one hundred and fifty feet high, with ten stories. Each of these is covered from base to summit with tawdry-colored, grotesque figures, in bass-relief and stucco, of men, horses, dragons, lions, tigers, snakes, and mythological figures in every variety of posture. I counted fifty of these figures on one panel, and there are probably one thousand on the largest tower, most of them life size. The temple proper is divided into two parts, one being to Minakshi, "the fish-eyed goddess," the consort of Siva, on the east side, and the other to Siva on the west side. We entered the eastern division of the temple through a corridor thirty feet long. This ended in a large quadrangle where there is a stone tank two hundred feet square, with steps leading down into it, and an open balcony, twenty feet wide, all around it. The water of this pool is supposed to possess very great sanctity, and throngs of men and women were bathing in it. Everywhere walls and pillars are covered with grotesque and often indecent figures. On the north there was a long, dark corridor, ending, we were told, in the *adytum*, where there was a golden shrine, and into which no profane feet could go. We could see lights gleaming and flashing away down the passage, and could hear drums, fifes, and tom-toms. While we were watching, a procession of priests and Brahman women, with music, came out, bearing a kind of stretcher on which was a small image. We then turned to the right and passed through another long, dark corridor into an open temple, lighted from the roof, in which there were numerous shrines. All

around us were vast apartments, with throngs of worshippers, attendant priests, incense burning, and strange-looking shrines, while from a distant chapel came the sound of chanting. A crowd of beggars, Brahmans, and naked urchins followed us, and we realized more fully than we ever had before that we were in a heathen land. This is the liveliest paganism we have yet seen, and is very different from the dead, formal Buddhism which we saw in Japan and China. There were half a dozen sacred elephants in this temple, and altogether it is the most impressive and striking heathen worship which we have encountered. These Brahmans all have their foreheads striped with red or yellow pigment, to denote the caste. The trident was the most common emblem which I saw. Some of them had simply a round, red mark on their forehead, while others had two parallel marks. It is a hideous custom, nevertheless it seems to be universal among them. Even some of the women bear these marks, and many of the men have them on their naked breasts as well as on their foreheads.

Madura was the capital of the ancient Pandyan Kingdom, of which little is known save that one of its kings sent an embassy to Augustus Cæsar. Another king has left a palace, which we visited and found to be a splendid specimen of Saracenic architecture. It is very remarkable to see this palace, built by a Hindoo, who hated the Mohammedans with a deadly hatred, surrounded by houses built in the peculiar style of Hindoo architecture, and yet itself like a part of the Alhambra. It was built by Tirumel, the greatest of all the rulers of Madura, in 1623. He reigned gloriously over Pandya for thirty-six years. The palace is all marble and granite, and is being restored for the use of the Government. When fully repaired it will be one of the finest Government buildings in India.

The entrance is a square court on three sides of which is a magnificent colonnade two hundred and fifty-two feet long from east to west and one hundred and fifty feet broad. The roof is supported by massive arches resting on granite pillars twenty feet in circumference. The throne-room under the grand dome is sixty-one feet in diameter and seventy-three feet high to the internal apex of the dome. One room which we entered, and which is now used as a court-room, is said to have been Tirumel's bedroom. It is a magnificent apartment, seventy feet broad and one hundred and twenty-six feet long, the ceiling being over fifty feet high. At the south-east corner of this room is a small hall in which there is a massive, self-supporting square stone stair-way leading to a wide, airy colonnade, one side of which looks out upon the town and the other through openings in the wall into the king's bed-chamber below.

The oldest mission of the American Board in India is at Madura, it having been established there for over fifty years. It has been for the last seven years in charge of Rev. John P. Jones. The zenana and hospital work is in charge of Dr. M. P. Root and Miss H. A. Houston. We had several hours of delightful interview with these earnest missionaries, and obtained some interesting facts regarding their work. The ladies have eleven Bible-women working under them, and six hundred houses in Madura are open to them. Last year over twenty thousand inmates of zenanas heard the gospel through these women, and nine hundred are now reading the Bible with them. There are four congregations in Madura, two of which are self-supporting, and each of these latter also supports an evangelist. There is a Christian population in the district of eleven thousand, with twenty-nine hundred and eight communicants and forty-seven hundred and nine pupils in schools. There are about four hundred villages in the district, which embraces a ter-

ritory of seven thousand square miles, in which there are two hundred and forty congregations.

Another very remarkable mission is a Church of England station at Meygnanapuram, in Tinneyville District, in the extreme southern portion of India. We were not far from it, but could not conveniently go there. The church has a membership of one thousand. You travel for seven miles, after leaving the railroad, through sand so deep that you cannot go in a bullock cart, but must travel on horseback. Soon you see a tall spire lifting itself above the palm-groves, and at last you come to a little native village of mud huts, in the center of which stands this magnificent church which will seat thirteen hundred people. Southern India is said to be much the best field for missions, although there are some very successful missions in the North.

From Madura we went to Trichinopoli, a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, where, like the Master, we literally "had not where to lay our heads." It is so seldom that travelers visit this portion of India that there are very meager accommodations for them, and as it happened that several others had taken the same notion that we had, and had taken the precaution to send telegrams ahead, every place was full. Think of a half-dozen travelers overflowing a city of sixty thousand people! We finally persuaded the station-master to let us spread our rugs in the hall between the only two rooms in the place provided for travelers, and there we spent the latter portion of the night. In the morning, we rode in the early twilight toward the island of Seringam, some two miles from Trichinopoli, where the great temple is situated. It is the largest temple in India, and perhaps the largest in the world. As we rode in the fresh morning air through the streets of the old city, it was the India of my dreams. We passed picturesque groups of dark natives walking along the streets or riding in bullock

carts; great square tanks with steps on all sides filled with the Brahmans performing their morning ablutions, which is as much a part of their worship as prayer; massive ruined towers which looked as if they had stood for centuries; the domes and minarets of numerous mosques rising above the palm-trees and bamboo-groves; water-carriers with cloths about their loins, staggering under full goat-skins; and sad-faced women with graceful draperies of red, white, yellow, or blue over their heads. It was the colored, pictured, lounging Orient of which I had thought so much. We soon reached the Kaveri River, and as we crossed the long bridge over to the island of Seringam, where the great temple stands, and looked up and down the stream, the banks on either side were lined with men and women washing in the sacred waters.

The temple is really an immense inclosure like a walled city. First comes the outer wall, which is twenty-four hundred and seventy-five feet wide, and twenty-eight hundred and eighty feet long. Outside of this the profane city lives; inside all who are in any way connected with the temple or temple service. There are regular streets with houses, bazaars, markets, etc. There is a second and third wall, but within the third inclosure only Brahmans are allowed to live. Then comes the fourth wall, which incloses the adytum or holy place—the temple proper. Our guide told us that eleven thousand people lived within the outer temple wall, and we could well believe it, as the whole place was like a crowded city. Each square is entered by four lofty gate-ways with immense gopuras, rising to a great height and visible long before you reach the city. These gopuras look like mountains of bright and shining hues, and rise in range after range of gods and goddesses, demons, horses, dragons, elephants, and other animals in vivid tints and grotesque shapes. There are twenty-one of them in all, and

they face the four cardinal points of the compass. We ascended the tallest one, clambering up steep and narrow steps, through dark and dirty windows, and over broken stones and debris, a high caste Brahman guiding us with a dingy lantern which only made the darkness visible. But the view at the top amply repaid us as we looked from the great temple at our feet, with its shrines, towers, minarets and worshipers, past the historic and ancient city of Trichinopoli, across the rivers and jungles into the vast plain of Southern India, which stretched for miles in every direction.

When we descended and started to leave the temple, we had a unique scene. As we had gone through the various quadrangles of the immense structure, in the procession that followed us were two of the sacred elephants of the temple—great, sleek fellows that would have rivaled Jumbo, with a *mahout* astride each mighty neck. These elephants now proceeded to “take up a collection”—these Hindoos are great on collections; they rival St. Paul and Methodist preachers along this line. Our guide told us what was wanted, and when we laid down a two-anna piece upon the pavement, one of them took it up as deftly with his trunk as a steward takes the silver from the contribution-basket. I should like to have one of these elephants at home to assist me in taking up the missionary collection. Would he not create a sensation as he walked down the aisle poking his trunk at the people? And their pertinacity is as amusing as it is effective. The guide told us that they never failed to “raise the collection.”

This great temple is one of the most celebrated in India, and has grown to its present size by additions from time to time. The rupees and annas of the poor, the gold of princes, the crowns of kings, and the precious stones of the grandees have been here laid upon the altar of Vishnu.

Queens and fair ladies, in the old barbaric days, took off their brightest diamonds and most dazzling rubies, and presented them on bended knees to the God of Preservation, and so a richly endowed monastery has grown up here with sculptured halls, magnificent monoliths that cost the ransom of a king, splendid carvings in wood and stone, and golden images covered with jewels; and foot-sore pilgrims come from far and near to worship at great Vishnu's shrine, to wash away their sins in the great tank of Seringam, and to look through the portals into Heaven's Gate, which is opened once a year, and behind which lies the colossal recumbent figure of the idol.

From the temple we went to the great Rock of Trichinopoli, a frowning Acropolis over three hundred feet high, on which there was a great fort in the olden days, and which is associated with the English and French struggle for the possession of Southern India, and with memories of Clive, Major Lawrence, Duplex, and others who took a leading part in that contest.

But there was another spot at Trichinopoli which possessed for us a far greater interest than either the temple or the great rock. It was the English Cemetery, in which rises the beautiful memorial church where lie the remains of Bishop Heber. It was "high noon" when we reached the cemetery, and, walking over the graveled pathway of the well-kept grounds, we were glad to escape from the glaring heat into the cool and quiet church, which seemed pervaded with the very atmosphere of devotion. On the pulpit floor, over the vault, is a composite stone, three by five feet, bearing this inscription on an illuminated scroll:

Here rest the remains
of
REGINALD HEBER, D.D.,
Third Bishop of
Calcutta.

In the wall, on the north side of the pulpit, is this inscription:

SACRED

To the memory of

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.,

LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA,

Who was here suddenly called to his eternal rest during his visitation of the southern provinces of his extended

Diocese, on the

3D DAY OF APRIL, A.D. MDCCCXXVI,

And in the third year of his Episcopate.

Be ye also ready.

We stood for some minutes reverent and thoughtful beside the dust of the great missionary bishop who wrote the grandest missionary hymn ever penned, and felt that we would rather be the author of such a hymn than "wear a royal diadem or sit upon a throne." He lies buried beneath "India's coral strand," but his words are sung around the world, and will be wafted by the wind to earth's remotest bounds until all the races of men are delivered from "error's chains."

Tanjore was our next objective point, and we found it to be a place full of interest. The only conveyances were little covered carts drawn by diminutive ponies, and, chartering two of these for our party, we were soon on our way to the temple and palace. Tanjore was the capital of one of the greatest of the ancient Hindoo dynasties of Southern India. Its monuments of Hindoo and early civilization are of the first importance, and its great temple is an historic one, known throughout the world. It is an immense quadrangle, entered through a massive gate-way, and surrounded on three sides by shrines, cloisters, and long colonnades, having on the fourth side a long garden. Just opposite the entrance, under a pavilion one hundred and two feet from east to west, forty-eight feet from north to south, and thir-

ty-five feet high, is a *nanda*, or sacred bull—a monolith of black granite twelve feet ten inches high and sixteen feet long. The most striking feature of this temple, however, is the immense pyramidal gopura, which rises in the center of the great court to a height of two hundred feet and has sixteen stories, each side of the base being one hundred and fifty feet. From the base to the summit this is covered with gaudy figures similar to those upon the Madura and Trichinopoli pagodas. But about half-way up on the left-hand side is an unmistakable Englishman with a wide-awake hat. At its base there is said to be a prophecy in Sanskrit to the effect that men dressed in that costume would one day conquer and rule India. This latter is a very pretty story, and I am sorry to spoil it; but while I saw the undoubted features of John Bull I could see no inscription, and I am very much inclined to believe that some modern artist has stuck the figure among the old Indian carvings.

The missionary, Swartz, died here at Tanjore February 13, 1798, and we visited the memorial church in the little fort close to Shivanga Tank, the water of which is much used for drinking purposes. When we were there late in the evening the steps of the tank and the road leading to it were full of women with their water-jars upon their heads. It was a truly Oriental scene, and might have been the subject of hundreds of pictures of Eastern life that we have seen.

In the church there is a very fine group of figures in white marble, by Flaxman, representing the death of Swartz. The aged missionary is extended on his bed, and on his left stands the Rajah Sirfoji, his pupil, with two attendants, while on his right is the missionary Kohlner, and near the foot of the bed are four boys. It is a very striking group, and underneath it is an inscription commemo-

rating his virtues and stating that the memorial was raised to his memory by the Rajah of Tanjore, Maharajah Sirfoji. Sirfoji was a pupil of Swartz, and was singularly attached to him. At the funeral he bedewed the corpse with tears, and, in spite of the defilement according to Hindoo belief, accompanied it to the grave. He was brought up among Christians, but always remained a Hindoo in religion and a munificent patron of Brahmans. He was a very accomplished and highly educated man, and was the last Rajah of Tanjore who exercised any authority. He surrendered his power to the English Government October 25, 1798, and died in 1832. He was succeeded in the pageant government by his son Sivaji, who died in 1853 without issue.

Sivaji had sixteen wives, eleven of whom still survive and live in the old palace. The senior Raness has an annuity of one thousand rupees per month, and the others annuities of eight hundred rupees each per month. There are about seven hundred attendants, policemen, guards, etc., in this palace. We visited it and found it a vast structure, though neither so massive nor of such splendid architecture as the Madura palace. It was built about 1550 A.D., and is as strongly Hindoo in architecture as the Madura structure is Saracenic. The royal reception-room is a splendid apartment, having at one end a raised platform of black granite—a single slab twenty feet square. On this platform, in a case which the attendant opened for us, is a white marble statue of Sirfoji.

The library in the palace contains a remarkable collection of eighteen thousand Sanskrit manuscripts, of which eight thousand are written on palm-leaves. This library is unique, and, in India at least, nothing at all equal to it is to be found as regards Sanskrit.

II.

Tanjore to Calcutta.

RAILROADS in India seem almost a profanation. The shriek of the iron horse rudely awakened these sleepy Orientals from their dreams, and disturbed the conservatism which had for unnumbered centuries controlled them. At first they highly resented so startling an innovation, but when they found that it saved them miles of weary walking when they went on their long pilgrimages, and that they could ride nearly as cheaply as they could walk, they began to travel by steam, and now every locomotive that goes flying through the country draws long trains of carriages filled with these chattering, noisy people. The system of caste was at first an objection, and prevented many of them from riding, as a high caste man would consider himself polluted if there even fell upon him the shadow of one below him in caste, much less being touched by him. But railroads are great levelers, and caste soon gave way; and now Moham-medans and Hindoos, Brahmans and Pariahs sit side by side in the same car, and forget their differences in taking advantage of English blessings.

Few people who have never been to India have any idea of the extent of the railroad system of the country. A network of railroads now extends in every direction, and other roads are being rapidly built. The first road was put in operation in 1852, and there are now ten thousand miles of railway, and twelve thousand miles of telegraph. The country being generally level, the roads are easily built, and be-

ing well ballasted they are much smoother than many of our roads. They do not have wooden sleepers, but the rails are laid on iron saucers with connecting bands, and the tracks are firm and sufficiently elastic. The coaches—carriages they are called here—are after the English style, and are divided into compartments, with a long seat on either side. At night these seats serve for couches—there are no sleeping-cars in India—and two other bunks let down like shelves over them, giving sleeping accommodation for four persons in each compartment, and only four are allowed to occupy it at night. Every passenger is expected to provide his own blanket and pillow, and as the seats are well upholstered you can sleep very comfortably on them.

Railroad traveling is not expensive in India, and if you choose to travel second or third class, it is very cheap. Second class is about half the price of first class, and third class half that of second. All the natives, with very few exceptions, travel third class, and they are often packed into the cars like sardines.

From Tanjore to Madras the road runs through one vast plain, and perhaps one accustomed to India would call the country flat and uninteresting; but to our Occidental eyes it was like an ever-changing kaleidoscope. The strange vegetation; the great tanks of water by the way-side; the thatched roofs and plastered walls of the native huts in the villages we passed; the domes and minarets of mosques and temples gleaming in the groves and towering above the cities; the great banyan-trees, with their circles of growing limbs all taking fresh root in the ground and surrounding the parent tree like a young forest; the groves of bamboos and tamarind, acacias and mangoes, palms and sacred peuls; and, above all, the crowds of picturesque natives in every field, along the roads, and at all the stations, with their black and brown faces, the gaudy streaks of sect, the

many-colored turbans and flowing robes—all these made a continued picture of which we did not tire during our long ride of a day and a half. In many fields were goat-herds with their large droves of goats, these animals supplying the natives of this part of India largely with food, milk, and clothing. Hedges of cactus, and wild aloes—the largest and most luxuriant I have ever seen—bordered the railroad for miles, while everywhere appeared the pretty little striped palm squirrel. Splendid iron bridges crossed great dry beds of rivers, half a mile of sand being on either side of a little stream which ran through the center like a silver thread; and on either bank of these rivers were men and women beating their wet clothes on the flat rocks. This is the universal method of washing clothes in this country, and woe be to the garments that are of frail texture, and to the buttons that are not securely sewed on! In the wet seasons these dry beds are full of a roaring flood from bank to bank, and frequently serious overflows occur, to guard against which there were embankments in many places, reminding me of the levees of the lower Mississippi.

Our curiosity was greatly excited by many sacred groves with sculptured horses, grotesquely carved and painted, which we saw by the road-side as we sped along, but I have not been able to find any satisfactory explanation of these idol horses, for they are evidently objects of worship. We passed fields of millet, tobacco, castor-oil bean, rice, poppy, and cotton, there being very many fields of the last, but the plants were small and stunted. India is the oldest cotton-growing and cotton-manufacturing country in the world. Thousands of years ago it grew this great staple, and while it has never been able to produce any thing in quality equal to our Southern States, it still continues to raise large quantities. We also saw a great deal of wheat, and India is rapidly becoming one of the great wheat-producing countries

of the world. Some Englishmen with whom I was talking the other day boasted exultingly that Indian wheat would ere many years drive American wheat from the markets of England; but that will never happen so long as the quality of the wheat grown in this country is so far inferior to our product.

In almost every field were raised platforms covered with branches to protect from the sun, on which a boy sat to scare away the flocks of plundering birds; for crows are sacred, and great numbers are to be seen everywhere in this land. Irrigation wells were to be seen in every direction, from which the water was raised by old-fashioned "sweeps," which, instead of being managed by hand, were operated by two men walking up and down on them. I have been interested in noticing how the different methods of irrigating a country are indicative of the different civilizations. In California the forces of nature were utilized, and windmills everywhere sent the water where it was needed. In China we saw in some places great water-wheels which were turned by men treading them, and in other sections wheels working in cogs and connecting with an outer wheel turned by horses; while here in India, where human labor is so cheap, they cling to the primitive method of their forefathers of thousands of years ago, and two men do the work for which our Anglo-Saxon civilization utilizes the wind.

It was a rich, fertile country through which we sped; poorly cultivated, and yet yielding from two to three crops per annum. And the astonishing part of it is that it has been doing the same thing for four thousand years, and that without any fertilizing, for every portion of vegetable growth is utilized, and even the manure is used for fuel here, as everywhere else in India.

Madras was the first possession of the English in India, the strip of sandy and surf-bound coast of Coromandel, where

it is situated, having been purchased in 1639 from one of the Hindoo Rajahs of the Peninsula. The piece was six miles long and one mile wide, and the English built a factory on it and raised a wall around the factory mounted with cannon, and gave it the name of Fort St. George. In a few years two towns had grown up, the one inside the fort, occupied by Europeans, being called White Town, and the one outside, settled by the natives, being called Black Town, a name which it retains to this day. We found Madras a dusty, straggling, overgrown city of four hundred thousand inhabitants—about as uninteresting a place as can well be imagined for its size. It is a city of magnificent distances, and I have never seen such immense stretches of unoccupied ground between the different portions of a city. It is said to be scattered over a territory twenty miles in extent, and I am disposed to credit it from what I saw of it. I am sure that we drove five miles from the railroad station to a hotel, and then, not liking the looks of that house, another five miles before we found the next hotel, at which we stopped.

We tried to visit the museum, which is said to be one of the best in India, but found it closed on account of the races. So we lost the sight of about the only thing in Madras that is said to be worth seeing. This Oriental custom of closing up banks, museums, stores, offices, and every other place, on the slightest provocation, is intensely annoying to a Western man. Nothing opens until 10 A.M.; every thing closes at 3 P.M.; and it seems to me that they have two or three holidays a week. When I first arrived at Yokohama, I was a week trying to get into the bank. Every time I went I was either too late or too early, or it was a holiday and the bank was closed, until I began to think there was a plot to keep me out of my money.

And now because the Madras races were going on, the museum was closed, and neither love nor money would open

the doors for us! I was particularly anxious to verify a statement made by Edward Arnold concerning a coin which is in this museum. Mr. Arnold says that it is a gold coin which the Emperor Claudius struck to commemorate the conquest of Britain, and that it was found in an excavation near Madras. There is a tradition that St. Thomas, one of the apostles, came on a missionary tour to India and died here, and Mr. Arnold supposes that he must have brought it in his scrip. It is a striking coincidence that this coin, which so strangely links the past and present of England's history, should be found here in the country which she conquered. This coincidence is only matched by a recently discovered fact regarding the famous old ship "Mayflower," which on the 25th of December, 1620, landed the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock. It has been discovered, through the first volume of the Court Minutes of the East India Company, that this vessel was chartered by this company in 1659, and went to Masulipatam from Goombroon for a cargo of rice and general produce. She was lost upon the voyage home—"one of the ships whose history is linked with that of the birth and uprise of great nations."

One evening, while at Madras, we met a fantastic-looking procession, with a band of native musicians in front, followed by a kind of palanquin, surmounted by the figure of a small elephant, covered with flowers, and ornamented with red and yellow cloths. Within lay the dead body of an old man. There were six bearers dressed in white with wreaths of yellow flowers around their necks, and after them followed a motley crowd of men and boys. Inquiry from a rather intelligent-looking man who brought up the rear revealed the fact that the body was to be cremated, and we were told that if we desired we could witness the ceremony. Deeming ourselves fortunate, we ordered our carriage to follow the procession, and in about an hour we ar-

rived at a desolate spot in the secluded outskirts of the city. It was as weird a spot and as uncanny a scene as I have ever come upon. The sun was just setting; an old ruined temple stood a little distance off; the cawing crows screamed overhead; the thick Indian jungle was not more than a hundred yards from us, and in the center of a crowd of picturesque-looking natives was the funeral pile upon which they laid the old man. They first opened a package of rice, and each relative dropped a few grains upon him. Then his grandson, who was his nearest relative present—no women ever attend Hindoo funerals—threw some water on his face and filled his mouth with betel-nut. They then scattered flowers over him, and his grandson bent down and kissed the soles of his feet. After covering him with a thin cloth, a priest stood at his head and chanted a kind of funeral service in a loud voice, while the musicians played a low refrain, at the conclusion of which all the company joined in the refrain. The fuel was next piled all over him so as to completely cover him, and turf was placed over this. While this was being done they laughed and talked with the most utter unconcern, got into a quarrel over the arrangement of the turf, and came near having a fight over the corpse. When they had quieted down, a man placed a jar of water, in which a hole had been broken so that the water could flow out, upon the shoulders of the grandson, and he twice went around the pile, letting the water flow all around the dead man. The boy was then disrobed and blindfolded with his white garment, and so led away that he might not again look upon the corpse. In three days he was to return and go through what is called the milk service. The funeral pile was then lighted, and as the lurid flames leaped up in the gathering twilight, all turned and left except the men whose business it was to stay and watch the fire.

If it had been a dog they were burning, they could not have manifested more indifference, and the whole ceremony was a startling commentary upon the dark and hopeless religion of heathenism. Not one ray of light shone in upon the darkness of death, not one promise came to console those who were left, no voice from the other world told of a better and purer life beyond, and the only hope they had for the old man of three score and ten was that he would be born into the world again in human form, and not as an animal or an insect! Thank God for "the glorious gospel of the blessed God," which has "brought life and immortality to light," and which declares that "though a man die yet shall he live again," and that "whosoever liveth and believeth (in Christ) shall never die!"

The most pleasant episode of our stay at Madras was meeting the members of the Methodist Episcopal Mission at Vepery. Rev. A. W. Rudisill, D.D., presiding elder of the Madras District, is also pastor of a flourishing European and Eurasian congregation, who worship in a beautiful church which has adjoining it a comfortable parsonage. With Dr. Rudisill and his good wife, Rev. C. P. Hard, presiding elder of the Central India District, and others whom we met here, we spent some delightful hours and received from them much valuable information regarding mission-work in India.

At Madras we took the P. and O. steamer "Ravenna" for Calcutta. In reaching our ship, which was anchored in the open roadstead about a mile from shore, we had a new experience. We had either to take a "surf-boat" or walk a long distance out on a breakwater or pier, where we could get in a skiff. We preferred the surf-boat, and two natives lifted each of us in their strong arms and carried us through the surf to their boat. These surf-boats are peculiar to Madras. They are great skiffs some twenty feet long and four

or five feet deep, not fastened by nails, which would be wrenched out by the surf, but having the timbers sewn or tied together with strings. These strings yield to the surf, making the boats very secure, although the water which is always in the bottom creates some nervousness.

Here also we saw the "catamaran," which is much used by the natives, and which is nothing more than two logs tied together and paddled by one oar. You cannot sink such a craft, and the boatmen show great skill in the management of their boat, over which the waves dash with impunity. Before the construction of the present breakwater, it was frequently impossible for ships to land at Madras unless the sea was perfectly calm; and when it was otherwise, the mails could only be carried to and fro by these intrepid "catamaran" sailors.

Our ship made her way lazily up the coast of India, and life was about the same as on the other ships where we had found a floating home. Most passengers break the monotony of a sea voyage by eating twice as many meals as they do on land, while the young people kill the time by quarreling and flirting.

The English who travel in the East and the officers of the P. and O. ships all drink whisky at their meals, and the array of black bottles on the dinner-tables is rather alarming to any man who hopes for the success of the temperance reform in England. The amount of drinking that is carried on on these ships is really terrible, and some of the women drink almost as much as the men. Intemperance is one of the great vices of the Europeans in the East, and I have no doubt but that it has done much to retard the progress of missions. I am glad to see that some effort at reform is being attempted among the soldiers of the English army in India, and I read in a newspaper the other day a general order of the Commander-in-chief, which is highly commend-

able. It was to the effect that, having learned of branches of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association in various regiments, he desired to give them his official recognition; that he was himself interested in the work being done by the association, but considered it undesirable that such societies should exist without the cognizance of the Commander-in-chief, and therefore desired that these branches should be recognized as regimental institutions, and called on commanding officers to assist them in all ways possible and to encourage the movement.

This Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company, to which the "Ravenna" belongs, is the largest navigation company in the world, having a capital of three million pounds, about fifteen million dollars. It has fifty-six large steam-ships, and its lines run from London to China, India, Australia, Cape Town, and the Mediterranean ports. It pays an annual dividend of seven per cent., and is a well-managed company, which would be vastly improved if it forbade its officers drinking, at least when on duty. I should feel very uneasy if I were on board one of these ships in a dangerous storm.

The sunrises and sunsets are very beautiful in this Eastern world, especially at sea. I witnessed the most beautiful one I have ever seen as our steamer lay at anchor near the light-ship before entering the large *embouchure* of the Hooghly, on which Calcutta is situated. At first there was a faint glow all over the eastern horizon, which gradually deepened as if to welcome the coming god of day. Then a small crescent of gold appeared above the horizon, which grew until half the sun was visible, while the most beautiful tints glowed in the sky. In a moment the whole great disc of the sun rose out of the sea, but the lower lobe seemed to elongate as though the ocean was holding to it and was loath to give it up, just as the evening before I had seen

the waters leap up to grasp it in their arms and draw it to them. This elongation, caused by the refraction, presents the appearance of the vast golden dome of a mosque supported by a great column. While I looked the waters fell away, and clear and beautiful the great orb hung, a vast ball of gold and crimson, just above the trysting-place of sky and water. So lambent was the air that I could look upon it open-eyed, and as I looked I no longer wondered at the worship which the superstitious East has given the sun in all time. In these southern latitudes the morning breaks with a sudden glory, and day leaps upon earth like a giant from his sleep. It is worth a long trip just to see these wonderful risings and settings of the sun.

III.

Calcutta, the City of Palaces.

INDIA has three capitals: Calcutta, the political capital, the seat of the British viceroyalty; Delhi, the old Mogul capital; and Benares, the ancient Hindoo capital, the Mecca of Brahmanism. Calcutta is a splendid modern city, and in many of its features is more Occidental than Oriental. Here the Viceroy has his residence, which makes it the center of the British Indian Empire. This Empire, the most magnificent possession of Great Britain, embraces a number of provinces, and covers a million and a half of square miles, with a population of two hundred and fifty millions of people. In addition to this, while there are a number of nominally independent Rajahs, all these are really subject to the British Crown. The government of India is administered by a Viceroy, appointed by the Crown for five years, two Governors of the Bombay and Madras presidencies, three Lieutenant-governors of the other provinces, Viceroy's and Governors' councils, and a legislative council. The viceroyalty is the highest office under the British Crown, and, considering the number of people governed, and the territory ruled, the most important delegated office in the world. The incumbent of this important position receives a salary of twenty-five thousand pounds a year, and is almost absolute in his authority. There is a special Home Secretary of Indian Affairs, who is assisted by a council usually composed of old Indians. There is no doubt but that England is ruling India well, and Lord Dufferin, the

present Viceroy, is a wise and judicious governor, but the time is coming when India will not be subject to a government eight thousand miles away. English rule has been a great blessing to this country, but it has been by no means an unmixed good, and England has brought many of her vices with her civilization. I have a standing quarrel with England for her liquor and opium traffic, and she seems not to care how many thousands are ruined by these fearful curses, so long as the revenue flows into her treasury. Licensed liquor-shops and licensed opium-dens are to be seen all over this country, and one of these days England will have a terrible account to render.

Calcutta is situated one hundred miles up the river Hooghly, amidst green rice-fields and overgrown jungles. It was started by the English as a trading-post in 1690, and was for many years the center of operations of the East India Trading Company—that remarkable corporation which organized originally as a firm of merchants and so operated for one hundred and fifty years, begun finally to acquire territory, and ultimately founded a great and wealthy empire which rose upon the ruins of the Mogul power. But when they bought the present site of Calcutta, it was but a low, marshy flat; and a jungle, abandoned to water-fowl and alligators, then covered the place where the citadel now stands, and where every evening the wealthy citizens of Calcutta air themselves in their elegant equipages. Calcutta has now a population of nearly half a million, and while she has a number of fine buildings, she has hardly enough to entitle her to be *par excellence* the “city of palaces.” The Government House is a palatial building, situated nearly in the center of the city, with the Eden Gardens on one side and the Maidan in front. St. Paul’s Cathedral is a beautiful Gothic structure, with a magnificent marble statue of Bishop Heber, and other fine

tablets and marble sculpture. A tablet near the entrance contains this injunction: "Whosoever thou art that enterest this church, leave it not without one prayer to God for thyself, for those who minister, and those who worship here."

There is no place in all the world where so magnificent a spectacle may be seen as that which can be witnessed every evening for two or three hours after sunset upon the Maidan at this city. The Maidan is a vast open plain a mile wide, and extending for three or four miles up and down the Hooghly in front of the city. The northern portion, known as the Esplanade, surrounds the Government Buildings, and in front of the latter there is a beautiful park called Eden Gardens. The Esplanade is the great fashionable drive of Calcutta, and every evening, as soon as the sun is down, everybody goes to the Maidan and drives or rides up and down the beautiful roads which surround the Eden Gardens, where the Fort William band plays on the grand stand, and where there is a dress parade of all the magnificence of the city. It is the grandest combination of Oriental splendor and Occidental culture that is to be seen anywhere on the globe. Native princes, with their outriders in scarlet and gold; Indian Nabobs, with Sepoys in gay colors going before their coaches to clear the way, and two footmen in gorgeous livery behind; Europeans, with gay equipages and outriders in fantastic costumes; fair English ladies and dark Indian princesses; Rajahs, Baboos, Eurasians, Bengalese, Parsees, lords and plebeians, move on in steady line, three or four abreast, while gayly dressed horsemen and horsewomen go dashing by, and a throng on foot view the brilliant scene from the flowers and palms of the gardens, and all the while the splendid band plays its choicest airs, the frowning guns of old Fort William look down upon the gay scene, and a sea of masts, among which float the flags of all nations, from the ships in the harbor form

the background to a picture which can be seen nowhere save in this proud capital of England's Indian Empire.

A few miles below Calcutta is "Garden Reach," the palace of the ex-king of Oude, who lives here in "splendid exile" on a pension of half a million a year. His palace and other buildings are very beautiful, and the grounds, which extend along the river for some distance, are laid out with great taste. Swarms of pigeons were on the roofs and walls, and we could see many tropical birds flying among the trees and palm-groves. He also keeps quite a menagerie, and just at the corner of the walls which inclose his grounds, upon the banks of the river, is a small and beautiful kiosk, with a dome-shaped roof, within which we could see a royal Bengal tiger restlessly pacing up and down. Is this intended as a satire upon his own condition? When this monarch was dethroned he had four hundred wives, but I believe his harem has been reduced to about one-fourth that number. He lives in princely style, surrounded by a large number of servants and retainers.

In the palm-clad suburbs of Calcutta is also the country house of Warren Hastings, whose brilliant career in India was so mingled with good and evil that Macaulay said of him: "In his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. . . . Even now, after the lapse of more than fifty years, the natives of India still talk of him as the greatest of the English; and nurses sing children to sleep with a jingling ballad about the fleet horses and richly caparisoned elephants of Sahib Warren Hastein."

Just in the rear of the magnificent post-office building, within a gate-way that opens upon a crowded street in the center of Calcutta, is a space seventeen by twenty feet, paved with black marble, which marks the site of the mem-

orable "Black Hole of Calcutta." Every school-boy has read with bated breath and beating heart the story of the horrors that were enacted there on that stifling night in June, 1756. Fort William had been taken by Surajah Dowlab, Nabob of Bengal, and the prisoners, one hundred and forty-six in number, were thrust into this hole, not twenty feet square, and forced to stay there without air or water during the long hours of one of the hottest nights of an Indian summer. The horrors of that night will never be known. Bribes, expostulations, prayers, and tears all failed to move the guards, who, while the prisoners raved, held lights to the bars and shouted with laughter at the agonies of their victims. When they begged to have the Nabob awakened and told of their condition, the answer was that he was asleep and could not be disturbed. All through the intense heat of that night they were kept in that little room with only two small, obstructed windows, which would have been too close and narrow for one European. When the morning came, one hundred and twenty-three blackened corpses lay piled upon the floor, and twenty-three ghastly figures had just life enough to crawl over the dead bodies of their comrades.

Clive administered a fearful vengeance on this infamous Nabob at the battle of Plassey, when, with only three thousand men, he met and vanquished him with his sixty thousand troops. This is one of the great historic battles of the world on which the fate of empires hung, and Clive, in winning it, may be said to have established the British supremacy in the land of the Moguls.

Calcutta derives its name from Kali (Kali-Ghat), the wife of Siva, the destroyer, one of the Hindoo trinity, to whom a celebrated temple is erected just south of the city. At the time of the annual worship this temple is thronged with devotees from far and near, a great number of pilgrims

being in attendance from all parts of India. We were so fortunate as to be there at this season, and I have never before seen, and never expect again to see, a scene of such wild fanaticism. Some distance before we reached the temple, the throng was so great that we were forced to alight from our carriage, and we moved on amidst a dense crowd of naked Fakirs, half-naked Hindoos, yellow-robed priests, white-veiled women, dusty pilgrims, and shouting boys. Up through a narrow lane we hurried with the rest, and at length reached an open court, in the center of which was a small, dilapidated-looking temple. The sacrifice of goats had just taken place, and the bleeding and decapitated victims were lying to the south of the temple, while near by stood a blood-bespattered Hindoo, with his knife still in his hand. The head of the goat is laid upon a block, and it must be severed from the neck at one stroke of the cleaver. This sacrifice of goats to Kali is one of the last relics of the old Turanian religion, which is still practiced by the civilized caste people of India. One of the priests—a very intelligent man, who spoke tolerable English—conducted us through the different portions of the temple, and explained as best he could the various parts of the worship. On certain days only can Kali be seen, and none but the high caste Brahmans can enter her temple. The others must go into a small court between two parts of the temple, and there through a small opening obtain a look at the dreadful goddess. We found this little court packed with a wild, struggling crowd of fanatical devotees, each striving to see her whom they had come so far to worship. With difficulty our conductor forced our way to the required place, and at last, looking in, we saw as mad a crowd of priests and Hindoos within as were without, bowing and chanting and paying their devotions to a hideous-looking deity with a horrible black face and mouth streaming with blood, hav-

ing a string of human skulls around her neck. Kali is the goddess of murderers and robbers, and while these worship her as their patron, others worship her through fear, exemplifying the answer which Burke made when, at the trial of Warren Hastings, it was urged in his defense that the people of Benares had built a temple to him, he replied that the Brahmans "worshiped some gods from love and others from fear; that he knew they erected shrines not only to the benignant deities of light and plenty, but also to the fiends who preside over small-pox and murder; nor did he at all dispute the claim of Mr. Hastings to be admitted into such a Pantheon"—a reply which Macaulay characterizes as one of the finest that was ever made in Parliament. The goddess Kali was worshiped by the Thugs, that mysterious and terrible organization which once filled India with so much horror. They always went to her temple and presented their offerings before entering on any murderous expedition, and when they returned they divided the spoils with her. They were not ordinary robbers, but their depredations were made only upon travelers. Acting on the maxim that "Dead men tell no tales," they invariably put their victims to death, usually by strangling with a cord, and then buried them out of sight.

From Kali's shrine we went through a long lane to a shrine dedicated to Siva. On either side of this lane were rows of mendicants—blind, deformed, lame, ulcerated—together a group of the most pitiable objects I ever saw. We exhausted our stock of coppers on them, calling forth many expressions of gratitude from the poor creatures. These rows of miserable humanity terminated in a group of naked, muttering Fakirs, smeared with ashes, squatting upon the pavement, and receiving alms and worship from the Hindoos. One of these, who was in a kind of dirty pavilion, was, we were told, a hermit, and a "very holy man."

Siva's shrine was under a dome supported by four columns, and consisted, as it does everywhere, of the "Lingam," also called *Mahadeo*, which represents the creative principle, and is a conical stone coming up several inches out of the pavement. Around this shrine was a wild mob, chiefly women, more intense and fanatical even than those whom we had seen worshipping Kali. They were throwing rice and flowers upon the object of their worship, and pouring over it the sacred water of the Ganges. We climbed up some steps which led to an upper room, and stood there for some time looking upon the mad, ignorant devotees, and from the bottom of our hearts we thanked God that we had been born in a Christian land.

In going to this temple we passed through the native portion of the city, which presents a marked contrast to the magnificence of the European quarter. The latter is laid out on a broad scale, with wide, well-paved streets and fine boulevards, while in the former the streets are narrow and dirty, the houses of mud, and there is a general air of squalor and poverty everywhere. The Bengalese, the inhabitants of this portion of India, are inferior, physically and morally, to the people of other sections, and are to other Hindoos what the Italian is to the English. They have been so long a servile and conquered race that they have entirely lost their manliness (if they ever had any), for during many ages they have been trampled on by men of bolder and more hardy breed. The climate has made them soft and effeminate, and I doubt if there is a single Bengalese in England's Sepoy army. They are not white like Europeans, nor red like American Indians, nor yellow like the Chinese, nor black like the Africans, but of a dark, nut-brown color, with straight, black hair, high foreheads, and heads shaped like the Caucasians. They all wear turbans of various colors, and often a man will have enough cloth in his turban to

clothe him. It is an inscrutable mystery to me how they can wind and twist their turbans so fancifully and gracefully around their heads. As we drove through the crowded streets the moving mass of colored turbans looked like the countless flowers of a garden. When they wear any thing around their bodies they wear a kind of skirt, caught up in the middle so as to form the semblance of a bifurcated garment. They have a way of squatting down or sitting on their heels which would be impossible to an American. But they will sit for hours in a broiling sun that would give an Anglo-Saxon a case of *coup de soleil* in ten minutes.

Every night that we were in Calcutta we heard most hideous screams, almost demoniacal in their sound. At first we thought them the cries of human beings in dire distress, but we soon learned that they were from the army of jackals who prowl about the city after night-fall without let or hinderance. They are entirely harmless, and are the public scavengers, never being visible by day, but coming forth from their hiding-places in the sewers and dark recesses as soon as it is night, to make their rounds and serenade the city. Those who have had the night made hideous by a company of cats upon the roof can form some conception of these cries, save that the serenade of cats is musical beside that of the jackals.

The crows also have the freedom of the city, and their cawing is heard everywhere. They are never killed or disturbed in any way, and myriads of them are seen everywhere. Long impunity has made them very bold, and they would fly into our open windows at the hotel, and we would frequently see them in the corridors. A gentleman told me that unless the servant was on the lookout they would fly into the dining-room and rob the breakfast-table. Great flocks of kites, a kind of large hawk, are also to be

seen in all parts of the city, and with the crows constitute the day scavengers, as the jackals are the night scavengers.

The museum, a magnificent building with its fine archæological, mineralogical, paleontological, zoological, and other collections; the splendid Bank of Bengal, built of marble and granite, with its principal business room one hundred and fifty feet long and beautiful frescoed ceiling forty feet high; the zoological gardens, where we saw snow-white peafowls, Malayan tapirs, great hornbills from Malay, camelpards fifteen feet high, with necks six feet long, royal Bengal tigers, lions, leopards, orang-outangs, polar bears, etc.; all these were full of interest, and we were well repaid for our visit to them. But the most interesting excursion we made while at Calcutta was to Serampore, where Carey, Marshman, and Ward, the three devoted Baptist missionaries, established the first mission in Bengal in 1793. The story of Carey has often been told. He was a poor shoe-maker in the interior of England who studied and fitted himself for the ministry. Having been licensed to preach by the Baptist Church, he read "Cook's Voyage around the World," and became impressed with the conviction that the gospel ought to be carried to the heathen. Despite the determined opposition which he encountered, one brother telling him that when the Lord got ready to convert the heathens, he would do it without his help, he at last started on his evangelistic tour. On account of the opposition of the East India Company to missions, he was obliged to establish himself at Serampore, fifteen miles from Calcutta, then a Danish possession. Here he labored alone for seven years without a convert, but at the end of that time he baptized his first convert, Karichna Pal, in the Hôoghly, which is a branch of the Ganges. The baptism took place near his house, and soon afterward a great flood came and carried

Carey's house away, and the natives said the Ganges did it to avenge the profanation. The site of the house is now in the river, but the place was pointed out to us, and also the spot where this first baptism took place.

In 1800 Carey was joined by Ward and Marshman, and the three established a press and devoted themselves assiduously, not only to their evangelical labors, but also to translating and publishing the Word of God in various Eastern dialects. They also established a college of high order, and in 1818 erected with their own funds a magnificent, massive building, in which a fine institution is still in existence under the presidency of Rev. E. S. Somers. We went through the college building and over the grounds, which are admirably situated on the banks of the Ganges, commanding a fine view, and just opposite Barrackpores, the residence of the Viceroy. We also saw Carey's chapel and Marshman's house, the latter a large building given to the college as an endowment by the Danish Government. A large jute-mill now stands where the printing-office formerly was. The house where Carey lived after his marriage to his second wife, who was a Danish countess, was pointed out to me.

While Carey and his devoted co-laborers were engaged in planting the gospel in Bengal, they were supporting themselves and carrying on the work from their salaries. It is stated that Dr. Carey received for thirty years more than a thousand rupees a month—equal to six thousand dollars per annum—as professor in the College of Fort William at Calcutta, and translator to the East India Company; and Mr. Ward received as much more from the printing-office; Mr. and Mrs. Marshman about the same from similar work—and yet while receiving these princely salaries they ate at a common table and drew only twelve rupees a month from the common sum, all the rest being devoted to missionary

work. The publication of the Scriptures in Chinese alone cost one hundred thousand dollars.

The grave-yard where these heroes are buried, which has been well called the Westminster Abbey of India, lies behind some old buildings within fifty feet of the principal street, in the old village of Serampore, and only five minutes' drive from the station. It contains about two acres, and is surrounded by a high brick wall. All the graves show signs of age, and the whole place has a deserted and decaying look. Carey's grave is in the south-west corner of the inclosure, to the left of the entrance, and is a square, solid mausoleum, with an Ionic column at each corner, surmounted by a dome. Carey wrote his own epitaph, which is inscribed on a tablet in the side of the mausoleum: "William Carey. Born 17th of August, 1761. Died 9th of June, 1834.

A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

On the right of the entrance, one hundred and twenty feet from Carey's tomb and facing it, Marshman lies buried. His tomb is an oblong, square mausoleum, seventeen by twenty-one feet, supported by ten square Ionic columns, with a square roof, sloping up to the center, which is surmounted by an urn. Immediately facing the entrance, and one hundred feet from it, is the tomb of William Ward, a round, dome-shaped mausoleum, about fifty feet in circumference, open on all sides, except on the east where the tablet stands, and supported by ten Doric columns. We stood for some time with uncovered heads beside the graves of these heroic men, and then plucking some leaves from a tree that grew just over the place where Carey's dust is awaiting the resurrection morn, we slowly left the quiet old grave-yard and returned to the busy, bustling city.

IV.

Among the Himalayas.

THE Arabs, in their poetical language, call Asia "The Roof of the World," while Himalayas mean in Sanskrit, "The Halls of Snow." These mountains, which are rightly named, form the longest and highest chain in the world, stretching in an irregular line from the defile above Cashmere on the north-west, through which the Indus penetrates to the plains of the Punjab, to the southern bend by which the Sampu or Dihong river enters India to join the Brahmapootra. Their trend is from south-east to north-west, almost belting the continent and forming the northern boundary of India, thus shutting out that country from the rest of Asia. The total length of the chain is about two thousand miles, and the total breadth about one hundred and eighty miles. The mean height is twenty thousand feet, though a large number of peaks go far beyond this. Mount Everest, the culminating point of the range, twenty-nine thousand and two feet above the sea, is the highest peak in the world, and is excelled only by the Mountains of the Moon. Think of five miles of land lifted into the air! Kinchinjunga is twenty-eight thousand one hundred and seventy-eight feet, while near the source of the Setlej there are forty peaks, each higher than the highest peak of the Andes.

Mount St. Elias, the highest peak on the American continent, is not quite twenty thousand feet, and Mount Gray, the highest of the Rocky Mountains, is a little over seven-

teen thousand feet, while Mont Blanc is only fifteen thousand eight hundred and ten feet. I stood on the terrace of the hotel at Darjeeling and counted twelve peaks, all of which were over twenty thousand feet high; and one morning I walked half a mile to Observatory Hill, and just after sunrise saw the whole vast snowy range, stretching like "an army of archangels" from north to south for two hundred miles, and the lowest part visible was over fifteen thousand feet.

I shall never forget the morning I first saw the Kinchinjunga group. The day we reached Darjeeling, the clouds and fog were everywhere, and not a peak was visible. But the next morning, a little after daylight, Mr. Palmore came to my room in a great state of excitement, and told me to come quickly. I dressed as rapidly as possible and hurried out on the terrace, and there stood revealed in matchless splendor, only forty miles away, grand old Kinchinjunga and its companion giants. The snow-line in the Himalayas is seventeen thousand feet, so that more than eleven thousand feet of eternal snow was visible, and the mountain towered twenty thousand feet above the level at which we were standing. The sky was just beginning to glow with the dawn, and the snows were bathed in a purple light that was inexpressibly beautiful. The peaks "cut the tremulous sky" far overhead, the water-falls called from the distant precipices, the white clouds were piled in the valleys, the hushed and holy air seemed full of the beauty of the scene, and while we looked with hearts that almost stood still the sweet-voiced chimes from the English church, in the town at our feet, rang out clear and musical like a *Gloria in excelsis*. Just then Kinchinjunga's snows caught the first rays of the rising sun, and it seemed as if God himself were coming to illumine the universe which he had created. One after another, the other peaks caught the light upon their

fields of snow, which blushed and glowed like mountains of opals, and sent back the reflection as if they were the shining gates of the heavenly city.

The Hindoos make the peaks of the Himalayas the dwelling-place of their gods. Around these summits gathers the whole Hindoo mythology, and they are clothed with all the sanctity both of Sinai and Calvary. There does not only God dwell and give the law, but from them issue the sacred rivers which are like the waters of the River of Life which issue out of the throne of God.

Another morning we rose at daylight and galloped on ponies over the hills and up the sides of the mountains six miles to Mount Senchal, the only point near Darjeeling from which Mount Everest is visible. As our sturdy little ponies climbed up through the snow, we met the fog and feared that after all our trip was in vain. But just as we reached the highest point and clambered up a pile of rocks, the sun burst through the parted clouds, and for full five minutes Mount Everest, one hundred and fifty miles distant and just over the tops of the nearer mountains, with all the glorious heights around and in front of it, stood revealed and shone in the sudden light like the Delectable Mountains.

Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,

it stood, like an aerial sentinel keeping watch over the

Chasms and caverns where Day is a stranger,
Earners where storeth his treasure the Thunder,
The Lightning his falchion, his arrows the Hail.

This view is perhaps not so striking as the nearer one of the Kinchinjunga group, but it is grand beyond conception, and we stood awed and reverent in the presence of the highest known summit in the world, which is fitly described only by its native name, Deodhunga—*God-height*.

The sublime prospect before us was worth a journey around the world, and I never expect to see another such sight until the walls and turrets of the New Jerusalem break upon my view. We were inexpressibly thrilled, and felt that God had been very good to us in permitting us to look upon the grandest of his works.

Darjeeling, which signifies "up in the clouds," is reached by half a day's journey from Calcutta through the steaming, fertile plain of Bengal to the Ganges; then a night's ride through cotton, sugar-cane, rice, and pulse fields to Sili-guri; after which comes six hours more over a saucy little narrow-gauge, which climbs from the plain below to a height of seventy-five hundred feet in fifty miles, performing the most extraordinary engineering feats of any road in the world. This road was completed on the 4th of July, 1881, and has the narrowest gauge in the world, the rails being just two feet apart. The gradient was originally nearly three hundred feet to the mile, but it was impracticable for drawing heavy loads, and, by a system of loops and reverses, it has been reduced to two hundred and ten feet to the mile. There are five complete loops, the track describing a circle and going over the point which it had passed a few moments previous; and four reverses, these reverses being made to overcome the heavy grade and being what in American railroad parlance are called "Y's." In its ascent, the train begins to climb through a forest of exceeding beauty, with lofty trees, many of them covered with a canopy of flowers, and others with trailing plants of strange and weird-like shapes; then crosses bridges spanning yawning cañons where the Indian jungle is seen in its richest luxuriance; hangs over giddy precipices which make your head swim; reaches heights which command grand outlooks over the gray, dusty plains and the gleaming, tawny rivers; passes forests of tree ferns, palms and

bamboos; runs between tea-gardens with their white, myrtle-like flowers, and by villages of bamboo-huts where Nepaulese, Bhooteans, Thibetans, and Lepchas, afford new ethnological studies; and at last reaches Darjeeling, a town of hills and hollows, white bungalows and English villas, sanitariums and tea-plantations.

The town of Darjeeling consists of a bazaar occupying the center of a basin, while the residences of the European inhabitants occupy the crest of a wooded ridge some three miles long and surrounded on three sides by abysmal ravines. On the northern and eastern sides of these ravines are clustered the native huts. The mean temperature is fifty-six degrees Fahrenheit, but it frequently has heavy snow-falls in December and January. The climate is moist, the average rain-fall being one hundred and twenty inches. It is the center of a territory twenty-five miles in extent which was ceded to the British Government by the Rajah of Sikkim in 1835. It is bounded by Bhootea on the east, by Nepaul on the west, and by Independent Sikkim on the north. All these are independent, sturdy mountain tribes, loving their hills and valleys, and ready to fight for the maintenance of their autonomy.

Next to the mountains, that which interested me most in Darjeeling were the people, who were entirely different from any that I have ever seen before. Ethnology is one of the most fascinating of studies, and in making the circuit of the globe you meet with every variety of the *genus homo*, but these were altogether new specimens which we encountered in the Himalayas. Nepaul, Thibet, Sikkim, and Bhootea are all within sight from these lofty elevations, and the people of these countries, together with Lepchas, Bengalese, Limboos, and Cabulese, are all to be seen in the bazaars and at work on the tea-plantations. The Lepchas are the aborigines, and are distinctly Mongolian, being low in

stature, with broad, flat faces, oblique eyes, and high cheek-bones. They have no word for *plow* in their language, and follow the nomadic mode of raising crops by *jihuni* cultivation. This consists in selecting a patch of virgin soil, clearing it of forest and jungle, and scraping up the surface with the rudest agricultural implements. When, in the course of three or four years, the productive powers of the cleared land become exhausted, it is abandoned and a new site chosen, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is obvious that with this system of cultivation it would require a large tract of land to support even a moderate sized family. The Lepchas have a tradition of the flood, during which a couple escaped to the top of Teendong, a mountain in Independent Sikkim, not far from Darjeeling.

The Nepaulese form over sixty-five per cent. of the population of the Darjeeling hills, and they are immigrating in yearly increasing numbers. They are well-made, intelligent-looking men, and are a pushing, thriving, prolific race. They are largely employed as domestic servants, and in the tea-plantations, and many of them are engaged in trade.

The Bhooteas are a noisy, troublesome, drunken set, and are the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" around Darjeeling. They are tall and of large frame, and of the Mongolian stock. The Bhootea women are the porters of Darjeeling, and as soon as we landed at the station we were surrounded by a noisy crowd, each one trying to get our baggage to carry to the hotel. Their capacity for carrying heavy loads is remarkable, and there is a tolerably well-authenticated story of one carrying a grand piano from Punkabari to Darjeeling, a distance of some twenty miles, in three days, and arriving quite fresh at the end of the journey. I do not vouch for this story, however, and only tell it as it was told to me.

The Thibetans are the most peculiar of all these races,

and if in a mixed crowd you pick out the very dirtiest man or woman you can find, you may be sure of having found a Thibetan. They cross the snowy range about November, bringing with them rock-salt, skins, sometimes gold-dust, and various other articles, besides large flocks of sheep and goats. They remain during the winter, and trade these off for tobacco, cloth, piece goods, and other commodities, and return in the early spring. During their stay they live in small, light tents, which they bring with them. They practice polyandry, and every woman has four or five husbands. Sometimes a woman will marry a whole family of brothers. We saw some of these women walking along the road with their liege lords, and they always seemed to be the heads of the families. They cannot be mistaken, for they have a habit of daubing their faces over with a preparation of some sort of gum, which looks like brown lacquer and gives them a horrible appearance. The Thibetans worship a living *Lama* or Priest, the successor of Buddha, who is both their spiritual and temporal sovereign. When the Lama dies they search for a successor who has certain birth-marks, and when he is found, even though he may be the poorest peasant or coolie, he is at once installed at the head of Church and State. The present Lama is a boy eleven years old, a regent administering the government during his minority. In common with most of these mountaineers, they worship evil spirits. They pay but little attention to the good spirits—"Why should we?" they say. "The good spirits do us no harm; the evil spirits, who dwell in every rock, grove, and mountain, are constantly at work, and to them we must pray, for they hurt us."

Among some of these races, every tribe has a priest-doctor, who neither knows nor attempts to practice the healing art, but whose chief business is to cast out the devils which

are supposed to cause all human ailments. His sacred utensils are the *phoorpah*, "devil-driver," a kind of dagger, and *dorji*, "thunder-bolt," a short spear with three prongs (Darjeeling is derived from this latter name). The priest stands with the *phoorpah* in one hand and the *dorji* in the other, and as he throws them pronounces an incantation which is supposed to charm the evil spirits away. These people also have a singular custom of sprinkling the front of their houses all over with little red dots and blotches which they imagine will keep the demons out of their homes. As our little train steamed through the main street of Kherisong, only a few feet wide and crowded with men, women, and children of all the multifarious races of Central Asia, every house had these peculiar and disfiguring marks.

A stroll through the Darjeeling bazaar on "Fair Day" was exceedingly interesting. The bazaar is at the foot of the hills in a kind of hollow, and is a large square flanked on either side by the native shops and an old Hindoo temple. The people were there from the entire surrounding country for fifty and one hundred miles, and were squatted in this open space, with their goods around them, leaving a narrow path for the throngs of buyers. Every imaginable commodity was for sale, from tin whistles, Bhootea girdles, and praying machines, to the softest silks and finest fabrics woven from the wool of Cashmere goats. They were a sturdy, independent-looking set, picturesque even in their dirt. I stood for more than hour looking at the strange scene. A Thibetan woman, with a horribly painted face, sat near me, with closed eyes, whirling a praying machine, while two of her husbands were indifferently looking on; a fantastically dressed Lepchan beggar was delighting a crowd of children with his dancing, and gathering in all their coppers; a group of Bhootea women, their broad faces shining with good nature and mirth, and their ears, necks, arms, and an-

kles loaded with gold and silver ornaments, were trying to sell some poultry so attenuated that they looked as if they had been raised for their bones only; some stalwart Nepaulese, on their hardy little mountain ponies, dashed along the road at a mad gallop; tall Bhoteas could be seen all through the crowd, each one with the inevitable *Kukery* (a sheath containing three knives) stuck in his belt; hill women, with the long bamboo basket swung to their backs, were everywhere; while the shouting, singing, laughing, talking, and noise of horns and drums were simply terrific.

An old Buddhist temple, one of the few remaining in India, and said to be very ancient, is in the *Bhotea Bustea*, the native quarter under the hill. It is certainly dirty and ugly enough to entitle it to all the antiquity claimed, and the old priest who is the presiding genius of the place is as repulsive-looking as Mephistopheles himself. In the vestibule is a praying machine, consisting of a cylinder about six feet high, placed upright and filled with printed prayers. This is whirled by a crank underneath, and every revolution is equivalent to the utterance of all the prayers within the cylinder. A number of smaller cylinders are ranged around the same vestibule, all of which are whirled in the same way.

All over the *Bustea* are to be seen strips of white cotton, from a few inches to a yard wide and from ten to twenty feet long, covered with printed prayers and attached to poles, trees, and fences. Every time the flag flutters in the breeze it is equivalent to repeating the prayers inscribed on it.

It is a literal verification of the story of the man who wrote out an appropriate prayer, pasted it on the wall at the head of his bed, and every night before retiring pointed to it and said, "Them's my sentiments, Lord!"

We wonder at the ignorance and superstition of these

poor people with their praying machines and fluttering cloths, and yet how many prayers offered in Christian churches are mechanical and formal, like the "vain repetitions" of the heathen, or the whirling cylinders of the Buddhist priests. Certainly the tongue may become a praying machine as truly as are these wheels, and I fear that all the praying machines are not in heathen lands.

Whosoever visits India and does not go to Darjeeling, or to some other hill station in the Himalayas, has missed one of the most interesting spots on the globe. We have found no place which combined so many attractive and interesting features, and which so well repaid us for the *detour* we made to reach it.

Benares, the Sacred City of the Hindoos.

BENARES, Rome, Mecca, and Jerusalem are the four sacred cities of the world, and around these centers gather the religious faiths of nine-tenths of the human race. The Brahman's Mecca, the citadel of Hindooism, is one of the oldest known habitations of men, being at least twenty-five centuries old, and is one of the cradles of history and religion. Before Romulus founded Rome, and when Athens was an insignificant village, Benares was already famous. When Babylon and Nineveh were struggling for supremacy, and Tyre was beginning to extend her borders and plant her colonies, her power and greatness were already assured. It is called both the Oxford and Canterbury of India, and has been the seat of learning and sanctity for ages unknown. Its ancient records are uncertain, and the first glimpse we have of it is twelve hundred years before Christ—about the period of the Judges in Hebrew history. Even then, however, it was but “an authentic fragment of the oldest past.” Here Buddha preached his new faith centuries before Christ was born in Judea—a faith which still sways a larger portion of mankind than any other. Here Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism have successively reigned, and all these are destined certainly and surely yet to give way before the advancing light of Christianity. Brahman legends assert that Benares occupies the site of the ancient Casi, which was formerly suspended in space between the zenith and the nadir, like Mahomet's tomb.

Benares is situated on the banks of the sacred Ganges, a turbid, muddy stream, which much resembles the Mississippi. But around that dirty, sluggish river there cluster such associations as belong to no other stream in the world. Other rivers have poetic, patriotic, or historic associations. The ancient Romans kept watch on the Tiber as the modern Germans keep watch on the Rhine. But the Hindoos worship the Ganges as the ancient Egyptians worshiped the Nile, and every drop of its water is sacred in their eyes. It seems to them as it comes from the mountains, the sacred mountains which are the abode of the Hindoo trinity, to come from those dwellers, to be the life-blood of those gods. Hence the water of the Ganges has to the Hindoo all the virtue and divine power that belongs in the Christian system to the blood of Christ.

All great religions are born near rivers, and are connected with rivers—Brahmanism and Buddhism are inseparably connected with the Ganges; Mohammedanism, with the Euphrates; the Egyptian, with the Nile; and Christianity, with the Jordan. Water has been in all ages the emblem of purity, and is also a fitting symbol of that immortality which lies at the foundation of all human belief.

Benares has a population of about a quarter of a million, and is a labyrinth of narrow alleys, rich with shrines and minarets and carved oriels. Holy men and not less holy bulls throng the streets and block the way of the traveler. Palaces and mud hovels, golden temples and squalid poverty are side by side, and the dusty streets present a strange mixture of all varieties of Oriental life. The broad and stately flights of steps descending from the palaces and temples and sacred wells to the bathing-places along the Ganges are worn every day by the footsteps of countless multitudes of worshipers, and the drums and banners and gaudy idols of the populace make a picture which baffles description.

The most striking scene in Benares is that presented on the banks of the Ganges in the early morning when all faithful Hindoos come down to the holy water to bathe.

Taking a boat at the observatory of Rajah Mann, you row up the river to the Mosque of Aurungzebe, whose tall minarets rise above all the domes and towers of Benares, and then let your boat float down stream. The whole western bank for three miles is lined with palaces and temples, from which broad flights of steps called *ghats* descend to the water's brink. Just after sunrise these are thronged with men and women going down to the water or coming up from it, while thousands are in the river itself, bathing, drinking the water, bowing to the rising sun, and worshipping the river. The temples, palaces, and mosques are four and five stories high, and are among the finest in India, the architecture being of the most elaborate description. The scene is the most remarkable and striking in India, if not in the world. The domes of a thousand temples, the gilded minarets of three hundred mosques, the fretted walls, porches, and towers of scores of palaces, and the long flights of stone steps, with the vast multitude of men and women in all the colors of the rainbow, added to the smoke of the burning ghats where half a dozen bodies were being cremated, made a picture which will always live in my memory.

We anchored our boat just opposite the burning ghat of Jelsac, where several dead bodies were lying on the low bank, their feet just laved by the sacred water, while one was half burned on the top of a funeral pile. While we watched, the attendants uncovered one of the corpses, and we could see the cold, still face of a man in the prime of life. They raised him up in a sitting posture, filled a jar with the sacred water, into which they put rice and straw, and then poured the whole over him. They then wrapped a white cloth around him, put the yellow string of the Brahman

around his neck and shoulders, and laid him on the ready piled-up wood, folding him up into as small a compass as possible. They then piled the wood around him and set fire to it. Another one we saw burned was the body of an old man. His widow, clad all in white, came down the steps, and, when he had been laid on the pyre, put the wood over him herself. She then went three times around the pile with a lighted torch, after which she was led away by two old men who seemed to be her relatives. Sixty years ago this woman would have burned herself on the pyre of her husband, but in 1829 "Suttee" was suppressed by the British Government.

In some places the foundations of the temples have given way, and they are partly sunken—fit emblems of the decaying system there taught.

The Hindoos believe that a peculiarly happy fate awaits the man who passes from the sacred city into the sacred river, and it is an article of their faith that the vilest sinner, if he dies within ten miles of the Ganges, is sure of coming into the world again under the happiest and most favorable circumstances. Hence, many come to this river to die, which is the meaning of all the palaces that line the river's bank; the builders preparing them for themselves and families when the time of their departure arrives.

We saw a number of poor, wretched people in an apparently dying condition, lying on the banks of the river, having been brought there by their friends to die. Some of them had attendants, while others were alone in their misery and suffering. Having once been brought there, they cannot again be taken away, and even though they should linger for weeks, they must remain there until they die. One poor old man was lying with closed eyes and apparently unconscious, in the middle of the dusty road, with the scorching sun beating down upon him.

Nothing that I have seen has so impressed me with the fearful burden of idolatry and heathenism as these scenes which I witnessed in Benares, and especially this one, of these dying people on the banks of the Ganges. And yet there are those who say that these people should be let alone in their religion!—that missions “interfere” with them! They interfere with them as the good Samaritan interfered with the man who fell among thieves; as the physician in the hospital interferes with those who are dying of cholera; as one who sees a brother at his side struck by a deadly serpent applies his mouth to the wound to suck the poison from the blood.

The corruptions and degradations of Brahmanism not only fully justify, but demand, that the attempt be made to give the Hindoos a better religion. Originating in Monotheism, Brahmanism next worshiped the powers of nature, then named these; they intermarried and multiplied until the modern Hindoo worships three hundred and thirty million divinities. Thus what was playfully charged of Athens, that she had more gods than men, is actually true of India. The Pantheon of the Hindoo is crowded with birds, beasts, and fowls; men, monkeys, and bulls, and the very excrement of the cow is sacred in his eyes. All this arises largely from his belief in transmigration; his friends and relatives, as well as his deities, have come back to earth in animal form, and hence all animal life is sacred in his sight. It is a sin of the deepest dye for a Hindoo to take the life of the smallest insect.

But while Hindooism has a thousand shapes, spreading out its arms like a mighty banyan-tree, its root is one—pantheism. All beings are but one being, and every life is but a part of the Great Life. It has no standard of morality or virtue, but is only a means of propitiating angry deities. It is unspeakably vile and obscene in its Phallic

worship, and has nothing whatever to commend it, so far as I have been able to discover. It is as far from the morality and religion of the Vedas as Mohammedanism is from Christianity, and is very much inferior to Buddhism. In fact, I am inclined to believe, with some writer, that Buddhism is the very best uninspired religion. There is nothing impure about Buddhism, and it inculcates good morals.

Hindooism is largely built up on the system of *caste*, which prevails so universally throughout India. This system is founded on the *Institutes of Menu*, the oldest system of law extant save the Pentateuch. According to this code, Brahma caused the Brahman or priest to proceed from his mouth, the Kshatriya or soldier class from his arm, the Vaisya or merchant class from his thigh, and the Sudra or peasant from his foot. All others are outcasts. The lowest caste of all is the Chandala, who is the offspring of a Sudra man and a Brahman woman, to whom food must be given in a potsherd, but not by the hand of the giver; who must dress in the clothing of the dead, and whose sole wealth must be dogs and asses.

This caste binds these people in iron fetters which it is almost impossible for them to break, and this is one of the greatest difficulties with which missionaries have to contend. Two men of different caste cannot eat together or even touch each other, nor will a high caste Brahman touch one of another race. The Brahman's body is sacred, and he is not to be punished for any crime. From the Brahmans the priests, legislators, and judges were chosen. A man who barely assaulted a Brahman, with the intention of hurting him, would be whirled about for a century in the hell termed *Tamasa*. He who smote a Brahman with only a blade of grass would be born an inferior quadruped through twenty-one transmigrations. But he who should shed the blood of a Brahman, save in battle, would be man-

gled by animals in his next birth for as many years as there were particles of dust rolled up by the blood shed. If a Sudra (a low caste man) sat upon the same seat with a Brahman, he was to be gashed in the part offending.

Thus a few hundred thousand men have for thirty centuries held two hundred millions of their fellow-countrymen in this fearful bondage, and made India the most terribly priest-ridden country on the face of the globe. The high caste Brahman is the most supercilious man to be met with among all the races of mankind to-day. The Sudra is a slave not only for time but for eternity. The benefits of the Hindoo religion are only for the first three castes. It is the most intense and unending slavery ever imagined.

There are two hundred and seventy million Hindoos in India, the rest of the inhabitants being Mohammedans from Arabia and Parsees from Persia, with about one million two hundred thousand Christians. These last have increased twenty-three per cent. in four years.

The old astronomical observatory of Rajah Mann at Benares was very interesting. It is on the banks of the Ganges, and is at the top of a rather massive stone building, which has an open court in the center. It was erected in 1680 by the famous Hindoo patron of science, Rajah Mann, and has some very remarkable astronomical instruments—a sun-dial, a zodiac, a quadrant, a meridian line, and other appliances—all of stone and of great size. It appears from this that astronomy was well advanced on the banks of the Ganges centuries ago, and it is said that the astronomers of India first demonstrated the rotation of the earth on its axis.

We visited several temples—the great Dourga, or monkey temple, where scores of monkeys are kept and worshiped as sacred; the Un-poorna, or cow temple, a dirty, ill-smelling place, where a large number of sacred cows are

kept; the Golden Temple, the roof of which is covered with gold-leaf; and several others—but none are so extensive as the temples in Southern India, and all are very inferior in size and beauty to the temples of Japan.

The Queen's College at Benares is a very handsome building, and has some fifteen hundred students in attendance. Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic, Hindoostanee, and English are all taught, and the whole institution has a very classical air. I have rarely seen a more venerable, scholarly looking man than the old Hindoo *Pundit*, who was the professor of Sanskrit. England is doing great things for the education of this people, and there are fine colleges in all the large cities, with smaller institutions and public schools throughout the country.

Hearing that a company of missionaries were at the old Mint engaged in translating, we called there and found ten representatives of as many denominations engaged in revising the New Testament in Hindoostanee. They have been carrying on these labors for several years, meeting for a month each year. Last year they met at the palace of the Maharajah of Vizinagran, who entertained them at his own expense in regal style, furnishing food, servants, etc., and this year they are meeting in this building which was formerly a Government mint, but is now the property of the Maharajah of Benares, who has transformed it into a palace.

We found two Americans among the revisers, Rev. J. W. Waugh, D.D., presiding elder of the Kumaun District, M. E. Church, and Rev. J. F. Holcomb, of the Presbyterian Church—both of the United States. There were also four native preachers in the body, and all were working industriously and harmoniously.

One morning we drove out five miles to Sarnath, where Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, began to preach and teach, and where an old city once stood that has almost

passed from memory. We rode past the mud huts where men, women, and children swarmed; across the open fields in which were the white-robed natives looking like ghosts in the early morning light; through fields of pulse such as Nebuchadnezzar gave to Daniel; down a magnificent avenue of tall trees; then across pastures to the old *stupa*, more than two thousand years old, which was erected to commemorate the spot where Buddha began to teach.

The old monument is a circular mass of brick and stone one hundred and ten feet high and two hundred and eighty feet in circumference. It is built up solidly, and at one time must have been a very beautiful monument, as there are remains of elaborate carvings and entablatures. A portion of a belt, with geometrical figures, about four feet wide, with a border of lotus leaves and flowers about the same width on either side, still remains, but much of the tower has fallen into decay. The place has a dreary, desolate look, and piles of *debris* are everywhere. It was difficult to realize that this was once the center of a populous city. A few poor peasants now occupy some wretched and ruined remains of an old temple, and the naked children begging *backshish*, with a feeble old man who tottered around and tried to act as our guide, were the only signs of life.

Here, five hundred years before Christ, originated that religion which to-day controls one-fourth of the human family. But though once dominant in the land of its birth, it has almost entirely disappeared from India, and only this and similar monuments remain to tell of its past power.

So shall finally perish all the creeds of heathendom.

VI.

The Sepoy Rebellion—Lucknow and Cawnpore.

THE city of Lucknow dates far back into the shadowy period of Hindoo history, and is one of the most interesting as well as one of the most splendid of the great historic cities of India. For many centuries the capital of the Kingdom of Oude, when in the height of its magnificence, it doubtless merited the encomium of Bayard Taylor, who said of it that "All was lovely as the outer court of Paradise!" It is still, with its domes and minarets and palaces, a realization of one's dreams of Oriental splendor. There were five great kings of Oude, each one of whom built a splendid palace, striving to surpass his predecessor. The first one is of the most gorgeous style of architecture, and colored to resemble a vast structure of gold, while the next one, called the *Great Imaumbara*, meets the requirement made of the architects, that they should produce a building unlike any other ever erected. The last King of Oude, Wajid Ali Shah, who is a prisoner in his palace near Calcutta, was deposed in 1856 on account of his misrule and oppression. We rode through his splendid grounds in the heart of the city—a great rectangular garden with fountains, walks, flowers, and trees, surrounded on all sides by his palaces five and six stories high, and where his five hundred wives used to play and amuse themselves.

But that which invests Lucknow with the deepest interest is the memorable siege which probably has no parallel in history, and which occurred during the great Sepoy re-

bellion, when seventeen hundred brave British and native soldiers defended five hundred and sixty women and children for one hundred and thirteen days, holding at bay a force of from fifty to one hundred thousand Sepoys. No one can conceive of the horrors and sufferings of that fearful siege, when the whole garrison, including the women and children, were reduced to starvation allowances of the coarsest food; when clothing as well as provisions gave out, and many of them were clad in rags, and when terrible diseases added their horrors to the situation. During all that time a murderous fire was kept up upon them day and night, and the drenching rain of the monsoon mingled with the iron hail of death. Sir Henry Lawrence, the gallant commander, was killed early in the siege, and disease and the bullet fearfully decimated the little garrison. When at length the brave Havelock and his troops cut their way through the phalanx of Sepoys into the Residency, it was found that the combined force was too feeble to raise the siege. But final relief came at last with Sir Colin Campbell and his Highlanders, and one of the most affecting instances of human endurance on record came to an end November 18, 1857.

As I walked over the ruins of the old Residency where these thrilling events occurred, I could not understand how these faithful men kept back the tremendous odds of the enemy during all those weeks. While the original garrison, as it left the fort, numbered about seventeen hundred men, of whom nearly half were native troops, at the relief there were left, including the sick and wounded, only three hundred and fifty Europeans and one hundred and thirty-three natives. At any hour during the siege the enemy might have carried the place by mere force of numbers and put the entire garrison to the sword. Surely God's providence was over the little company! The grounds of the

Residency are considerably elevated, and include about ten acres. There were no walls around them, except in part, and only slight breastworks. The Bailey Guard Gate is left just as it was when Havelock and Campbell entered it.

The women and children spent the five months of the siege in the cellars of the building, except when the former came up to assist in loading the guns or in caring for the wounded. Forty-five stone steps descend to these rooms. One lady is said to have died of fright, and one was killed in one of the upper rooms, where there is this inscription on the wall: "Susanna Palmer was killed in this room by a cannon-ball on the 1st of July, 1857, in her nineteenth year."

On the stone that marks the grave of Sir Henry Lawrence, in the cemetery of the Residency, is this inscription, dictated by himself: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul! Born 28th June, 1806. Died 4th July, 1857."

We rode out to *Alum Bagh*, the summer palace of the king, five miles from the city, where is buried the noble Havelock, who died under an attack of dysentery after escaping the dangers of war. Henry Havelock was one of the noblest spirits who ever led a command into battle, and his name has become almost a synonym for Christian fidelity and devotion. A tall, marble slab, bearing a long inscription, marks his last resting-place.

There rest thee, Christian warrior, rest from the twofold strife—

The battle-field of India, the battle-field of life!

There were many causes which led to this great mutiny, but the secret of the whole was that it was a sort of blind movement on the part alike of Mohammedans and Hindoos (who, although hating each other, became united through their hatred of the English) to throw off the British yoke. Monarch after monarch had been dethroned by the agents of the East India Company, and it became apparent that it

would not be long before the English power would be supreme in the land; and by a combined and preconcerted movement the native princes and their adherents determined to attempt to destroy that power before it reached that point. The mutiny broke out in the spring of 1857, and spread with fearful rapidity until the whole Sepoy army was in revolt. There were only about twenty thousand British troops in all India, the army being composed almost altogether of native troops called "Sepoys," who were officered by Englishmen. This Sepoy force mounted guard upon the forts, magazines, and treasuries of India; and they were so little suspected that when the appointed hour came they held in their hands the key of the coined millions of the public money, its vast stores of munitions of war, and its strong forts. The outbreak occurred simultaneously at many places, and forts and towns were seized by the rebels, the English officers and residents slaughtered without mercy, and many of the strongest centers of British power in India passed into their possession. The great fort of Delhi, with its magazine, and vast amount of stores, arms, and ammunition, was defended for some time by a small force against great numbers of the rebels, and when at last it was found that they could hold out no longer, a match was applied to the magazine and the whole was blown up, thousands of the assailants perishing with the defenders. At Delhi and other places a few Europeans escaped to the jungles, where they wandered for months, many perishing, and a small number surviving almost miraculously. At Allahabad and Agra, the foreign population escaped to the forts and were able to hold out during the entire mutiny.

The chief horrors of the rebellion centered at Cawnpore, where occurred one of the darkest deeds of crime and blood ever perpetrated, under the orders of the inhuman monster, Nana Sahib. This great crime blackens the page of histo-

ry with a far deeper stain than Sicilian vespers or St. Bartholomew massacres, for it was prompted neither by mistaken patriotism nor by the madness of superstition, but was a cold-blooded, treacherous butchery. Sir Hugh Wheeler, who was in command at Cawnpore, having no fortress to which he could retire, hastily threw up earth-works on the open plain, which had been his parade ground, and gathered within this wide fortification his little handful of troops, about two hundred and fifty, with as many civilians and native servants, and several hundred women and children, the families resident in the city and neighborhood. The defense was wholly inadequate, and a murderous fire was opened upon them by the Sepoys, which, with the terrible June sun pouring down upon them, made their situation intolerable. Many died and some went raving mad. The little garrison held out for several weeks, but at last Nana Sahib sent to them a flag of truce, proposing that if they would surrender and give up the treasure which they had been guarding, boats would be furnished them and they should be escorted safely to Allahabad, where they could join their friends in the fort. They accepted the terms of capitulation, and the next morning the whole little company marched eagerly to the river; but just as they were embarking on the boats a murderous fire of grape and canister was opened on them from a masked battery. Some of the boats were sunk and many were killed outright. The survivors were seized, the men instantly sabered, and the women and children, to the number of two hundred, hurried off to a small building in Cawnpore, where they were incarcerated for weeks, and exposed to the brutality of the Sepoy troops. One morning a rumor reached the rebel camp that a rescuing force was marching on it from Allahabad, and orders were at once given that they should all be put to death, and a detachment of Sepoys was ordered to shoot the innocent and defenseless

captives through the doors and windows of their prison-house. But a little spark of soldierly instinct and humanity seems to have been left in these men, and they fired at the ceiling, so that the work of death proceeded slowly. Nana then summoned some Moslem butchers from the bazaars, some of his own Hindoo body-guard, who went in among the women and children with swords and long knives, and slashed and cut and slew them like a flock of defenseless sheep. The next morning the dead and dying, with a few survivors, were thrown into an open well which had been used for purposes of irrigation and was some fifty feet deep. And when Havelock with his rescuing force arrived, the room, ankle deep in blood, and with fragments of dresses, large locks of hair, broken combs, three or four Bibles and prayer-books, and children's little shoes, told only too well the horrible story. The well beside the house held the mangled remains of those they had marched so far and fought so well to save.

A beautiful park now lies around the scene of this fearful massacre, and in the midst of this park rise the walls of a sacred inclosure, in the center of which, over the fatal well, stands a marble angel with drooping wings, having in his hands the palm-leaves, emblematical of martyrdom and victory. The angel stands upon a pedestal of chenar stone, which bears this inscription:

SACRED TO THE PERPETUAL MEMORY OF A GREAT COMPANY OF CHRISTIAN PEOPLE, CHIEFLY WOMEN AND CHILDREN, CRUELLY MASSACRED NEAR THIS SPOT BY THE REBEL NANA SAHIB, AND THROWN, THE DYING WITH THE DEAD, INTO THE WELL BENEATH ON THE 15TH DAY OF JULY, MDCCCLVII.

Over the bronze gate of the inclosure around this well is this inscription: "These are they which came out of great tribulation." Fifty yards from the memorial stands a white cross on a square pedestal of black marble, on which is in-

scribed: "In memoriam. On this spot stood the House of Massacre. July 15, 1857."

A handsome memorial church commemorates the place where General Wheeler made his defense, though through a mistake it stands just outside the fortifications. Around the chancel are memorial tablets with the names of all who perished in the siege and massacre, while over the altar is this inscription: "To the glory of God and in memory of more than a thousand Christian people, who met their deaths hard by between the 6th of June and the 15th of July, 1857, these tablets are placed in this the memorial church of All-souls, Cawnpore."

Lucknow is the head-quarters of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in North India. Here is located their Publishing House, with the Rev. J. H. Messmore in charge. This establishment is quite an extensive one, having four lithographic presses, two job presses, and one large Cottrell press. It employs a number of men, and publishes *India's Young Folks*, *The Star of India* (native), and *The Friend*, besides issuing a large number of tracts, pamphlets, etc. The issues for 1886 were forty different volumes of books and tracts with 3,156,000 pages, and ten periodicals containing 2,857,600 pages. We spent a delightful Sabbath at Lucknow, attending service in the morning at the English Church, of which the Rev. W. R. Clancy is pastor, and trying to preach in the same house in the evening.

One feature in the mission-work at Lucknow is the large number of Sunday-schools which have been established in various parts of the city. There are twenty-six of these schools with 2,075 scholars. There are over 22,000 children in the Sunday-schools of the North India Conference. There is a native Christian community in this city of 360, and during the year 1886 there were fifty-one baptisms, of which twenty-seven were adults, twenty-four being Hin-

doos, and three Mohammedans. The Centennial High School, of which the Rev. B. H. Badley is principal, is the largest school the Methodist Episcopal Church has in its foreign mission-fields, it having enrolled last year five hundred and forty pupils, of whom eighty were Christians, eighty Mohammedans, and the rest Hindoos.

We took tea at the Woman's Home, a splendid building at Lall Bagh, which was the first property ever bought by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of that Church, it having been purchased in 1871. Miss Thoburn and Miss Tinsley (now Mrs. Waugh) were first in charge here. Miss Devine now has charge of a large boarding-school for girls. Miss T. J. Kyle has charge of the zenana work, being assisted by four young Eurasians and eight native women. They visit regularly over three hundred zenanas, making the round in six weeks. There are thirty female missionaries at work in the bounds of the North India Conference, besides a large number of native women and Eurasians, and their work is developing wonderfully. I was greatly impressed with the earnestness and devotion of these missionaries, and left them with the conviction that they were doing a valuable work. In March last five hundred and sixty persons in one neighborhood in the North of Gonda District in this Conference received baptism within a fortnight.

In company with Mr. Clancy, we visited a number of opium-dens in Lucknow, and found to our surprise that they are as numerous and have as many frequenters as similar establishments at Shanghai and other Chinese cities. I had thought that this terrible vice was peculiar to the Chinese, but it is to-day the curse of India as it is of the Middle Kingdom. There are six large licensed shops in Lucknow, the smallest of which pays to the Government one hundred and eight rupees (about \$50) per month, and consumes in that length of time forty-four pounds of the

drug; while the largest pays a monthly license of as much as one hundred and twenty-five rupees. There were a large number of women with the men in these shops, which was worse than in China, as we saw no women in the dens there. What a burning outrage that the British Government sanctions and encourages this fearful vice, which is fatal to mind, soul, and body! It is said that many acquire the habit in childhood, the mothers giving it to their children to quiet them.

While riding through this city, we saw a fakir traveling to some shrine by measuring his length upon the ground. These fakirs, who are horrible-looking men with disheveled hair and naked bodies and painted breasts and foreheads, are the saints of the Mohammedan and Hindoo systems. While some of them wander from place to place, living on the alms of their worshipers, others establish themselves under some great banyan-tree or at some roadside shrine, and there receive the homage and offerings of the ignorant and superstitious people. Sometimes, like the one whom we saw, they will measure with their lengths the distance between two shrines or temples. This one was a miserable-looking object, covered with dust and mud, and accompanied by a crowd who were witnessing his feat. He would lay himself down flat on the road, his face in the dust, and, stretching himself to his full length, make a mark with his fingers. Then he would get up and, "toeing" that mark, lie down again; and by this painful and tedious process he proposed to make the entire journey, resting only at night.

The modern Lucknow is an enterprising city of 100,000 inhabitants, with a large paper-factory, two ice-factories, and two large flour-mills. It is the stronghold of Mohammedanism in India, and is said to have no less than a thousand mosques.

VII.

Agra and the Taj Mahal.

AKBAR, the greatest of the Mogul Emperors and the real founder of the Mogul Empire in India, was a contemporary of Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth, and was a man of great intellectual force and vigor. At the time when he was at the summit of his power his fame had spread over all the East, and attracted many to his court from Persia and other countries. Among those thus attracted was Khwaja Accas, a native of Western Tartary. He disposed of all his little patrimony to go to the famed court of the Great Mogul to seek his fortune, taking with him his wife and two sons. While crossing the Great Desert their stock of money gave out, and they were three days without food and at the point of starvation. While in this fearful condition, the wife gave birth to a daughter, whom the miserable parents agreed to abandon to its fate. But just as they were out of sight of the little mound of leaves which covered the infant, the maternal instinct became too strong to be resisted, and the poor mother, in an agony of grief, threw herself upon the ground, exclaiming, "My child! my child!" Accas could not resist the appeal, and returning for the child brought it to its mother's arms.

Soon afterward a caravan was seen coming toward them, which proved to belong to a wealthy merchant, who relieved their necessities, assisted them to Lahore, where Akbar then had his court, and even procured for Accas a position under the Mogul.

That little group of five filled a more important place in the history of India than any family which ever emigrated thither. The father became Prime Minister to Akbar, his name having been changed to Etnad-od-Doulah, and when he died, a wealthy and distinguished man, his daughter erected over him one of the most beautiful white marble tombs in India. That same daughter, the once deserted babe, grew to be one of the most beautiful and distinguished women in India; married Jehangir, one of the Mogul Emperors, and has been immortalized in Moore's "Lalla Rookh" as Noor Jehan, the "Light of the World." Her brother, Asuf Jan, became the father of the equally celebrated Mumtaj-i-Mahal, to whose memory her husband, Shah Jehan, built the matchless Taj Mahal.

This "crown of edifices," as its name signifies, is the most beautiful building in the world, a snow-white wonder, a dream in marble. Bishop Heber described it as designed by Titans and finished by jewelers, and it is unquestionably the most exquisite piece of workmanship which men have seen since Solomon erected his temple. It was designed for a tomb, but presents more the appearance of a lovely palace, and seems almost like "a building not made with hands."

On her death-bed, Mumtaj sent for the Emperor and made him promise not to marry again, and to build for her a tomb more beautiful than any the world had ever seen. He faithfully kept both vows, and had twenty thousand men employed for seventeen years in erecting this marvelous building, which cost fifteen million dollars when money was worth five times its present value. Undoubtedly Byzantine and Florentine artists were in the employment of Shah Jehan, and the design of the Taj is attributed to a Venetian named Geronimo Venomeo. It was finished in 1648, and is Saracenic in architecture. The whole building

without and within—dome, walls, ceiling, crypt, and towers—is of pure white marble, and adorned with every variety of precious stones. Every kingdom in the East was laid under tribute to furnish materials. The white marble was brought from Jeypore, the yellow from the banks of the Nerbudda, the black from Charkoh, jasper from the Punjab, crystal from China, cornelian from Bagdad, turquoise from Thibet, amethyst from Persia, diamonds from Poona, sapphires from Lanka, agate from Yemen, lapis lazuli from Ceylon, and coral from Arabia.

The garden in which the Taj is situated, on the banks of the sacred Jumna, is one of the most lovely in all the East, and is one thousand eight hundred and sixty feet long by more than one thousand feet wide. It is surrounded by a massive red sandstone wall fifteen feet high and more than a mile in circumference. At the entrance is a lofty red sandstone gate-way, itself a magnificent work of art and a worthy prelude to the matchless building beyond. This gate-way is surmounted by a kiosk at each corner, and between these are two rows of twenty-four white marble cupolas. Passing through this gate-way, before you stretches an avenue one thousand feet long and thirty-five feet wide, in the center of which is a miniature lake four hundred feet long and fifteen feet wide, in which are more than one hundred fountains. At the end of this vista rises the Taj, so striking in its beauty that you almost hold your breath as you gaze upon it. It rests upon two platforms, the lower one of red sandstone, one thousand feet wide, three hundred and sixty feet deep, and five feet high. At each corner of this terrace, or platform, there is an octagonal tower of red sandstone, surmounted by a white marble kiosk. In the center of this platform rises another terrace of white marble, four hundred feet square, with a graceful, slender minaret of the same material, one hundred and thirty-seven feet

high, at each corner. A beautiful mosque of red sandstone is on each side of the sandstone platform, equidistant from the marble terrace, and standing like sentinels to the wonderful shrine. The Taj is in the center of the marble terrace, facing the entrance, faultless in its symmetry and beauty, and crowned with a magnificent dome, seventy feet in diameter and eighty feet high, which seems to spring like a bubble out of the building itself and swells upward in stately beauty and splendor. The building is one hundred and eighty-six feet square, with the corners cut off so as to give it an octagonal appearance. It is two hundred and seventy-five feet from the marble platform to the golden crescent at the top of the spire. Sixteen slender turrets are around the walls, crowned with miniature domes and surrounding the great central dome. Minarets, towers, kiosks, and domes all have gilded spires, and any thing so fairy-like, so spotless, so graceful, so totally unlike any other creation of man, is to be found nowhere else upon the earth.

In order to have the full effect of this wonderful building, Mr. Palmore and I rose at four o'clock and drove out to it that we might see it first by moonlight. As the pure white building in its peerless beauty rose before us in the soft light of the full moon, it stole over our hearts like a strain of delicious music, or like the melody of sublime poetry. We climbed one of the lofty marble minarets and sat in the open cupola at the top for more than an hour, inexpressibly thrilled by the lovely vision before us. The view is photographed so indelibly upon my memory that I am sure no time can dim it. The impression produced by the Taj is perfectly bewitching, and you can gaze upon it for hours and continually find fresh beauties. These Hindoos, who worship every thing, would fall down in adoration before this marvelous structure if a Mohammedan had not built it. It is worth a pilgrimage to see, and is simply matchless and

faultless. "There is but one Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet," say these Mussulmans. So they might say, "There is but one Taj, and Shah Jehan was its builder." There never was and never can be another building like it.

While we watched and admired and spoke in low, soft tones, lest the beautiful vision, which seemed to float in the air like an autumn cloud, might pass away, from our lofty perch we saw the moon fade out and the sun rise in all his glory, transfiguring the wonderful building in sudden light. A purple glow seemed to rest upon it, and nothing this side of heaven can ever be half so beautiful. We came down from the tower, went through the beautiful rotunda whose walls are inlaid with precious stones, and into which the light streams through screens of open marble trellis-work; stood over the cenotaph, upon which the most beautiful flowers have been made with lapis lazuli, blood-stone, agate, coral, cornelian, and other jewels, and which is inclosed by a magnificent white marble screen six feet high, carved to represent delicate lace-work; tested the marvelous echo which sends back the human voice in strains of such melody that it seems as if angel bands had caught up the song and were prolonging it; descended into the vaults where are the real tombs, and where Shah Jehan sleeps beside his beloved Muntaj; climbed to the roof and up upon the great dome; and then descending, went down the paved avenue to a marble terrace which is midway between the Taj and the entrance, and sat there for two hours gazing upon the wonderful structure of which one never tires. And as I looked I found my eyes filling with unwonted tears, for nothing on earth is so suggestive of the Golden City, whose walls are pearls and whose gates are precious stones.

As we slowly and regretfully left the Taj and caught a last view of its marble domes and gilded spires, we thought how changed were all things in the once proud city of Shah

Jehan since the day when he wrote on the sarcophagus of his beloved Begum, "Deliver us from the tribe of unbelievers!" And as we had roused the wonderful echoes of the great rotunda with "Jesus, lover of my soul," and had offered up a prayer for the regeneration of India, beside the marble cenotaphs under the lofty dome, so we believe that one day every Moslem mosque and Hindoo temple will re-echo with Christian prayer and praise.

Agra is a well-built city, the best we had hitherto seen in India, and the people seemed industrious and prosperous. Brick and stone here take the place of mud as building materials, and many of the houses are even imposing in appearance. The people are much lighter in color than the Bengalese or the inhabitants of Southern India, and are evidently more intelligent. We happened there at the season when marriages are usually celebrated, and the first evening we were there we met no less than twenty marriage processions. In every case the bride and groom were under twelve years of age, and one little bride whom we saw tricked out in gorgeous paraphernalia was only six years old! These child marriages constitute one of the greatest evils now existing in India, and have filled the zenanas of that country with at least one hundred million poor, hopeless prisoners, who are doomed to a life of servitude and oppression. For these child marriages are not consummated for several years, and if, in the meantime, the husband dies the little widow goes into the zenana of her mother-in-law, becomes the slave of the household, and is never allowed to marry. No wonder that in the olden days they were willing to burn themselves on the funeral piles of their husbands to escape such a fate.

These marriage festivities are celebrated with great splendor, and sometimes a man will bankrupt himself to give his daughter a proper wedding-feast. We saw one

wedding-feast in progress which would cost the father at least one hundred and fifty rupees. His wages were eight rupees per month, and he had borrowed the money from his banker, promising to pay back a small amount with a high rate of interest each month. He never expected to get out of debt during his life, and his son would probably inherit it, and possibly it would never be paid, but he was forced to comply with an inexorable custom in order to maintain his caste and his respectability.

We passed the house of a wealthy merchant who was celebrating the marriage of his son. A great crowd had gathered in front of the house and blocked the street, waiting for the silver which is thrown by handfuls into the crowd when the wealth of the happy father justifies such an expenditure. If he cannot afford this, then gifts of fruit, cocoa-nuts, etc., are distributed amongst the crowd.

Much tawdry finery is displayed in the processions. Music, banners, and transparencies come first; then follow the friends, walking or riding, bearing in their midst the little groom on a gaily caparisoned horse; and lastly comes a richly decorated palanquin with closely drawn curtains, in which is borne the poor little bride. Sometimes a number of Nautch girls, with tinkling anklets and bracelets and dressed in gaudy colors, form part of the procession. We met one of this description, and, seeing that we were strangers, they stopped, formed a circle, and gave us a regular Nautch dance in the middle of the street. We have not witnessed, since leaving home, so gay a scene as the streets of Agra presented that night. But our hearts were sad as we thought of the poor little girls doomed to a life of slavery and despair, for they are at once separated from their homes and families and taken to the houses of their husbands. A lady missionary told me that one day she found one of her little six-year-old pupils crying as if her heart

would break, and, inquiring the cause, was told that her parents were going to marry her next week into a family whom she did not know; and sure enough the next week the little one was torn from family and friends and never allowed again to see her home or those whom she loved.

The great fort of Akbar and the marble palace of Shah Jehan at Agra are unsurpassed in all India. The spirit of these Orientals found expression in cool marble halls and splashing fountains; in great screens of marble lace-work and rich mosaics of jeweled flowers; in swelling domes and lofty turrets; in superb ornamentation and elegant carvings that have never been surpassed. As we wandered through the now silent halls where suitors had laid gold and perfume at the feet of sovereigns; as we thought of the pomp and magnificence which had surrounded the court of the old Moguls; as we stood in the marble octagonal bedroom overhanging the Jumna where Shah Jehan had his couch brought when he was dying, so that his last earthly look might rest upon the Taj where his beloved Mumtaj lay sleeping; as we saw in imagination the plain below filled with the great throng that came every morning to greet their sovereign, with their spears and silver maces, the procession of elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquins of the princes, and the close litters of the noble ladies; we realized more than ever before how little and vain a thing is all human pomp and power, and how surely they are destined to pass away.

The Pearl Mosque, built by Shah Jehan within the fort, is a perfect gem of the purest white marble, with exquisite carvings and so absolutely faultless in harmony and design that it seems to breathe the very spirit of devotion and prayer. You enter a great quadrangle some two hundred feet square, paved with marble and with a great marble font in the center, on three sides of which is a graceful open

colonnade. On the east, facing the entrance and occupying the whole side of the quadrangle, with massive marble columns and graceful springing arches, is the most beautiful mosque in all the world, the interior of purest white marble without one tint of coloring, but with the most graceful carvings of fruits and flowers. Involuntarily you think as you enter it, "The pure in heart shall see God," and you feel that it is a desecration for any but the true and living God to be worshiped in such a temple.

At Secundra, five miles from Agra, is the tomb of Akbar, the Magnificent, the greatest of the Moguls and the third from Tamerlane. The tomb is approached through a magnificent gate-way of red sandstone with inlaid marble and inwrought passages from the Koran. It is flanked on either side by a beautiful round tower of white marble, the upper part of both having been shot off by the Jots. Three hundred yards off rises the tomb, a great irregular building or rather mass of buildings, rising in successive towers and minarets for five stories to the flat roof. Entering the door-way, you descend a long, dark passage over slippery flag-stones to an immense round chamber with a vaulted dome rising one hundred feet overhead, the only light to the rotunda being admitted through the passage. In the center is the marble sarcophagus, without ornament or inscription, containing the dust of the dead monarch. Ascending by five long flights of stairs to the summit, you enter an open, marble-paved court on the roof, one hundred feet square and surrounded by a light and elegant marble corridor ten feet wide and twenty feet high, with thirty-six marble pillars supporting the roof by Romanesque arches, the summit of the roof being crowned at the four angles with graceful marble cupolas some twenty feet high. In the center of this court is a marble platform forty feet square and eighteen inches high, in the middle of which is

the white marble cenotaph of Akbar, covered with the most beautiful marble carving I have ever seen. Amidst the exquisite tracery of vines and flowers are the ninety-nine Mohammedan names of the Deity in Arabic. At the head of the cenotaph, and a few feet from it, is an elaborate marble urn three feet high, which was formerly surmounted by a miniature golden dome, crowned at the top by the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond. This "Mountain of Light" has had a remarkable history. Originally found in the mines of Golconda, in Southern India, it long adorned the hideous idol of Orissa. Taken from thence by Akbar and worn in his crown, it flamed like a sentinel at the head of his tomb. The Persian conqueror, Nadah Shah, robbed the tomb and took the precious jewel to Delhi. There Runjet Singh, the great Mahratta chieftain, found it and carried it to his palace at Lahore when he became the conqueror of India, and he in turn was compelled to yield it up to British power, and it now glitters in the crown of Queen Victoria, sovereign of Great Britain and Empress of India.

We left Agra in a blaze of light. The city was brilliantly illuminated in honor of Queen Victoria's semi-centennial; bands were playing, soldiers were marching, fireworks were making the night beautiful, and the whole populace seemed to be in a whirlwind of joy. Thus do men persuade themselves that they love their chains.

VIII.

Delhi and the Punjab.

DELHI, for centuries the proudest capital of the Mogul Empire, has played a most important part in the history of India, and is a city full of interest to the traveler. The present city was built by Shah Jehan, but within a circle of twenty miles there are the ruins of no less than six Delhis, each dynasty, instead of occupying the same site, having founded a new city and leaving the capital of his predecessor to crumble into dust. So that the vast plain is strewn with the ruins and debris of splendid cities which connect ages lying far back of the Christian era with to-day. It has been truly said that "Delhi has been the stage of greatness—men the actors, ambition the prompter, and centuries the audience."

Delhi, although declining, is still one of the most splendid cities of Northern India, and its principal streets are full of busy life, representing all the strange varieties of human beings that make up an Indian capital. The principal street, the *Chandni Chowk*, is one hundred and twenty feet wide, with a broad terrace or promenade, shaded by trees in the center, and is daily the scene of more strictly Asiatic display than any other street in India. It is lined on either side with shops and arcades, and with its loaded trains of solemn camels, gaily caparisoned elephants, richly decorated Arabian horses, and crowds of natives in all the various costumes of the interior of Asia, it transports one back to the barbaric splendor of the old days of the Mogul dynasty.

The palace of Shah Jehan here at Delhi is the most splendid in India, and perhaps in the world. In this palace is the famous *Diwan-i-khas*, or hall of private audience, which contained the Peacock Throne, which cost thirty millions sterling (one hundred and fifty million dollars), and which the world has never seen any thing like save the "Ivory Throne" of Solomon. By the way, Solomon imported from this fabulously rich country his "ivory and apes and peacocks."

The *Diwan-i-khas* rests on an elevated marble terrace, and is itself an open marble pavilion, resting on massive pillars of marble and moresque arches, with a graceful cupola at each angle. The richest designs are worked into the marble, the fruits and flowers being represented by gems, such as amethysts, cornelian, lapis lazuli, garnet, topaz, etc. It is seventy by ninety feet, and is the most magnificent audience-chamber that monarch could desire. One end opens on a beautiful flower-garden and the other on the Jumna, while it is flanked on either side by open marble-paved courts. In the center of this magnificent hall stood the famous Peacock Throne—a throne of solid gold six feet long and four feet broad, inlaid with precious stones, and surmounted by a gold canopy, supported by twelve pillars of the same material. Around the canopy hung a fringe of pearls, while the back of the throne was a representation of the expanded tail of a peacock, the natural colors of which were represented by sapphires, rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and other brilliant gems. The richest gems of Golconda were here disposed by the most skillful hands of Europe. Inside the entrance of the *khas*, on a slab of alabaster, is the Persian couplet quoted by Moore in "*Lalla Rookh*:"

If there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

When Nadir Shah, the Persian, invaded Hindostan, he carried off this famous Peacock Throne, with an almost incredible amount of other treasures. It is said that he was so enriched with the spoils of Delhi that he gave three months' pay to every soldier in his army, and remitted a year's taxation throughout the whole Persian Empire.

The crown worn by the Great Mogul was worthy of this throne and hall. It had twelve points, each surmounted by a diamond of the purest water, while the central point terminated in a single pearl of extraordinary size, the whole being worth over ten million dollars. Put this on his head, and the Koh-i-noor diamond on his brow, and seat him on his Peacock Throne in his magnificent khas, surrounded by Mohammedan princes, and by turbaned and jeweled rajahs, and you have the wildest dream of Oriental splendor realized. On the birthday of the great Mogul, he was weighed in golden scales twelve times against gold, silver, perfumes, and other valuables, the whole of which was then divided among the spectators.

But all this magnificence is now a thing of the past, and as we wandered through these splendid halls and richly ornamented marble rooms, we were ready to re-echo the exclamation of Bishop Heber, who so fully appreciated the taste and skill exhibited in the gorgeous buildings of India: "These Patans built like giants, and finished their work like jewelers." Some idea of the splendor of this palace may be gathered from the royal baths, which were rooms of the purest white marble, with inlaid borders of precious stones, marble floors and tanks, and a perfumed fountain in the center of each room.

The *Motee Masjid*, or Pearl Mosque, is an exquisite little gem, a miniature of the Pearl Mosque at Agra, and which was for the exclusive use of the Emperor and the inmates of his seraglio. The entrance is by a massive bronze door

through a marble archway into an open marble-paved quadrangle forty feet square, with a fountain in the center, and surrounded by a marble wall twenty feet high, surmounted by a crinolated top with twelve turrets and a miniature kiosk at each corner, all terminating in gilt pinnacles. The mosque is open on the side next to the court, and the ascent to it is by three pairs of marble steps. It is twenty-five by forty feet, with magnificent marble columns, capitals, and architraves, all beautifully carved in vines and flowers. It is surmounted by a wonderfully symmetrical central dome and two smaller ones on each side, the three looking like great snowy bubbles. The only furniture in the mosque is a small marble dais, with three steps leading up to it. It is the most exquisite and elaborate mosque in the world, though not so impressive as the Pearl Mosque at Agra.

The *Jumna Musjid*, the grandest mosque in the East, which owes its construction to Shah Jéhan, that great builder of cities, tombs, palaces, and mosques, stands on an elevated terrace which is reached by a long flight of broad marble steps. Its paved court, four hundred and fifty feet square, is surrounded on three sides by a colonnade of red sandstone with a marble pavilion at each corner. Three white marble domes of noble proportions, a hundred and fifty feet in height, surrounded by minarets and crowned with gilt spires, surmount the edifice, while a multitude of spires, minarets, and turrets are on the gate-ways and walls. The mosque is built principally of red sandstone, but is freely inlaid with white marble, and is an imposing and striking building, overlooking from its lofty platform the whole city.

Eleven miles from Delhi, standing like a sentinel among the ruins of tombs, gate-ways, palaces, mosques, and masonry, is one of the most remarkable monuments of India. It is called the *Kootub Minar*, and is a *campanile* more impos-

ing than Giotto's famous tower. It has been well said that what the Taj is among the tombs this is among the towers of the earth, for there is nothing like it in its beautiful proportions, chaste embellishments, and exquisite finish. It is a fluted column of red stone two hundred and forty feet in height, more than one hundred feet in circumference at the base, and gradually diminishing to forty feet at the summit. It is divided into five stories by projecting balconies, and adorned with colossal inscriptions in bold relief. It was erected about the year 1210 A.D., by Kootub-ud-din, Sultan of Delhi, who was the first of the dynasty which is known in history as that of the Slave Kings, and though it has stood for so many centuries not the least crack in the masonry can be discovered, either inside or outside. It is supposed to have been designed as one of the two minars of a mosque which in size and splendor was to be peerless on the earth as a place of worship, and we can readily see from this single shaft that, had the design been completed, it would have been all its princely projector intended in that respect.

Near the Kootub stands a remarkable iron column which has proved an enigma to all archæologists. It is sixteen inches in diameter, and about sixty feet in length, the greater part of it being below ground. It is supposed to be at least fifteen hundred years old, and to have been erected by Rajah Dhava. An inscription in Sanskrit gives this legend: The Rajah dreamed one night that his enemies from a neighboring Raj were coming to destroy his power, and take his dominions. At the instigation of his family, he consulted a Brahman, who told him that the calamity might be averted if he would make a pillar of different metals—iron, brass, gold, silver, tin, etc.,—and put this pillar on the head of the dragon. This column was the result, and it is still smooth and clean, showing no signs of decay.

The metals of which it is composed were so fused and amalgamated that it defies all oxidation, and the characters engraved upon it are as clear and distinct as when first cut by the chisel of the engraver.

All around the Kootub and this iron pillar is strewn a wilderness of ruins, among which live the peasants of the land. Splendid broken arches that once belonged to the palaces of kings are now the door-ways to their mud huts, and magnificent marble columns which once adorned the mosques of Indian princes now support the thatched roofs that shelter naked Hindoos; and through the jungles, where were once the streets of populous cities, wild beasts now roam, and jackals and hyenas howl.

From Delhi we went to Umritsar, the Sacred City of the Sikhs, a clean, well-built, walled city of nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, composed principally of Sikhs, Hindoos, Mohammedans, and Cashmiris. These people of the Punjab—the land of the five rivers—are tall and light, with picturesque costumes, and a debonair air about them which is very attractive. The women wear bifurcated garments, and the most enormous ear-rings and nose-rings that I have ever seen. Carpet and shawl manufacturing is extensively carried on here. Down a back alley, reeking with foul stenches, in a kind of shed, we found some workmen weaving beautiful Cashmere plush carpets that were worth ten dollars per yard.

The Sikhs were originally a mixed community of Rajputs, Jats, and other races, who were formed into a religious brotherhood about the end of the fifteenth century by a famous prophet named Nanuk Guru. Their religious faith is a strange combination of Mohammedanism and Hindooism, and they have been greatly persecuted by both sects. In many respects they are superior to all the other races of India. Their famous Golden Temple, the most sacred place

to them in the world, is situated at Umritsar in the midst of a vast tank. It is a small building, the exterior being covered with a thin layer of gold, causing it to present a very striking appearance. Five hundred priests are attached to this temple, and are constantly engaged in the various offices of their peculiar worship.

At Lahore, the old gate-way to India, we reached the northern limit of our travels in the Land of the Vedas. We had traveled through India from north to south, nearly two thousand miles, and were now on the confines of Afghanistan, only three days' travel from the Vale of Cashmere.

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave;
Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

From the summit of the fort at Lahore we could see the mountains of Cashmere glistening like shimmering thrones of everlasting snow, and as we looked, like Bunyan, we "wished we were there." It was here at Lahore that Lal-la Rookh was tendered so magnificent a reception on her way to Cashmere. She was the daughter of Aurengzebe, one of the Moguls, and was pledged in marriage to Aliris, the young king of Bucharia, in whose favor his father abdicated, the latter wishing to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. A magnificent caravan accompanied the bride from Delhi through Lahore to the Vale of Cashmere, the Rajahs and Omras who formed this retinue scattering munificent gifts to the people. By some curious machinery rich confectionery and fruit were also showered upon the multitude. The whole city turned out to see the gorgeous procession, and she was followed to the city gate by the chief of the nobility, and long lines of beautiful boys and girls who waved over their heads plates of gold and silver flowers.

Lahore is one of the most ancient and famous cities of

India, and was one of the splendid capitals of the Mogul dynasty. No historian has attempted to give the date of its origin, and no less than four Lahores have risen successively upon the old foundations. It was flourishing and populous at the time of Alexander's invasion, 326 B.C., and Hindoo tradition makes its origin divine, and declares that Loh, the elder son of Rama, was its founder. It was to me one of the most interesting cities of India—if indeed it can be called an Indian city—for its streets and bazaars are thronged with rude, long-haired, Afghan horse-traders and fruit-venders, Cashmerean shawl-merchants, tall Sikhs, white Circassians, and natives of the wild, interlying territory between India and the boundaries of Europe. Many a new and strange type of humanity stares you in the face as you saunter along the streets as much an object of curiosity to them as they are to you.

The fort at Lahore, as at Agra, Delhi, and other Indian cities, is not according to our idea of a fort, but is a group of historic buildings, palaces, etc. There are armories, great courts, trees, marble pavilions, and mosques where Emperors prayed. Here is the great Akbar's palace, extending a distance of five hundred feet, and which was enlarged by Shah Jehan and Aurengzebe. Then there is a Palace of Mirrors, where room after room is covered with a succession of miniature mirrors, and you are reflected from a thousand surfaces, while the great hall, twenty by seventy feet, also has the roof and walls entirely of mirrors, with wainscoting of marble. On one side is a marble pavilion inlaid with gems from the richest mines of the Eastern world.

One of the most interesting places in the fort was the armory, which contained a collection of all the varied weapons which had formerly been used in Indian warfare. Many of them were of antique fashion and of superb work-

manship, curious in design, and intended to do faithful work. Maces with rusty iron spikes; great kettle-drums by which Mogul and Sikh marched to victory; whole garments of flexible steel chains; swords with double edges, which only a strong arm could lift; great axes that were never meant to fell trees, but only men; curious pistols of the most primitive description; small cannon for mounting on the backs of camels; instruments of torture for pulling out fingers; terrible daggers which seemed but one, yet had the secret power, when the thrust is made, of unfolding themselves into two, and thus do fearful work. All these and many other weapons we looked at until they made our flesh creep, and we were glad to get back among living men.

We visited the tombs of Baber, the great founder of the Mogul dynasty; of Jehangir, whose wife, Noor Mahal, "The Light of the Harem," has been immortalized by Moore; and of Runjeet Singh, the Lion of Lahore, where, under a dome of convex mirrors supported by eight double marble columns with a cluster of eight additional marble columns at each angle, is a marble canopy; and under this canopy is a large covered urn surrounded by eleven smaller ones, which contain the ashes of the great Sikh chieftain and his four wives and seven concubines, who were burned with him.

The native town of Lahore presents a strange admixture of architecture. Some of the houses are two and three stories high, fantastically carved and painted, with ornamental balconies and projecting windows framed in lattice-work. Sometimes mud hovels adjoined these, and in the narrow, unpaved streets were open bazaars, where the vendors sat on the ground with their wares around them. There is a fine museum, some interesting mosques, some curious ruins of old palaces and temples, and an old wall

against which armies stormed in the ages long since past, when the hordes came sweeping down from the steppes of Asia to battle for the possession of India.

The modern Lahore, where the English dwell, is a splendid city with street-cars, fine villas, a magnificent college, a Young Men's Christian Association building, churches, hotels, fine drives, and beautiful gardens and orchards. The old India is rapidly passing away, and our modern civilization is metamorphosing the Land of the Vedas.

IX.

Two Strange Cities.

IN most countries, the cities are much alike, and one city will stand for a representative of all. But it is not so in India; each city has interesting and peculiar features all its own, different from those of all the rest. Although we had seen thirteen of the great cities of this wonderful country, from Madura, in the far south, to Lahore, on the confines of Afghanistan, we found Jeypore and Bombay no less interesting and curious than those we visited when we first landed near Cape Comorin.

Jeypore is indeed unique; there is no other city like it in India, or in the world. It is reputed to be the finest native city in the country, and it is certainly the cleanest and most inviting-looking Indian city which we saw. It is the capital of a small independent "Raj," about the size of the State of Missouri, the British not having yet annexed it. It is governed by a Maharajah, the present prince being a young man twenty-eight years old. He has four wives, and keeps up a considerable establishment about his palace, which we visited. His stables were, however, more interesting than his palace, and we were well repaid for a walk through them. He has three hundred saddle-horses and two hundred carriage-horses, with a separate groom for each steed. There were many very beautiful Arab horses here, their hair as glossy as satin, and with forms that were the very ideal of equine grace and beauty. Their grooms told us that they fed them on sugar and grain. The Ma-

harajah also has one hundred elephants, eighty for riding and twenty for fighting.

Jeypore is the strangest mixture of the Orient and the Occident to be found in India. The streets are exceptionally wide and clean, and lined with long rows of pink and white houses, built after all styles of strange architecture. The Prince has several palaces, six and eight stories high, and also a mint, arsenal, hospital, observatory, public library, musical conservatory, academy of fine arts, museum, etc. The finest building in the city, however, is the Prince Albert Hall, a magnificent marble palace which is being erected in the beautiful public gardens. It will cost, when completed, eight lacs of rupees (two hundred and eighty thousand dollars), the money for this purpose having been given by the late Maharajah. On the walls of the corridors of this building are aphorisms taken from "Indian Wisdom," of which the following are specimens: "He has all health who has a mind contented." "To one whose foot is covered with a shoe, the earth appears carpeted with leather." "There is no religion higher than truth." "High-minded men delight in doing good without a thought of their own interest." "Do naught to others which if done to thee would cause thee pain; this is the sum of duty." These are noble sentiments to emanate from a heathen source.

Elephants and camels were as common on the streets of Jeypore as are horses in our American cities, and in almost every street we entered there were half a dozen elephants in sight, each one of whom was larger than Jumbo, with "howdahs" on their backs, in which would be seated a number of natives. Then there would come a long string of camels with great bales of merchandise, or packs of wood, or huge stones, bearing their burdens as patiently as the sad-faced women who are their companions in burden-bear-

ing throughout the entire East. Tigers, leopards, monkeys, wild elephants, and other wild animals are abundant in this neighborhood, the tiger especially being hunted and feared, as he is the sworn enemy of the natives. It is said that when the tiger once gets a taste of human flesh he will be satisfied with no other food, and it is by no means uncommon for a man to be eaten by one of these ferocious animals in this locality. Hence the natives set ingenious traps for them, and often capture them, receiving a bounty for each one caught. The trap is made by digging a hole in the ground in the path where a tiger has been tracked, and covering it with branches and leaves. This animal, having once made a path through the jungle, will always take the same route, and hence he is easily caught in this manner. Having fallen into this hole, which is generally some fifteen feet deep, he is kept there without food until nearly starved and so weakened that he can be secured without difficulty. He is then caged, and when in a short time restored by food and water to his normal condition, his rage and ferocity know no bounds. We saw seven of these man-eating tigers which had been secured in this way, and as we passed in front of their cages they would spring against the iron bars with unearthly roars and open jaws, as though we would be but a morsel for them. We could not help looking a little anxiously to see how stout the bars were. One of these tigers had eaten ten men, and had been caught twenty-five miles north of Jeypore. These animals had the most cruel expression in their eyes that I have ever seen or imagined. I confess that I was glad to get out of their vicinity.

A few miles from Jeypore is the royal summer palace of Ambar, and having obtained the necessary permission from the Maharajah to visit it, he sent one of his elephants to take us thither. The elephant was a large, docile creature, richly caparisoned in scarlet and yellow, with a "Mahout" astride

his mighty neck, who had in his hand a pointed hook with which to prod the gigantic beast. The animal stands in mortal dread of this instrument, and it was amusing as well as pathetic to see how he obeyed. At the command "Baitho," he meekly folded his hind legs and stretched his fore legs forward, lowering his body to the earth, when a ladder of ten steps was set against his side and we climbed up to the howdah. Then he heaved majestically aloft, pitching you backward unless you held on tightly, and with another heave, which threw you forward, he was on his feet. Then he started, and the movement resembled a prolonged earthquake. As "Josh Billings" says about something else, "a little of it goes a long ways," and while it was quite an experience to have an elephant-ride of some ten miles, I have no desire to repeat the experience. It may best be compared to a vessel pitching in a head sea, and I have heard of the ride making persons seasick, though it had no such effect on any of our party.

We rode seven hundred miles from Jeypore to Bombay, being three days and nights on the journey. There are no sleeping-cars in India, but every one carries his own pillows and bedding, and we slept very comfortably on our improvised couches. All the railroad station-houses along this route have white domes like mosques, and many of the dwelling-houses are similarly built. At Abu Road I counted six large domes on the depot building. There are also beautiful little flower-gardens at every station. The railway system of India now embraces about ten thousand miles, and is being rapidly extended every year. The road-beds are all finely ballasted, and iron cross-ties are used altogether. The trains are run strictly on time, and I do not remember that we were five minutes late during our entire trip in India, except once when going to Darjeeling.

While Calcutta is the political capital of India, Bombay

is its commercial metropolis, and there is necessarily a sense of rivalry between the two places. They are situated on opposite sides of the peninsula, some two thousand miles apart, Calcutta being on the Bay of Bengal, and Bombay on the Sea of Arabia. But the opening of the Suez canal, and the constant communication with England by the Red Sea route, has given a great impetus to the latter city, and it is growing rapidly. It forms the western gate-way to India, and is destined to be the great city of that country. It has nine hundred thousand inhabitants, and is already the second city in the British Empire. With its admirable location, and its direct communication with the richest parts of the country, its supremacy is assured, and its manufacturing interests will assist in the maintenance of its position.

Bombay is situated on a small island of the same name on the Malabar coast, commanding the finest harbor on the Eastern seas, and looking over the Sea of Arabia toward Muscat and Madagascar, the Persian Gulf, and the Red Sea. It was taken by the Portuguese after the capture of Goa, in the early part of the sixteenth century, and was afterward made over to the English as part of the dowry of Catherine on her marriage with Charles II. Like Calcutta, it derives its name from a Hindoo deity, Momba Davi, in whose honor one of the largest temples in the city is erected. Bombay is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. All the tribes of Hindostan are represented in its multifarious population, and Hindoos, Mussulmans, Parsees, Indo-Britons, Indo-Portuguese, Europeans of every nation, Americans, Chinese, and natives of all the countries of Western Asia, jostle each other on the streets. If Tennyson's "Parliament of man" ever convenes, it should be in this princely city of the Indies. The costumes of the people are gay and varied beyond description, and the sea of red, yellow, blue, white, green, and purple turbans remind you

of the shifting colors of a kaleidoscope. A wide esplanade separates the charmed quarters surrounding the Elphinstone Circle—the Wall Street and the “hub” of Bombay, where the Europeans “most do congregate”—from the native quarters. In this latter, which are densely thronged with a busy multitude, arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow, the houses are of brick from three to six stories high, with steep tiled roofs, the lower stories being used for shops and bazaars, while the upper floors swarm with women and children.

Bombay boasts some magnificent buildings, and the European portion of it is a stately city, with broad streets, fine squares ornamented with statuary and fountains, splendid avenues and drives, and sumptuous bungalows. There is no more delightful drive in the world than that along the base of the Malabar Hill, with the Arabian Sea spread out before you, and the broad avenue lined with oleanders, magnolias, jasmines, verbenas, roses, and orange and lemon trees. A little back from this thoroughfare stand the villas and elegant residences of the Europeans, Parsees, and rich native merchants, the buildings embowered in foliage, tropical plants, and tall palms.

The Parsees of Bombay number about one hundred thousand, and represent a large portion of the wealth of the city. They are the bankers and money-changers of the East, and are the most enterprising people of India. They are the last of an ancient race, and are the descendants of the followers of Zoroaster, who were banished from Persia twelve centuries ago, choosing rather to leave their native land than forsake the faith of their fathers. Through all these centuries they have preserved their individuality as strikingly as have the Jews, and a Parsee can be recognized anywhere. But their chief glory lies in the fact that they are the lineal descendants of the men who marched

under the banners of Cyrus and Darius, and profess the religion of the wise men with whom Daniel was associated, and of the mysterious strangers who came from the East to bring offerings to the cradle of the world's infant Redeemer and King. Still farther back, before the great Aryan family left its ancestral home, a comparatively pure faith was held by the common ancestors of the Hindoo, the Persian, and the Englishman. How strange it is that after these four thousand years of change, these three races, descendants of a common stock, should again meet and dwell together on the soil of India!

The Zoroastrians have greatly departed from the primitive faith, and have engrafted Magism and other ideas on the original stock, until the modern Parsees worship as their deities earth, air, fire, and water. Among these ancient Magians, the Zoroastrians found one singular custom to which the Parsees still adhere. They could not adopt any of the usual methods of disposing of their dead without doing violence to their religious scruples. As the corpse was considered unclean, to bury it would be to pollute the sacred element of earth; to burn it would be to profane the most sacred of all the elements, and to throw it into the sea or river would be profanation to that element. So the custom was adopted of exposing the bodies to be devoured by carrion-eating birds—a method to which the Parsees still conform.

We visited these "Towers of Silence," as they are called, on Malabar Hill, where their dead are exposed by the Parsees. This is a high hill overlooking the city and the sea, and commanding a magnificent view. Ascending a flight of stone steps, we found ourselves in a beautiful garden with graveled walks, flowers, luxuriant tropical plants, and showing every evidence of taste and culture. Near the entrance were two small temples—one a mortuary temple

where brief funeral services are held, and the other a place of worship where the sacred fire is ever kept burning. Beyond this garden lie the five towers, great round structures of stone and cement, three hundred feet in circumference and one hundred feet high. Inside there is a circular platform about half-way from the top, paved with large stone slabs well cemented, and divided into three rows of shallow, open receptacles, corresponding with the three moral precepts of the Zoroastrian religion—"good deeds," "good words," "good thoughts." The first row is for males, the second for females, and the third for children. The clothes of the corpses are removed and thrown into a large tank, on the principle that "naked we came into the world, naked we go out." Steps lead up from the outside to a door opening on the platform, up which the official corpse-bearers—none others are allowed to approach nearer than one hundred feet—take the body, strip it, lay it upon the platform, and then leave it. Hundreds of hideous vultures fill the palm-trees and wait and watch for their awful meals on the cornices of the towers. As soon as a body is left exposed they gather from all over the hill, swoop down upon it, and in a little while the corpse is stripped of its flesh. This hideous part of the performance is not visible to the spectators, but the re-appearance of the gorged birds within an hour is only too significant of what transpired within the silent and gloomy inclosure. When the bones of the denuded skeleton are perfectly dry, they are thrown into a deep central well in the tower, the sides and bottom of which are paved with stone slabs, where they are allowed to crumble into dust.

While we were in the garden we were so fortunate as to witness one of their funerals. The pall-bearers came first, bearing on a white bier a body covered with a white cloth. Behind walked a long procession of mourners, relatives, and

friends, dressed in flowing white robes, marching in pairs, each couple joined hand in hand by holding a white handkerchief between them in token of sympathetic grief. As soon as the procession entered the garden the vultures came flying from all quarters to the tower toward which they were going, and soon the top was lined with the terrible birds, eager for their horrible feast. The procession approached to within the prescribed distance of the tower, halted, went through some brief ceremonies, and then the bearers carried the corpse within the tower. Their re-appearance was the signal for the vultures to swoop down and begin their work.

This all seems horrible to us, but here is what the Parsees say: "The vultures (nature's scavengers) do their work much more expeditiously than millions of insects would do if dead bodies were buried in the ground. By this rapid process, putrefaction, with all its concomitant evils, is most effectually prevented." The Parsees thus summarize their faith: The soul is immortal. Men and women are free moral agents, and are responsible to the great Creator for their acts and deeds. In proportion to their good or bad acts and deeds they meet with rewards or punishments in the next world. Pious and virtuous persons meet with happiness, but the wicked and sinful suffer pain and misery.

Another unique institution which we visited in Bombay—the only one of its kind I suppose in the world—was the "Pingrapole," or asylum for old, wounded, sick, and infirm animals and birds. Here were found all kinds of animals, suffering from all kinds of afflictions, cared for as tenderly as though they were human beings in a well-regulated hospital. The establishment is about fifty years old, and owes its origin to a philanthropic Hindoo, who endowed it at his death with eight lacs of rupees. The yards and buildings cover about two acres in the heart of the native quarter of the city, and every necessary arrangement seems to be made

for the comfort of the inmates. Here were old, spavined, bony horses, some with one leg gone. A large house was filled with a multitude of pigeons, chickens, and rabbits, all either old and decrepid or suffering from some malady. About a hundred curs of high and low degree were in a great pen or cage, who set up a howl as soon as we came in sight, which increased until it was perfectly deafening as we approached nearer. I have never in my life heard such a dog chorus, and hope never to again. In the ophthalmic ward were a hundred blind cattle. In the surgical ward was another lot of about two hundred cattle with legs gone or with broken or deformed legs. No animal carried there for treatment is ever returned. Charity patients or animals picked up on the streets are taken care of free, but if the owner brings an old or diseased horse he is required to pay twenty-five rupees as an admittance fee. Two rupees are charged for a cow or bullock, and two rupees for taming a dog, the latter being the only animal which it is permitted to take out. There is a free animal dispensary, and a surgeon and about fifty men are employed in the establishment. There are three branch establishments near Bombay.

We devoted one day to a visit to the celebrated Rock Caves of Elephanta, which are on an island about six miles in circumference, situated some ten miles from the city. These caves are excavated from the solid rock, and, like similar ones in other portions of Western India, are supposed to be the deserted temples of a by-gone and forgotten age. The approach from the sea is by a long flight of nearly a thousand stone steps, and the entrance is through magnificent door-ways cut in the face of the precipice. The principal cave is one hundred and fifty feet long, by one hundred and twenty feet wide, the roof being supported by some twenty massive pillars cut out of the rock. All around

the sides of the great cave are groups of figures of Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, and their attendants. Three groups occupy the entire south end of the cave. The central figure represents a pair of giant shoulders from which spring three great heads. This piece is fifteen feet wide and twenty feet high. On either side there are two central colossal figures twenty feet high and naked, surrounded by smaller figures of worshipers, some of which are kneeling. There are twenty-three of these smaller figures in the right-hand group.

To the right of the entrance, but wholly within the cave, is a small chapel which contains only, in the center, an immense stone *Lingam*, the universal symbol of Brahmanism. A similar chapel opens into the larger cave. There are several smaller caves similar in construction to the large ones. All these cavities, with the figures, pillars, etc., were hewn out of the solid rock.

Most writers attribute these cave-temples to the Buddhists, but to my mind it is very clear that they are Brahmanistic, and probably antedate the era of Buddhism. When that great reformation swept over India, driving out Brahmanism for a time, these temples in common with other Hindoo temples were deserted, and have never been used since, standing there in their silence and desolation a witness of the civilization and religion of a by-gone age. No Phallic symbol is ever seen in a Buddhist temple, and the fact that one is found here proves its Hindoo origin, which is corroborated by the numerous representations of the Hindoo trinity.

X.

Life in India and the Orient.

WE are apt to think and speak of India as one country with one language and one race of men, whereas in reality it is composed of a number of nations, speaking twenty-three different languages, and devoted to various faiths and forms of civilization. It has more states, languages, and people than all Europe, having over two hundred and fifty different dialects. The peninsula is an inverted triangle, and is about two thousand miles from Cape Comorin, on the south, to the northern limits of the Punjab. It is two days by rail from Tuticorin, near the equator, to Madras, four days by steamer up the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta, and then two days more by rail before you get into the farther part of the north-west provinces. It is nineteen hundred miles from east to west at the widest point, and has every diversity of soil and climate, from the hills of the Punjab to the vast alluvial plain of Bengal, and from the snows of the Himalayas to the hot, jungly swamps of the south. It is divided into two hundred and twenty-one British districts, and one hundred and fifty-three feudatory states, with a total population of two hundred and fifty millions. The average density of the population to the square mile is one hundred and thirty-five persons, though in Oude and Rohilcund the density is four hundred and seventy-four, and three hundred and sixty-one respectively, and therefore, is probably the most compact population in the world, England having three hundred and sixty-seven, and

the United States only twenty-six persons to the square mile. The province of Bengal alone is nearly five times as large as the State of New York, and supports a population as numerous as that of the United States. This province is known throughout the East as the Garden of Eden. The Ganges flows through it, and on the banks of this sacred stream are the holiest shrines, the richest marts, and the most populous cities of India. As this river rushes through a hundred channels to the sea, it has formed a vast plain of rich mold, which is one of the most fertile spots on earth. Sugar-cane, Indian corn, spices, cotton, millet, and the vegetable oils are produced in great abundance, and under proper conditions and cultivation this province alone could support the entire population of India.

There are in India 187,937,450 Hindoos, 50,121,585 Mohammedans, 6,426,511 nature worshipers, 3,418,884 Buddhists, 1,862,334 Christians, 1,853,426 Sikhs, and 1,221,895 Jains. The nature worshipers represent the aboriginal population of India, the "hill-tribes," found mostly in the central and northern provinces. Of the Christian population two-thirds are Roman Catholic.

It is commonly supposed that the people of India are a black race, but, with the exception of the Tamils in the south, who are very dark, they range from a dark transparent brown to a complexion almost as light as the Caucasian. It is exceedingly interesting to note the change in the appearance of the people as one goes north, and when you reach the Punjab, you find at Lahore, a straight, erect, fair people, soldierly and dignified in their bearing, and with all the pride which can be inspired by an Aryan ancestry dating back four thousand years. All the inhabitants of India, however, are erect in their carriage, with straight hair and most beautiful eyes. Their picturesque costumes are worn with grace and artistic effect, and there is no more

striking sight than to pass through a great city like Bombay, and see the throngs of natives with their draperies in all the colors of the rainbow. The women wear soft, graceful draperies of many-colored silk—the better class I mean—with long veils floating back. They are neither dresses, nor wraps, nor cloaks, but scarfs all draped and folded around them in some mysterious and indescribable fashion, a group of them together looking like a flower-garden, and their beauty being of no mean type.

The better classes of this people are contemplative and philosophic, and declare in one of their favorite songs:

From the East, by the power of the Merciful One,
Lights of Science, Religion, and Culture have shone.

There are vast numbers of as refined and cultivated men to be met with among the Hindoos as are to be found anywhere in the world. We rode with a Hindoo pundit from Umritsar to Delhi who was the master of half a dozen languages, a member of the advanced branch of the Brahmo Somaj, and as intelligent as any college professor in America. So that it is a great mistake to suppose that all these people are an ignorant and debased set. The magnificent temples and noble monuments scattered through the land; the great cities and innumerable art industries; their architecture, poetry, legends, and philosophies; their songs, religions, music, and usages, all prove that they have been a great people and are capable of a yet grander future. Give them a Christian civilization, educate and elevate the masses, infuse new life and greater diversity into their industries, break the spell of caste, and throw off the crushing weight of Brahmanism, and India will become one of the foremost nations of the East. God has not made a more beautiful domain than this fair land of the Vedas, and her vast plains may yet blossom as the rose. It is true that almost every acre of arable land is now under cultivation,

but the implements used are the most primitive, and the methods of tillage are the same that have obtained for four thousand years. Many of the mechanical arts are yet largely in their infancy, and, except at Bombay, there are scarcely any manufacturing industries. But Bombay is rapidly becoming the Manchester of the East, and at least a hundred smoke-stacks of her manufactories can be counted from Malabar Hill. The cotton-factories alone number over seventy.

Life in the Orient is as different from that amid the mad rush of our Western civilization as their slow ox-carts differ from the plunge of a locomotive engine. Nobody ever gets in a hurry in the East; business begins at ten and closes at three; and eating and sleeping are the chief occupations. The eating begins early and lasts until late. At six in the morning, the "choto hazeri," or "little breakfast," of coffee or tea and toast, is brought to your room; at nine or ten breakfast is served; "tiffin" or lunch is at one; and at seven comes dinner, the great meal of the day. No business is ever transacted after this, and even in the large cities every thing is closed. The streets are deserted until after dinner, when the houses empty themselves into the parks and gardens.

The servants in India are obsequious in the extreme, but they expect pay for every little service, and their demands make no small tax upon one's pocket-book. Each one has his own duties to discharge, and in no case will they interfere with each other. Before you grow accustomed to it, you feel quite like a lord, with half a dozen white-robed and colored-turbaned Orientals constituting your train and obedient to your every beck and call, but your dignity soon becomes rather burdensome, and you begin to feel as if you were haunted. You are awakened in the morning by one of them gliding in stealthily and setting your coffee and

toast upon a little stand by your bed. You begin to dress, and are startled by some one calling "Sahib" gently at your elbow, and there stands another draped figure ready to brush your clothes. You cannot turn around during the day but that a gorgeously attired Sikh, dressed like a pirate, and with the air of a prince, stands ready to anticipate your wishes. Finally, at night, you banish them all from your room, lock the door, and think you are rid of them for one day at least; but having occasion to step out into the hall, there is one of the ubiquitous troop coiled up at your door, and in a moment he is on his feet, ready for service or sacrifice. When you prepare to leave the hotel, they are all ranged in order by the door, and it requires a brave man to close his heart and pocket-book and pass the expectant group without bestowing "backshish." It is said that in the East the servants pay the hotel proprietors for the privilege of thus making the lives of the guests a burden, and I can well believe that it constitutes one of the chief sources of revenue. One stopping at these Eastern hotels finds an ingenious combination of the American and European systems—he pays a stipulated sum per day, and then gets a bill of particulars besides, which gives him all the pleasures of the European plan. One can never know what his hotel bill is to be until he gets ready to leave, and he sighs for our American hotels, which are, beyond question, the best in the world.

We struck the beggars in India, and "backshish" became a familiar term to us long before we reached Bombay. The children would run after us, hang upon the carriage, follow us a mile, begging, shrieking, howling, dropping off one by one, swept behind by the weight of a copper thrown to them. Old men and old women everywhere "sat by the way-side begging," and frequently great stalwart specimens of humanity, fully as able to work as we were, would beg

us most piteously for a *pyce*. These Orientals have no conception of traveling as a fine art, such a thing as going on a journey merely for pleasure or profit being beyond their powers of imagination, and hence they consider all travelers as lunatics or idiots with the wealth of a Cræsus, and give them no rest until they "backshish" them. Some one has appropriately said that in the East even the dogs bark "backshish."

The bazaar is an Oriental microcosm, and is one of the most characteristic institutions of the East. It is a long narrow lane, or congeries of lanes, frequently roofed over, on each side of which are the little shops, entirely open next to the street, and not much bigger than a dry-goods box or a Saratoga trunk. In the center of his goods squats the merchant, and the narrow streets are streams of glancing colors more brilliant than any picture. Each bazaar keeps its own goods, whether of silk, brass, gold, silver, arms, curios, spice, or fruit. By no chance does one merchant keep more than one kind of goods. But in these bazaars, or collection of bazaars, the silks of Benares, the muslins of Bengal, and the sabers of Oude are found with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere.

Any one who attempts to make a purchase in an Eastern bazaar will have a fine illustration of Oriental duplicity and double-dealing. The seller always demands a price very largely in excess of the value of the article, or what he is really willing to take, and then descends the ladder until he meets the purchaser and both are made happy—the merchant in the consciousness that he has received more than the article is worth, and the buyer in the pleasing delusion that he has made a purchase below the market value. The asking price is invariably from three to six times as much as the vender is willing to take, and I several times saw an article sell for one-tenth of what was at first demanded, the

merchant protesting all the time that the sale would land him on the verge of bankruptcy.

My friends wished to purchase some Cashmere shawls at Umritsar, which is only two days' journey from the Vale of Cashmere. They found what they wanted in a narrow back street, up a steep flight of steps, and in a little eight by ten room. Here were the finest plush carpets worth ten dollars per yard; Cashmere and camel's-hair shawls ranging from twenty rupees to five thousand; rugs, caps, slippers, the softest goat's and camel's hair fabrics woven in the looms of Cashmere and Afghanistan, and all that could tempt the lover of the beautiful. There was about three lacs of rupees' (\$100,000) worth of stock in this insignificant little shop, but the owner's asking price made him a millionaire. I think that my friends' purchases were at about one-fifth what was at first asked for them, and they afterwards discovered that they had paid one-third more than the real value. I asked one of these merchants why he did not have one price and stick to it. He answered, "Ask proper price master no give. Little tell lie, then come proper. What biggest price master give?" And so it goes. You get so accustomed to this method of dealing that you never know when they have reached their real price, and the purchase of an article worth two rupees is attended with an amount of haggling and bartering which would suffice for the buying of a thousand-acre farm at home, and you may almost invariably have the pleasing consciousness that with all your caution you have nevertheless been cheated.

Every man who wants any thing from you in the East, or who does you any service, has a long list of certificates of his efficiency and faithfulness, and when you are through with him you must add your recommendation, and go to record as an appreciative admirer of genius of the first order. These certificates meet you at every step, and from

your gorgeously attired dragoman, whose recommendations would fit him to hold the combined offices of President of the American Bible Society, and caterer to Delmonico, to the beggar who howls "backshish," and thrusts in your face a greasy indorsement signed by a large number of "distinguished Americans," those who hold them are usually as worthless and as ignorant of the simple duties devolving upon them as any cooly whom you might pick up. Travelers give these indorsements as freely as they sign applications for Government appointments at home. At the *Dak Bungalow* at Jeypore the proprietor insisted on the usual certificate, although we told him we had nothing good to say of his house. But he was so persistent that at last we certified that "the jam had given out, the coffee was cold, the bread was sour, and that there was room for improvement in all particulars." He took it as complacently as though we had pronounced his establishment a second Fifth Avenue Hotel, and was profuse in his bows and thanks.

A somewhat analogous custom to this is the one of presenting addresses to distinguished visitors. In America, when a great man visits a city, he is called upon for a speech; in India the citizens meet him at the depot and read a speech to him. When the Prince of Wales visited India a few years ago, every city and village presented him with an embossed address; and in the recent Queen's Jubilee, which was being celebrated during our visit, similar addresses of congratulation were made to her.

People who enjoy seeing monkeys could go to a menagerie every day in India. At Lucknow we drove out a mile from the city, purchasing a few cents' worth of grain on our way, and in a small forest found great throngs of monkeys, little and big, young and old, some of them looking old enough and wise enough to be the ancestors of Darwin. As we threw the grain on the ground they came trooping

from every direction, leaping, jumping, running, fighting, and playing, until we thought we had found Shylock's veritable "wilderness of monkeys." Afterward we saw hundreds of them on the road between Jeypore and Bombay. They were under hedges, in the trees, running along the embankments, making faces at the passing train, and scampering for dear life if any one threw a stone among them. Being sacred animals, no one disturbs them, and they multiply in vast numbers.

The "Punkah" is another institution in the East which no one can appreciate who has not felt the hot, stifling air of the tropics. They are great fans of white cloth suspended from the ceiling on a pivot, and operated by a punkah cooly, who pulls a string connected with them. The first we saw were in the English cathedral at Singapore, and the movement of at least twenty of them in the gas-light has a weird and ghost-like effect. During the hot season they go night and day in dwellings, business-houses, shops, and every other place where men congregate, as comfort or sleep is impossible without them. The mosquitoes and the heat rendered them necessary when we were in Madras, and several nights we enjoyed a refreshing rest which we could not otherwise have had.

We would like to linger in India, for it is to us full of interest and fascination. But we must hasten on to Egypt, and regretfully leave this land, with its swarming population, its steaming vats, its vast fertile plains, its great cities, and its grand opening future. But since we have reached home our thoughts have often gone far away over boundless seas and deserts to those dusky nations, living under strange stars, worshiping strange gods, and with a strange history full of romance and poetry.

Missionary Operations.

MISSIONARY work began in India in the year 1705, when Ziegenbalg and Plutschan, who had been students at the University of Halle, went to Tranquebar and began their labors. In 1711, Ziegenbalg finished the translation of the New Testament into Tamil, and by 1719, the year of his death, he had translated as far as Ruth in the Old Testament. Schultz, who arrived in 1719, resumed the translation at this point, and finished it in 1725. These were all under the auspices of the Danish Missionary Society, which was the pioneer organization in this field. In 1750 Swartz, whose godliness commanded the admiration of all classes, and in whose memory the Rajah of Tanjore erected a monument, sailed for Tranquebar, and that year four hundred were baptized. Swartz has well been called "The apostle of India," and his work still lives in Southern India. In 1792 the pioneer English "Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen" was organized, mainly through the tireless efforts of William Carey, the pious cobbler of Paulerspury. Although this first society numbered only twelve members, "expecting great things from God, and attempting great things for God," they laid on his altar thirteen pounds two shillings and sixpence as their first offerings for Missions. But it was not long before funds flowed in from various quarters, and the next year Carey sailed for Calcutta. His work being opposed by the East India Company, he went up the country and took a

situation in connection with an indigo-factory near Malda. He continued, however, his missionary work in a quiet way, and in 1799 he was joined by Marshman and Ward from England, when they established themselves under Danish protection at Serampore. Here they translated the Bible, established presses, founded a college, preached, toiled, and kept to the letter the agreement made when they entered on their work. "Let us give ourselves up unreservedly to this glorious cause. Let us never think that our time, our gifts, our strength, our families, or even the clothes we wear, are our own. Let us sanctify them all to God and his cause." They have gone to their reward, and their "works do follow them."

The Baptist Missionary Society, which grew out of this organization, has been one of the most successful in India in the work of evangelization. It now occupies in all about one hundred and fifty stations and sub-stations, and has forty-three European and fifty native missionaries or assistants, with ninety-three native evangelists. The native Church-members connected with the Society number over four thousand, representing a nominal Christian community of about ten thousand.

Since Carey begun his work in India, the cause has grown until to-day there are thirty-six great missionary organizations, having seven hundred and ninety-one representatives in the field, and five hundred and thirty native ordained agents. The native Christians number four hundred and forty-nine thousand seven hundred and fifty-five, and the communicants one hundred and thirty-seven thousand five hundred and four—an increase of thirty-two thousand three hundred and eighty-three Christians, and twenty-four thousand three hundred and sixty-seven communicants since 1881. The increase is not simply in arithmetical, but in geometrical, progression. Within a period of ten years the

gain in the native Christian community has been: In the North-west Provinces, sixty-three per cent.; in Bengal, sixty-seven per cent.; in Madras, eighty-six per cent.; in Central India, ninety-two per cent.; in Oude, one hundred and eleven per cent.; in the Punjab, one hundred and fifty-five per cent.; and in Bombay, one hundred and eighty per cent. Nor is the increase in numbers the only gain that Christianity has made in India. Christians are honored and respected, and they take the lead in intelligence and integrity. Even the Brahmans themselves are forced to acknowledge the good effects of Christianity. In the report of the Madura Mission of the American Board, Mr. Hazen says: "The Christians are more truthful, more honest, and more peaceable than their neighbors. Hindoos as well as Christians can see a growth in moral character among Christians." "And," says Mr. Chandler, "did they not show an improvement in manners and morals, I should indeed be discouraged. A thorough reformation is not a thing of a day. But the leavening process is certainly going on."

What may be called the indirect results of missionary efforts in India can hardly be estimated. Methods of living have been changed; the Christian home has taught thousands of them how to live; schools, colleges, and universities have been founded; books and newspapers have been multiplied; hospitals and orphanages are springing up wherever needed; and nearly all the advances of modern times have now a place in India. The abolition of infanticide, the suppression of the Suttee, and the forbiddance of suicide under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut were all brought about through the missionaries.

The Government of India recently gave in its Blue Book this emphatic indorsement of the good results flowing from missionary work: "No statistics can give a fair view of all that the missionaries have done. The moral tone of their

preaching is recognized by hundreds who do not follow them as converts. The lessons which they inculcate have given to the people new ideas, not only on purely religious questions, but on the nature of evil, the obligations of law, and the motives by which human conduct should be regulated. Insensibly a higher standard of moral conduct is becoming familiar to the people. The Government of India cannot but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by the six hundred missionaries whose blameless example and self-denying labors are infusing new vigor into the life of the great populations placed under English rule."

Sir Bartle Frere said in a lecture delivered a few years ago: "I speak simply as to matters of experience and observation, and not of opinion, just as a Roman prefect might have reported to Trajan or the Antonines, and I assure you that, whatever you may be told to the contrary, the teaching of Christianity among one hundred and sixty million of civilized, industrious Hindoos and Mohammedans in India is effecting changes, moral, social, and political, which, for extent and rapidity of effect, are far more extraordinary than any thing that you or your fathers have witnessed in modern Europe."

Keshub Chunder Sen, the founder of the Brahmo Somaj, before his death, held up the missionary to the everlasting gratitude of India, and declared that "Christ, not the British Government, rules India."

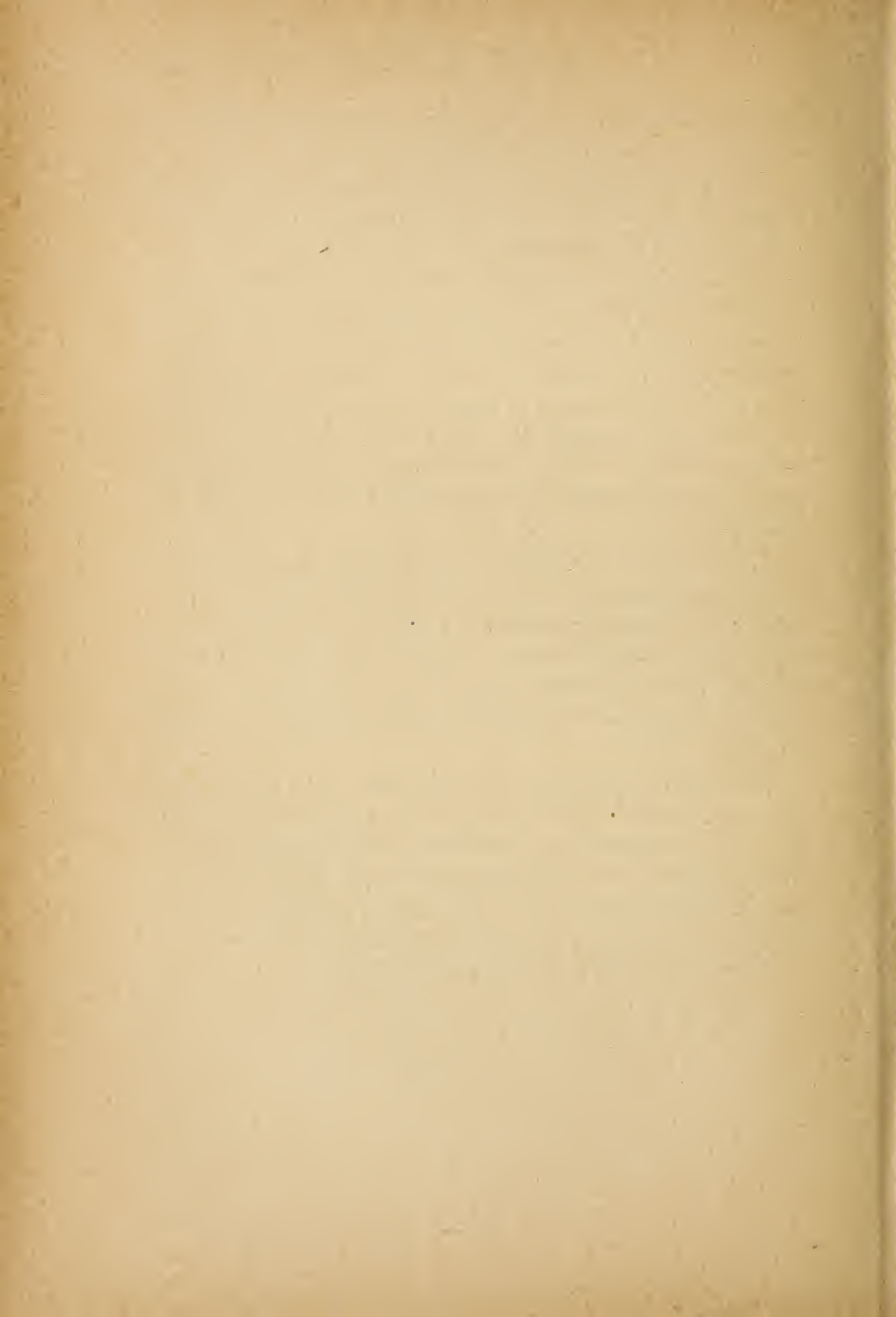
A jubilee was recently held in Tinnevely to commemorate Bishop Sargeant's fifty years of service under the Church Missionary Society. He has now six hundred assistants, twelve thousand communicants, and a Christian community of sixty thousand. Sir Richard Temple, who has been Governor of both the Bengal and Bombay Presidencies, says that if the growth of Christianity goes on at the rate of its

present advancement, "there will, by the year 1910, be about two million native Christians in India."

The Rev. George Kerry, of Calcutta, says there probably never was a time when the indications of the working of divine power in the hearts of the multitudes of India were as strong as now. The people show a growing desire to possess and read the Gospels, and crowds listen attentively wherever the gospel is preached. There will shortly be a great gathering of the people to at least a nominal Christianity. The Rev. Daniel Jones, of Agra, says the changes going on in India are astounding. Natives are lecturing against child-marriage, widow re-marriage is rapidly gaining ground, and new sects, far more tolerant of Christianity, are springing up.

Romanath R. Chowdhry, of Allahabad, speaks of the strange eagerness of the natives to purchase the Scriptures, and of the increasing number of people who have renounced the religion of their fathers. Many others bear similar testimony, and Max Muller said to Norman McLeod that he knew of no people as ripe for Christianity to-day as the East Indians.

The logic of these facts is irresistible. It is not in vain that six hundred missionaries are sleeping in the soil of India. If the consecrated wealth of the Church should be laid upon the altar of Missions, not two hundred years nor one hundred years would elapse before this Land of the Vedas would become a land of Bibles, and her swarming millions would bow at the foot of the cross.



V.

EGYPT, "THE HOMESTEAD OF NATIONS."

THERE sits drear Egypt, 'mid beleaguering sands,
Half woman and half beast.

The burnt-out torch within her moldering hands
That once lit all the East.

—*Lowell.*

Here desolation keeps unbroken Sabbath,
'Mid caves and temples, palaces and sepulchers;
Ideal images in sculptured forms,
Thoughts hewn in columns, or in caverned hills,
In honor of their deities and of their dead.

—*Montgomery.*
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I.

Sakkara and the Pyramids.

NAPOLEON called the East "The cradle of all religions, the birthplace of all metaphysics," and some one has appropriately styled Egypt "The Homestead of Nations." Here, on the banks of the Nile, was born and nurtured the earliest civilization of which the world knows, and as to-day, after the lapse of thousands of years, the archaeologist studies the monuments, statues, pictures, and hieroglyphic records of that traditional period, the civilization of the nineteenth century looks on with wonder, and finds that in many things it has made no progress. Egypt is a continual marvel to the traveler, and he may well inquire for the causes which developed so remarkable a people. It is very probable that as Egypt owed her fertility and material prosperity to the Nile, so it was this same river which stimulated the ancient Egyptians to those great intellectual exertions which rendered them the most famous and the most civilized among the nations of antiquity. The necessity of controlling its course and utilizing its waters taught them the art of water-engineering and the kindred science of land-surveying. As every thing depended on the overflow, and as the heavens only could tell them when the period was approaching, an impulse to the study of astronomy was thus given. As the annual inundation obliterated all landmarks, it was necessary to keep a register of the lands and owners, and to have strict laws enforcing the rights of property.

Thus a civil code early arose in Egypt, which formed the basis for the Roman law and all subsequent systems of jurisprudence. So that the Nile thus led to the foundation of civil, social, and political order, and it was natural also that it should awaken their religious sentiments. All this stimulated their intellectual faculties, and doubtless contributed largely to make them a great people.

The most magnificent monuments of Egypt are her tombs. In fact, the Valley of the Nile is one vast necropolis, and the tombs of the embalmed dead are scattered everywhere. After seeing the Pyramids and exploring the interior of Cheops, I have no doubt but that those vast structures were intended as places of sepulture by the kings who reared them. There are no less than seventy pyramids in the Valley of the Nile, and Herodotus, 443 B.C., speaks of them as of great antiquity. Of course all other pyramids pale before the three great pyramids of Gizeh, which are situated on a gradually ascending plateau, nine miles from Cairo. These pyramids are not only the greatest, but the oldest, monuments ever reared by the hand of man. They were as much a marvel and mystery when Rome was young as they are now, and they had been standing a thousand years when Homer sung of the siege of Troy. It is claimed by the best authority that the great pyramid was built about 2170 B.C., and had consequently been standing for two hundred years when Abraham was born.

According to Herodotus, one hundred thousand men were employed twenty years in the construction of this pyramid. Its perpendicular height is four hundred and fifty feet, and the length of each side is now seven hundred and fifty feet, but was formerly about seven hundred and sixty-eight feet. The sides rise at an angle of nearly fifty-two degrees, and the stupendous structure covers an area of about thirteen acres. It is built of a rough, hard sandstone, over

which there was formerly a thick coating of plaster, so that it presented a smooth surface, but this has all now worn off, and its appearance is very rough and jagged. Some idea of its immense size, and of the quantity of material used in its construction, may be gathered from the estimate made by actual measurement, that if all the blocks of stone composing it were placed end to end, they would make a wall a foot and a half broad and ten feet high around England, a distance of eight hundred and eighty-three miles.

One of our first excursions after reaching Cairo was to the Pyramids. We drove past the magnificent New Hotel and the Ezbekiyeh Garden; through the wide, dusty streets lined with palatial houses and presenting the same animated kaleidoscopic scenes of vivid color and picturesque costume and indolent waiting on Providence which we have become accustomed to everywhere in the Orient; over the fine iron bridge across the Nile, and down the long avenue, planted on each side with lebbekh and sycamore trees. We passed on the way numerous palaces of the Khedive, for it is said that Ismail Pasha built a new palace as often as he ordered a new suit of clothes. On either side of the avenue are green fields of wheat, corn, barley, and beans, intersected by irrigating canals, along the banks of which rise stately palms and clumps of acacias. Two hours' drive brings us to the foot of the rocky platform, rising one hundred feet above the plain, on which stand the mighty Pyramids, keeping watch over the centuries. At last we stand at the base of Great Cheops, and are at once surrounded by a noisy, clamorous group of Arabs. The Bedouin tribe living in a miserable little village near the foot of the Pyramids claims a kind of ownership in these monuments, and their property yields them a good revenue. The Sheik of the tribe assigns guides and climbers, and receives pay for their services, which is divided out among the families.

But you are expected to pay "backshish," in addition to your regular charge, to your assistants and guides.

The ascent of the Pyramids is made at one of the corners, but it is extremely difficult, the stones which serve as steps being three or four feet thick, and we decided not to attempt it. But we explored the interior of Cheops, which was quite enough glory for one day. The entrance is forty feet up the side of the pyramid, and it is no small climb to reach it. Three Arabs were detailed as my body-guard, and into the heart of the mighty monument we plunged. One sweltering Arab named Abraham was on one side with a lighted candle, and another named Hassan el Mahmoud was on the other, while the third man came behind to "boost." We went three hundred feet down a narrow passage through stifling dust; then crept through a low opening not more than two feet high, and ascended a smooth plane only three feet high, at an angle of forty-five degrees, with back and knees bent double until both were almost broken; then down again for a little distance; then up a narrow ledge which runs along a deep well for one hundred and fifty feet, called the Great Passage; after which we crept through three or four portcullises, and emerged, dripping with perspiration and covered with dust, into the king's chamber, a room thirty-four feet long, seventeen broad, and nineteen high, in which was the great empty porphyry sarcophagus. The sarcophagus was not originally placed in this chamber, but was in a small niche just over the door. The chamber is situated about the center of the pyramid, and is built of magnificent blocks of syenite, polished and fitted together so perfectly that a knife-blade cannot be inserted in the joints.

As soon as we entered this room, the twelve Arabs constituting our escort set up a deafening shout of triumph, which sounded like a Comanche war-whoop. As soon as

possible we quieted them, and when we had satisfied ourselves with our examinations, began our toilsome journey backward. My Arab guides soon began to clamor for "backshish," and every few minutes they would ask, "How you feel? I satisfy you, you satisfy me." At last the light appeared, glimmering down the long passage, and when at last we stood once more in the pure air and the glad sunshine, we felt almost as if we had been delivered from a living tomb. We were "satisfied," and we tried to satisfy our attendants, although that is a hopeless task in the East, for however much you pay a native for any service, he will invariably, like *Oliver Twist*, cry for more.

Not far from the Pyramids, the Sphinx raises its huge body out of the shifting sands of the desert. It was cut from the solid rock on which it stands, and was approached by a flight of descending stairs. On the paved platform in front were two small temples, and between the extended paws, which are fifty feet apart, was an altar. The animal had a lion's body and a man's head, the union of intellect and physical force, and is of colossal proportions. From the crown of the head to the pavement is sixty-six feet, and the extreme breadth of the face is nearly fourteen feet. The features, as well as the attitude, convey an impression of profound repose. The former are so much mutilated that it is difficult to realize now what this strange and monstrous union of beast and man once was, when all the huge proportions stood revealed and color gave startling life-likeness to the giant face.

The history of the Sphinx is unknown; it has stood on the edge of that terrace of tombs, watching for the dawn of day, for immemorial ages. All the history of the race of which we know any thing has been enacted since that watch begun. Old writers say that the face was once sweet and beautiful, and even now you can catch the trace of a

smile around the mouth. It is a wonderful monument, and once seen will never be forgotten.

Another day we went to Sakkara, passing on the way the site of the once proud city of Memphis. But this old capital of the Pharaohs, one of the most magnificent cities of antiquity, has so completely disappeared that the traveler needs a guide to discover a vestige of it.

When Herodotus visited Memphis, about four hundred and fifty years before Christ, it was a splendid city, built, so the priests of Vulcan informed him, by Menes, the first king of Egypt, more than three thousand years previously. Four hundred years later, Diodorus found it magnificent with temples, palaces, gardens, villas, and acres of common dwellings; and even as late as the end of the twelfth century, when it had been systematically despoiled to build Cairo, an Arab traveler says that "its ruins occupy a space half a day's journey every way," and that its wonders could not be described.

It was to this famous capital that Moses and Aaron came to ask Pharaoh to let the children of Israel go, and here were performed the miracles of the plagues. This is the scriptural Noph, against which burned the wrath of the prophets. "Noph shall be waste and desolate without an inhabitant." "I will cause their images to cease out of Noph." The images have ceased and the temples have disappeared; the city lies desolate and forsaken, without an inhabitant, its very name obliterated from the page of history.

The largest temple in Memphis was the great Temple of Ptah, at the entrance to which stood a statue of Rameses the Great, cut out of a single block of hard and fine-grained limestone, and weighing nearly nine hundred tons. Herodotus, who saw it two thousand three hundred years ago, says that there was inscribed on it: "I am the King

of Kings. If any man wish to know how great I am and where I lie, let him surpass one of my works." This great statue was pulled down by a later conqueror, Cambyses the Persian, and lay for centuries hidden away beneath piles of debris. Some years ago this colossal statue, forty-two feet in length, was discovered, but it has never been raised. It lies in a hollow, with its face to the ground, and workmen are now engaged in raising it, though the process is a slow and tedious one. But it has been raised sufficiently for one to crawl under and look up in the face of the great Sesos-tris, as he was also called. That which gives the deepest interest to this figure is that it is the statue of the man who so greatly oppressed the children of Israel, the father of the princess who found Moses, the Pharaoh who "knew not Joseph."

In the Bulak Museum at Cairo is the mummy of this same king, which was found in a deep pit near Thebes a few years ago. The story of this discovery is like a romance. A laborer had been selling some valuable papyrus, and it was suspected that he had discovered and was plundering some royal tombs. He was accordingly arrested and kept in prison for two months, when his brother agreed to reveal the secret provided they were paid a large reward and secured against punishment. This was agreed to, and the officers were led to an old well where they found a large number of mummies, and among them this one of Rameses II. They are supposed to have been hidden there by the high-priest at the invasion of Cambyses.

Nothing that I have seen since I left home impressed me so deeply as to look into the face of this man, who had been dead for three thousand six hundred years, and try to realize that it was the embalmed body of the Pharaoh who had looked upon Moses when a babe, and who, before Israel became a nation, had "made their lives bitter with hard

bondage." He lies in his richly decorated coffin with the original mummy cloths still around his body, each hand holding a scepter, and the face well preserved. It is a striking countenance, with the high cheek-bones, full lips, and prominent nose of the Egyptians. It is the face of a man between sixty and seventy years old, and the thin, gray hairs upon his head also indicate his age. The body is five feet ten inches long, and there can be no doubt but that it is the mummy of Rameses the Great. The inscription on the cover of the coffin so states, but the finders of the body were not satisfied with this, and, unrolling the cloths, they found upon the original sere-cloth, next to the body, an inscription in ink by the high-priest, saying that he made the funeral oration over Rameses II., whose body was therein inclosed. It is the same face that we saw on the statue, and which is also to be seen on many of the monuments throughout Egypt, for Sesostris was the greatest builder of the Pharaohs, and left his name and face everywhere.

At Sakkara we visited the Serapeum, or Tombs of the Apis Bulls, the largest sarcophagi in the world. Amidst all the animals worshiped by the Egyptians—and they worshiped every animal except the horse—the bull was the most sacred. Living, he was daintily fed and devotedly worshiped in the Apienni Temple at Memphis; dying, his embalmed body was entombed in a sepulcher as magnificent as that of a king, and the walls of his tomb lined with votive offerings. We descended into this gigantic mausoleum, and walked, taper in hand, through vast corridors hewn in the rock, on either side of which were the chambers occupied by the immense granite sarcophagi in which once rested the mummies of the sacred bulls. On the surface above, a chapel was originally erected in honor of each bull, but all traces of these chapels have long since disappeared. There are in all sixty-four vaults which are now accessible,

and twenty-four of the chambers still contain the huge sarcophagi in which the apis mummies were deposited. By means of a ladder we clambered into one of these, and found that it measured thirteen feet in length, seven feet in breadth, and eleven feet in height, and weighed at least sixty-five tons. This immense coffin was made from a single block of black granite, and had finely executed hieroglyphic inscriptions on its polished exterior.

We had our first experience with donkeys on our trip to Sakkara. It is about six miles from the station to the Necropolis, and when we stopped at the former we were immediately surrounded by an importunate crowd of not less than fifty donkey boys, with their donkeys, each vociferating at the top of his voice, and using all his powers of persuasion to induce us to take his animal. I soon chose one, and mounted immediately, when they left me and surrounded the others. After a hard fight, all finally mounted and started off, each donkey being attended by a boy to urge him along. This donkey-riding is the best way to get about in Egypt. It is cheap and exhilarating, and when you get tired riding all you have to do is to let your legs hang down, and you can walk. The donkey is much abused and sadly beaten, but he is indispensable in Eastern life, and a good donkey is a very comfortable animal on which to ride. He is as easy as a rocking-chair, sure-footed as a chamois; he can carry you safely through any crowd, and stand patiently dozing in any noisy thoroughfare for hours. The fact is that he is the best animal of his size and appearance living, and, while not a distinguished success as a musician or an orator, he certainly gives forth no uncertain sound. Withal, he is as patient as Moses, and as full of inertia as a Southern ducky in a cotton-field on a July day. Each donkey has his attendant, without whose presence he soon refuses to move. These donkey-boys are quick-

witted, good-natured little vagabonds, and some among them are the sharpest characters that we met in Egypt.

One of the prettiest and most novel sights in Cairo is to see a "sais" running before a carriage to clear the way through the crowded streets. The finest private equipages all have one, and frequently two. They are usually slender, black Nubians, dressed in red tarboosh with long tassels, silk and gold embroidered vest and jacket, colored girdle and short silk trousers; and with their bare legs, and long gold-tipped staff in their hands, they run with perfect ease and grace, and can endure for hours. They were forcible reminders of the forerunner crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

II.

A Week in Cairo and Its Vicinity.

IT was a great pleasure when we reached Cairo to find Dr. W. G. Miller, of Little Rock, Ark., with his daughter, Miss Minnie, and his son, Dr. W. H. Miller, awaiting our arrival. Three of us had been "keeping house" together thus far around the globe, and these dear friends made a delightful addition to our party. We will all now travel together, at least as far as Berlin.

In Cairo, we stopped first at the Grand New Hotel, a splendid building, but where there was more style and expense than comfort. Dr. Miller had already found a pleasant little family hotel, "The Couteret," just opposite Shepherd's great caravansary, and thither the second day we transferred ourselves and baggage, and had a delightful stay of a little more than a week. Stopping at the same house were Fred Douglass and his white wife, who had been spending a winter on the Nile. We found the old gentleman very polite and genial, but some of our party objected too strongly to miscegenation to have any thing to say to him.

We struck the full tide of travel in Egypt, and found America largely represented. Some of our American travelers do not reflect much credit on their country, and their "loud" manners and noisy conversation at once fix their nationality. Unfortunately, as a country is known in other countries only by its exports, the opinion of the world concerning the United States is made up largely from the

character and conduct of those of its citizens who travel abroad. A celebrated clergyman, a strict moralist, long since said that he had found in traveling across the continent that one got a tendency to disrobe himself, metaphorically speaking, of those wrappings which civilization has folded about the coarser human instincts. We found this tendency constantly manifesting itself among those whom we met, and neither the grandeur of the Pyramids nor the impressive figure of the Sphinx nor the magnificence of the great mosques of Cairo was sufficient to restrain them. Many of them knew nothing of Egypt, except the Biblical associations, and had no idea whether the Pyramids were built by Menes, Moses, or Joseph, while Copts, Greeks, Mohammedans, and Roman Catholics were mixed in their minds in inextricable confusion.

We met two "personally conducted" parties at Cairo—one of Cook's and one of Jenkins's. I can imagine no fate more miserable than to be tied to one of these personally conducted parties. Often inharmonious, the party must stick together at all hazards, and they scamper through the East and over Europe like a flock of sheep after a leader. They are compelled to do so much sight-seeing every day, and the "stuffing" process goes on from the time they leave home until their return. But we met a number of very pleasant and intelligent countrymen, representatives of the best classes at home, whose acquaintance we shall always remember with pleasure.

When some one asked the Egyptian Minister of Foreign Affairs what was the best guide-book of Egypt, his answer was, "The Bible." And everywhere in Egypt we found ourselves touching Bible history and discovering illustrations of the sacred text. From Suez to Cairo we passed through the land of Goshen and along the track by which Israel fled from the country of bondage and oppression.

As we crossed the desert our thoughts went back thirty-five hundred years, and we could almost fancy that we saw that moving host as they passed across the very desert through which our train was speeding.

Fifty-nine miles from Suez our train stopped a few moments at Rameses, now an insignificant mud village, but the site of the Rameses of the Bible, one of the treasure cities built by the children of Israel. In the inclosing wall of the buried city there have recently been found huge bricks of Nile mud, which contain an admixture of chopped straw, recalling the command of Pharaoh to the task-masters: "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, as heretofore." There is still preserved at Leyden the following record on papyrus by an Egyptian official: "Therefore I heard the message of the eye (an official title) of my master saying, Give coin to the Egyptian soldiers and to the Hebrews who polish stones for the construction of the great store-houses in the city of Rameses."

A little farther on we passed Pithom, another one of these treasure cities; and fifty miles from Cairo we came to the ruins of ancient Bubastis, the Pibeseth of Ezekiel. Here stood one of the most celebrated temples of Egypt, erected to Pasht, the cat or lioness-headed deity, the avenger of crimes. She was the Aphrodite of foreigners, the golden Cypris. According to Herodotus, all the cats of Egypt were embalmed and buried here.

Thirty miles further we passed near the so-called "Hill of the Jews," believed to be the ruins of the city of Orion, where Onias, the high-priest of the Jews, aided by Ptolemy, Philometer, and Cleopatra, erected a temple modeled after Solomon's temple. This Jewish settlement was made upon old Egyptian ruins, and in 1871 the remains of a splendid temple of the time of Rameses II. were discovered. The interest which attaches to this place and to this remarkable

temple, which Josephus describes, is that when Onias asked permission to build it, he urged in his letter to Ptolemy a prophecy of Isaiah: "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord." Ptolemy replied that he wondered Onias should desire to build a temple in a place so unclean and so full of sacred animals, but since Isaiah had foretold it, he had leave to do so.

The Land of Goshen is still a land of wonderful fertility and beauty, surpassing any portion of Egypt that I have seen. Everywhere there were irrigating canals, green fields, stately date palms, and picturesque groups of natives. The villages were collections of miserable mud huts, but we passed several large towns, well built and with signs of prosperity and growth. As everywhere throughout the East, there are no farm-houses, those who till the soil living in little villages for mutual protection. Wheat, cotton, corn, barley, sugar-cane, and the oil plants are the principal agricultural products. The vegetation is marvelously rich and beautiful, and one of the charms of the country is its abundantly stocked gardens and orchards.

Our first view of the desert was on this ride. Before we reached Goshen it stretched out for miles toward the Mokattam Hills, a dreary waste of drifting sands which was the beginning of the Great Arabian Desert. Looking across it in the hot sun, we saw a very vivid mirage, and could scarcely believe that it was not a beautiful lake on which we were gazing.

Cairo, "The City of Victory," has a mixed population of four hundred thousand, and is the largest city in Africa and the second largest in the Turkish Empire. Like all Oriental cities, it is full of contrasts, and may be compared to a mosaic of the most fantastic description, in which all nations, customs, and epochs are represented. It is a town

of mediæval romance projected into a prosaic age. New Cairo is a modern city of broad streets, handsome parks and palatial houses, but it is to old Cairo that you must go to see Egypt as it is. There you find a labyrinth of dark lanes and alleys, tall houses with projecting balconies that almost meet in the center of the street, long streets of covered bazaars, water-carriers, veiled women, calenders, Armenians, money-changers, barbers—all the *dramatispersonnæ* of the Arabian nights.

A dragoman is indispensable in Cairo, and is one of the institutions of the country. The dragoman is your guide, protector from beggars, defender from thieves, middle-man, courier, interpreter, and—plunderer. But you might as well attempt to run an American railroad train without a conductor as to “do” Egypt without a dragoman. Our dragoman was named Hassan Ali. He could speak nine languages, was as dignified as a New York alderman, and looked as if he might be the brother of the Sultan. He wore a green turban—he had been to Mecca—a cloth coat, a bright-colored silk scarf around his waist, baggy silk trousers gathered around each ankle, and an enormous watch and chain. We were all rather awed by his dress and dignity, but he was a very good guide after all.

I took a donkey-ride on the Muski one day, and saw native Cairo from the best point of view. The Muski, about one mile long, is the chief thoroughfare of Cairo, and presents at all times a chaotic, carnival-like scene that is indescribable. The street is not over twelve feet wide; there are no sidewalks, and you force your way through a raveled and twisted string of men, women, and animals, of walkers, riders, and carriages of every description. The cries of the street-venders, the shouts of the donkey-boys, the jingling of money at the tables of the changers, established at every corner of the street, the braying of the

donkeys, the barking of the dogs, and the noise made by buyers and sellers as they quarreled over the prices of the wares, make such a pandemonium as I have found nowhere else. There is perhaps no street in the world which presents such a variety of costumes and nationalities, and in which so many different languages can be heard. It is the main artery from which the bazaars branch off in every direction.

All the men whom you meet at Cairo, except Europeans, wear either a fez or a turban. The fez is a red stiff cap, about eight inches high, without any brim, but usually ornamented with a tassel. No Mohammedan will wear a hat with a brim, as in praying, which he does five times a day, he must touch his head to the pavement. The turbans are of various colors, as from an early period the Arabs have distinguished their different sects, families, and dynasties by the color of their turbans. The orthodox length of a believer's turban is seven times that of his head, being equal to the whole length of his body, in order that the turban may afterward be used as the wearer's winding-sheet, and that this circumstance may familiarize him with the thought of death.

The women all wear a peculiar kind of veil called the *burko*, which consists of two parts, a band about the forehead and a long strip of black muslin covering all the face below the eyes and reaching to the waist. These two parts are connected by an ornamental cylinder of brass or silver, two and a half inches long, and an inch in diameter, which is worn between the eyes. This cylinder between the restless eyes gives the women an imprisoned, frightened look. They wear a long, white mantle over their heads, which effectually conceals all of their face except their eyes. As I met these veiled and shrouded figures I felt as if I were in a masquerade, for the women are the most important portion of the world, and when we cannot see them it seems

much like a phantom. But in all Mohammedan countries woman is an object of mystery; she is either secluded in the harem or veiled on the street, and the most intimate acquaintance never inquires after the wife of his friend or affects to know of her existence.

The dancing and howling dervishes are among the strangest scenes witnessed in Cairo, and all who desire to do so can see their performances. These dervishes are monastic orders among the Mohammedans, and are fanatics of the most extreme type. The dancing dervishes perform their *Zikrs* on Friday in the chapel of their monastery. A circular space twenty feet in diameter is railed off, and the visitors gather on the outside of this. The old Sheik comes in first, with measured tread, followed by the monks, dressed in long cloaks and brown, conical-shaped beaver hats. From the galleries there comes a strange, weird kind of music, accompanied by one voice in a kind of chant. The Sheik seats himself on a carpet on one side of the circle, and the others, after making a profound obeisance to him, seat themselves around the circle. When the chanting ceases they all get up, and, headed by the Sheik, walk three times around the circle, bowing low each time they pass the carpet, which is toward Mecca. They then resume their seats, and, after a low murmured prayer by the Sheik, the music is resumed, and each of the monks arises, divests himself of his gown—under which he wears a long, loose, white robe—presents himself to the Sheik, each in his turn makes profound obeisance, and begins to turn slowly around in a circle. They move noiselessly with closed eyes and outstretched arms, the palm of one hand being turned upward and the other downward, and their heads either thrown back or leaning on one side. The music gets faster and faster, and the dancers move more and more rapidly until it makes your head swim to look at them. Their

skirts stand straight out, and they make from forty to sixty gyrations a minute. The day that we were there, there were seventeen of them in the *Zikr*. It usually occupies about an hour, but we left before it was over in order to see the howling dervishes, who perform on the same day and nearly at the same hour. It was almost a mile to their monastery, and we drove at a break-neck speed through the streets, our dragoman standing on the box and shouting at the top of his voice all the while to men, women, children, and donkeys to clear the way. A number of other vehicles under whip and spur followed us, bent on the same errand. We reached the place at the height of the performance, and saw the strangest and most weird specimen of fanaticism I have ever witnessed. There were twenty-five bare-headed dervishes in a circle on the floor, each uttering a deep, guttural, canine howl, and throwing his head from side to side, the long black hair flying and popping like whip-cords. There was a low, dirge-like music playing all the while. The music ceased and they all stood still for a moment, and shouted the Moslem confession of faith in a hoarse howl that sounded like the roar of a lion. Then the music began again, and they threw their heads to and fro, howling like demons all the while, until it seemed as if their heads would fly from their shoulders. One poor fellow fell down in a kind of fit, but the others went on, becoming more and more frantic, until at length they attained the ecstatic condition, and dropped down exhausted, and the performance was over.

Another day we made an excursion to Heliopolis, the On of Scripture and the Oxford of Old Egypt, where stood the great Temple of the Sun. Here the wise studied philosophy and logic four thousand years ago, and here Joseph found the fair Asenath, the daughter of the High-priest. Here Moses and Plato and Herodotus studied, and here the fa-

bled Phœnix was burned. Near here is the garden of Metarieh, where grew the celebrated Balm of Gilead presented by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, and brought to Egypt by Cleopatra. A corn-field, over which the beautiful ibises hover in flocks, now surrounds the solitary obelisk which is all that is left of the grandeur of this once classic city.

The obelisks of Egypt were originally hewn out of the granite quarries of Syene, and are all monoliths, with four sides slightly inclined toward each other, and covered with hieroglyphics. They did not originally occupy isolated positions, but terminated avenues of columns or of statues, or stood in pairs before the entrance of the Propylea. The obelisk at Heliopolis was erected by Usertesen, 1750 B.C., he being generally believed to be the Pharaoh who promoted Joseph. This monument is sixty-seven feet high, and has been called "the father of obelisks," from its great age. It is a magnificent shaft, rising in the midst of desolation, and is a fit companion to the Pyramids and the Sphinx, which are fifteen miles distant.

On our return to Cairo, we stopped at a garden where we were shown the fountain which refreshed and the tree which shaded the Holy Family in their flight to Egypt. The tree was, however, some dozen centuries too young, and the fountain was by no means an ancient one.

We also visited an ostrich-farm, where there were over eight hundred of these gigantic birds, which the owner raises for their feathers. The feathers ripen in April, and each bird is plucked once a year. The gentlemanly proprietor explained to us all the mysteries of ostrich-farming, and from the roof of his house we could look over his farm and see the different fields in which he keeps his birds, assorting them according to age and the quality of their feathers. The males are white and black, and the females brown. The average height of the bird is four and a half feet, and

their average weight two hundred and fifty pounds. They have long legs and rather small bodies in proportion to their height, but are by no means so ungainly looking as one would imagine. The white ones are very beautiful, and some young ten days old goslings which we saw looked like young turkeys, and were about the size of a full-grown gobbler. They have voracious appetites, and will eat any thing from a sugar plum to a piece of granite. We saw the contents of the stomach of one that had died. It weighed fifteen pounds, and was composed principally of rock, stones, and gravel. Most of the birds are hatched by incubation, and a number are kept for breeding purposes only, each hen laying between thirty and forty eggs per annum. The egg is about four times as large as a goose egg, and it takes thirty-nine days for incubation.

III.

The Religions of Egypt—Alexandria.

HERODOTUS says that the Egyptians were a very religious people, excelling all others in the honors paid to their gods. We can well believe this, seeing the number and grandeur of their temples, but their religion degenerated into the basest and most degraded of superstitions. The apis and the ibis, the serpent and the crocodile, the beast and the domestic animal, were all worshiped. But the original, fundamental doctrine of their religion was the unity of Deity. This is shown by the fact that the Pyramids, their oldest monuments, are distinguished by the entire absence of idolatrous images or inscriptions. The gates, walls, columns, obelisks, and monuments of the later period are profusely decorated with idolatrous sculpture, but the Pyramids have nothing of the kind. The tombs and monuments of the different epochs show very clearly the growth, or rather the degeneracy, of Egyptian theology; how it departed from the primitive conception of one God into the monstrosities of polytheism and pantheism. These two extremes are represented by the tombs of the fourth and fifth dynasties at Gizeh and Memphis, on the one hand, where all the sculptures and paintings represent scenes in the life of the deceased, like the remarkable tomb of Fi at Sakkara; and the tombs of the twenty-fourth dynasty at Thebes, on the other hand, which are profusely covered with the gods and symbols of a gross polytheistic idolatry.

The idea of a future state was firmly inwrought into the

Egyptian mind, and they also had very vivid conceptions of the resurrection. They embalmed their dead, and entombed them in massive sarcophagi and splendid sepulchers, so that when the soul returned it might find the body awaiting it. One of the most beautiful and interesting things that I saw in the Bulak museum was a little monument in basalt, not more than two feet long, which represents the soul symbolized by a falcon, standing by the mummy of the body which it once occupied. The little figure has the head and feet of a man, and its hands are laid on the heart of the embalmed body, while it looks with a wistful expression into the immobile face. It has come back to re-inhabit the body, and is waiting for the resurrection power to touch it.

The Egyptian faith was that, after some thousands of years of transmigration, the soul would return to re-occupy its old abode. They also believed in retribution and a future judgment, where Osiris, accompanied by the forty-two assessors of the dead, occupies the judgment throne. On many papyri, and on the walls of tombs, scenes of the final judgment are frequently depicted. Horus is seen conducting the departed spirits to the regions of Amenti. A monstrous dog, resembling Cerberus, of classic fame, is guardian of the judgment hall. The scales of justice stand near the gate, and the recorder of human actions stands ready to make a record of the sentence passed on each soul. In the Ritual of the Dead, which has been preserved, the deceased testifies concerning the good which he has done in his lifetime, and among his declarations occurs this remarkable sentence: "I have given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked."

Since Plato, Pythagoras, and other Greeks studied in Egypt, it is probable that many of the mythological ideas of the Grecians came from the Valley of the Nile. The

people of India also derived many of their religious ideas from the Egyptians, and two of the leading Hindoo emblems, the lotus-flower and the ostrich egg, came from this birth-place of history and religion.

Of the ancient religions of Egypt, no vestige remains except the inscriptions on monuments and tombs. Isis and Osiris, Ptah and Pasht, Thoth and Ra are all dethroned and their temples destroyed, and no man lives to-day who is so poor as to do them reverence.

Mohammedanism is the prevalent religion of modern Egypt, and is rapidly extending its sway into the heart of Africa. The Moslem creed is embodied in the words: "There is no God but God (Allah), and Mohammed is his prophet." There are three additional cardinal points which the devout Moslem must accept: (1) God and the angels; (2) written revelation and the prophets; and (3) the resurrection, judgment, eternal life, and predestination, which they carry to extreme fatalism. Mohammedanism also teaches that on the soul's entrance into the other world forty questions are asked, and on the answers given to these the future happiness and misery depends. One of these questions is whether, in their entire life-time, they have ever caused a man to weep. If they have done so, they are shut out of Paradise.

Five times a day the Muezzin's call to prayers is heard, and, no matter where he is, the Moslem at once prostrates himself and performs his devotions. He is also strictly observant of numerous fasts; distributes alms in large proportion to his means, and is a rigid teetotaler. But while Mohammedanism is infinitely superior to Buddhism, Brahmanism, or any form of pagan religion, it is as cold as the stars, and utterly fails to meet the demands of fallen and weary humanity. It teaches no conviction of sin, no sense of pardon, no scheme of atonement, no mediatorial plan.

God is awfully distant, and there is neither warmth nor vitality in the entire system. The code of morals is a very loose one, and the degradation of woman, polygamy, cruelty, and despotism are the curses of Mohammedanism. It teaches a sensual paradise, and the good Moslem's harem consists of three hundred houris, all perfect in loveliness. In his Paradise is to be found the indulgence of every appetite and the gratification of every passion. No wonder with such a creed that Macaulay may truthfully say that the worst Christian government is superior to the best Mohammedan government.

Mohammedanism is diligent in the work of propagation. We went into its great University at Cairo, which is nine hundred years old, and saw there "two acres of turbans." Eight thousand youths are being trained in that institution to go out and proclaim Islamism. They were seated on mats all over the vast court and adjoining buildings which open into it, either conning the Koran aloud, swaying their bodies to and fro as they did so, or were gathered around some teacher who was instilling into them the creed of the prophet. There are in Egypt 1,750,000 Moslems, who present all the evil results of their system, with little admixture of its better qualities.

We visited a number of mosques in Cairo, and found them all much alike, differing only in size and the degree of splendor with which they were adorned. The finest one is the mosque of Mohammed Ali, situated next to the citadel, and whose slender minarets are the most conspicuous objects to be seen as you approach Cairo. It is rather Turkish than Saracenic in its style of architecture, and its vast interior, rich in materials and ambitious in designs, is impressive and striking. The nave is one hundred and fifty by one hundred and twenty-six feet, and the floor is covered with elegant Turkish rugs. It is built principally of

alabaster, though several of the great columns and a portion of the walls are imitation. The frescoes, ornaments, and great chandeliers present a magnificent but rather tawdry appearance, and the whole thing strikes you as gotten up largely for effect. Although it was Friday, the Mohammedan Sunday, when we were there, there were only six Arabs in the house.

From the balcony of the citadel, adjoining the mosque, is to be obtained one of the finest views in Egypt. Cairo, with its fairy domes, exquisite minarets, tall towers, and white houses is at your feet; old Cairo, with the tombs of the Caliphs, lies beyond, and a long sweep of the Nile is visible, with fields of living green and dark lines of palms; while beyond, amid the yellow sands and backed by the desolate Libyan hills, arise the dreamy Pyramids of Gizeh. A belt of green is all around the city, with a belt of sand beyond, and the beauty of the scene will linger with one forever.

The Coptic Church is next in importance and strength to Mohammedanism. The Moslems are principally the Arabs who have overrun the country and crowded the ancient Egyptians to the wall, while the Copts are representatives of the original inhabitants of the land. They number about 400,000, and are about one-fifth of the purely indigenous population of the Valley of the Nile. This Church claims descent from St. Mark, as that of Rome does from St. Peter. The head of their Church is called the Patriarch of Alexandria, and he is selected from amongst the monks of St. Anthony, who inhabit a convent in the Arabian desert not far from the Red Sea. Their tenets strongly resemble the Roman Catholics, though a Wesleyan minister in Egypt, with whom I conversed, thought that there was a germ of evangelical faith left among them. The priests are allowed to marry, though second marriages

are forbidden. They reject the use of images in their churches, but are very proud of their pictures. Their services are read in the obsolete Coptic language, which is seldom understood by the priests and never by the people. The sacrament is administered in both elements, and confession is encouraged, but not insisted on. They retain their turbans, but take off their slippers, on entering the house of prayer; they abstain from swine's flesh and animals that have not been killed by the knife, and practice circumcision. The women pray in a different part of the church from the men. They have suffered grievously from persecution, and are in many respects superior to their Mohammedan countrymen.

We went into the Coptic quarter of Cairo, and in a back alley found an old church, dark and dingy, under which there was a grotto, where tradition says Joseph and Mary abode with the young child during their exile in Egypt. It certainly looks old enough to have been the place, and, as there is no other rival locality, I know of no reason why the claim should not be admitted.

There is but little mission-work being done in Egypt. The American Presbyterians have a mission with seventy stations and about thirteen hundred communicants. The church at Cairo has one hundred and eighty communicants. The Church Missionary Society (Church of England) also has an organization and a number of schools, but we heard of no other efforts at the evangelization of this people. The Wesleyans have a chaplain in the English Army of Occupation, who is doing some faithful missionary work, but they have not yet projected a well-defined enterprise, though they are contemplating such a step.

A few days in Alexandria ended our stay in Egypt. Alexandria is a city of 200,000 inhabitants, but more interesting on account of its past historic associations than

because of any special attraction that it now presents to the traveler. It has been truly said that the ancient city "has bequeathed nothing but its ruins and its name" to the modern Alexandria. The ancient walls, fifteen miles in circumference; the vast streets through the vista of whose marble porticoes the galleys on Lake Mareotis exchanged signals with those upon the sea; the magnificent Temple of Serapis on its platform of one hundred steps; the great marble Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world, which, though five hundred and fifty feet high, was so constructed that a chariot could be driven up the circular way which led to its summit, and whose light could be seen for one hundred miles; the famous Museum, founded by Ptolemy Soter, where a society of learned men devoted themselves to philosophical studies, and where the fair and wise Hypatia taught—all these are now gone, and the modern city is a poor relic of the once proud and mighty metropolis. There is little to see in modern Alexandria except the people and the dirty bazaars. It is more of a European city than Cairo, but lacks many of the interesting features of the latter place. Pompey's Pillar, the old fort which the English battered down in 1882, the mosque that marks the site of the church of St. Mark, the Coptic church and convent whence the Venetians stole the body of the Saint one thousand years ago, and the ruins of Cleopatra's baths, about make up the sum of the attractions which Alexandria has to offer. Pompey's Pillar, which was not Pompey's at all, but was modestly erected by Diocletian in his own honor, is a monolith of polished syenite about one hundred feet high. It stands on a little mound overlooking a dreary Mohammedan cemetery, and has been thus keeping watch for many centuries.

This cemetery is the reputed site of the Temple of Serapis, connected with which was the greatest library of antiq-

uity, "the assembled souls of all that men hold wise," which was unfortunately burned during the siege of the city by Ptolemy. Seven hundred years afterward, when this had again become the greatest library in the world, it was burned by the Caliph Omar, who invaded Egypt and took Alexandria after a protracted siege. When he was asked why he burned so wonderful a collection of books, the fanatical Moslem answered that if the books agreed with the Koran they were not necessary, and that if they disagreed they should be burned. They served as fuel for the public baths for many months. Omar is said to have placed the cemetery on the site of this famous library, so that if any of the books should have been buried they could never be recovered, as the Mohammedans will not suffer their cemetery to be desecrated by digging in it.

It was here at Alexandria that the Septuagint was given to the world. Here St. Mark came and preached, and later on, Arius and Athanasius held warlike controversy. For centuries this was the seat of letters and learning of the ancient world, and the Alexandrian school numbered among its scholars Strabo and Hipparchus, Archimedes and Euclid, Eratosthenes and Ptolemachus. Here luxury and literature, the Epicurean and the Christian, philosophy and commerce once dwelt together. And here Cleopatra reviled with her Roman conquerors, and fell at last herself a victim.

Alexandria is twice mentioned in the Scriptures. It was the city of the eloquent Apollos, and it was in a ship of Alexandria that Paul sailed from the island of Melita. Christianity was early established here, and even from the prejudiced account of the Emperor Hadrian we learn that the Christian community was already numerous in the second century.

We stood one day on the site of Cleopatra's needle—the

one which now stands in Central Park—and looked over the bay to the island, three hundred yards distant, where the mighty Pharos once reared its head. In the water at our feet were the ruins of Cleopatra's famous bath, while to our right was still standing an old tower which is said to have been a portion of the royal palace. Behind us lay the poor remains of the city which Alexander selected as the capital of his wide dominions, and which Napoleon pronounced to be unrivaled in importance. Upon the top of the ruined tower sat a veiled woman, all in black, looking out over the sea, a fit emblem of the desolation which had come to the once proud empire of the Ptolemies.

I left Egypt with regret. A trip up the Nile was in our original programme, and it had been one of my cherished plans to see Karnac's "pillared halls," the ruins of hundred-gated Thebes, and vocal Memnon and his mate, who, "with hands resting on their knees, and eyes turned steadily to the Orient, watch and wait through the circling ages." But the season was getting advanced, and now that we were so near Palestine, we were anxious to reach there. And so one bright afternoon we helped to swell the crowd of passengers on a little French steamer bound for Joppa, sailing for the first time over the fickle and fascinating Mediterranean, which some one has compared to a woman, all sunshine and tears in a moment. It is certainly a sea of light and clouds, of romance and nausea, and, notwithstanding all that has been written of it, while we were glad to see it, we were equally glad to leave it.



VI.

PALESTINE, THE HOLY LAND.

“**A** LAND of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive and honey.”—*Deuteronomy viii. 7, 8.*

We wandered on to many a shrine,
By faith or ages made divine;
And then we visited each place
Where valor's deeds had left a trace;
Or sought the spots renowned no less
For Nature's lasting loveliness.

—*L. E. L.*
(363)



I.

Joppa to Jerusalem.

A LITTLE after daylight on Sabbath morning, as I lay awake in my berth, the engine of the ship suddenly stopped its throbbing, and, jumping up, I looked out of my port and saw in the gray dawn a rocky eminence rising abruptly about one hundred feet out of the sea. It rose, terrace upon terrace, and was covered to its summit with gray stone houses, thickly clustered together, while the white surf broke at its foot, and the long shore line stretched on either side. It was my first view of the Holy Land, and my heart was full as I looked upon it and thought that I was soon to set foot upon the most sacred soil of earth,

Those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

This was the culmination of my trip, the moment toward which I had looked for years, and unutterable thoughts crowded upon me of the events which have ruled the world from Sinai to Olivet, and from Olivet to Calvary.

Soon after our ship cast her anchor some little distance from the shore, a fleet of half a hundred boats put out from the land in a wild race for the steamer, and in a little while the deck was full of shouting Arabs, each vociferating at the top of his voice, and trying to secure passengers to take to land. We had corresponded with Mr. Rolla Floyd, and made arrangements for him to conduct our party through

Palestine,* and soon we saw a boat coming with the stars and stripes flying from the mast, which we were told was Mr. Floyd's boat. It soon came alongside, and a stout, cheery-looking man with frowsy, blonde beard and hair sprung up the ladder. He looked for all the world like a Louisiana cotton-planter, and if I had met him in mid-Africa I would have known that he was an American. "Is this Mr. Floyd?" I asked. "It is," said he. "Mr. Chapman? Where's your party? Show these men your luggage." And in a few minutes we were going down the ladder.

The landing at Joppa is one of the worst of any sea-port in the world, there being no harbor, but only an open roadstead, where there is nearly always a swell. If the weather is very rough, it is impossible for passengers to land at all, while frequently it is necessary to tie ropes around their bodies and lower them into boats. Fortunately, it was comparatively calm the morning we landed, but the swell was considerable, nevertheless, and as it dashed the boat against the foot of the ladder where we stood, two sailors would catch one of us and jump with us into the little craft. As we approached the shore, where the surf was roaring like

* I take great pleasure in recommending Mr. Floyd (whose address is Jaffa, Syria) to any parties contemplating a trip through the Holy Land. He is an American, has been twenty-five years in Palestine, knows every foot of the country, is a walking concordance and cyclopedia, and is reasonable in his charges. His arrangements are much better than those of Thomas Cook & Son, and my experience with the latter firm is any thing but pleasant. If I were going to take another trip around the world, I would neither buy tickets from the Cooks nor have any thing to do with them. In several instances I found them very unreliable, and suffered very great annoyance and inconvenience through being compelled to put up with arrangements I had made with them. I advise all intending travelers to have nothing to do with them.

caged lions, we saw a long ledge of gray rocks rising out of the water, through which a single fissure about thirty feet wide admits the boats into calm water beyond. Tradition says that it was to one of these rocks that Andromeda was chained, from which she was rescued by Perseus.

Joppa is at least three thousand years old, and was a port of entry in the time of Solomon. Here the cedars of Hiram, King of Tyre, were landed for the temple, a firman having been granted by Cyrus; and from this same tempestuous port the fleeing Jonah took ship for Tarshish. One of our company, who had had some rough experience on the fickle Mediterranean, wanted to know if Jonah's willingness to be thrown overboard did not arise from the fact that he had suffered greatly from seasickness during his journey.

It is a much better town than I had expected to see, all the houses being of tuft stone, and it has a population of twenty thousand. The streets within the walls are narrow, dirty, and very steep, and there is not one through which a wheeled vehicle can pass. All the foreign population live without the walls, where the beautiful orange and lemon groves encompass the city. As we drove to Mr. Floyd's residence—bungalow it would have been called in India—the morning air was full of the fragrance of orange-blossoms and the songs of birds, so that we had a sweet welcome to the Holy Land.

Joppa—or Jaffa, as it is called in Palestine—is famous for its orange-gardens, of which there are hundreds of from two and a half to six acres each. The trees were laden with the golden fruit, which is of large size and delicious flavor. Between two and three hundred thousand are annually shipped to Mediterranean ports, and the orchards are said to net ten per cent. on the investment. These are all irrigated by water drawn from wells sunken at convenient

points, none of which are more than twenty or thirty feet deep. As Dr. Thompson says, "The entire plain seems to cover a river of vast breadth, percolating through the sand *en route* to the sea." This water is drawn up by Persian water-wheels, around the rim of which passes an endless belt strung with earthen jars. As these jars are raised full they empty their water into a trough at one side, whence it is conveyed through a spout into the irrigating channel. The wheels are turned by horse-power and are very cumbersome affairs; but all efforts to introduce pumps have failed, these people believing that what sufficed for their fathers will do for them.

The only place of interest in Joppa is the reputed house of Simon the Tanner, where Peter had his wonderful vision of the sheet let down from heaven. The house stands close to the sea, and it seems probable that it occupies the site of Simon's house. An old well yields a copious supply of water such as would be needed in a tannery, and there are some ancient vats which might very well have been used for tanning-vats. The roof is flat, as are all the roofs in this country, and, ascending to it, we enjoyed a fine view of the sea and the rocky coast.

I used to wonder why Peter went on the roof to pray, but now it seems to me a very natural thing. All the roofs in the East are flat, and they are used more than any other portion of the premises. Women wash clothes on them, mechanics ply their trade there, children make it their playground, and it is the favorite promenade and place of rendezvous for the whole family in the evening. I have seen Mohammedans praying there, forcibly recalling this memorable scene in Joppa.

Early Monday morning we started in a hack for Jerusalem, thirty-seven miles distant. There is now a fine carriage road between Joppa and Jerusalem—one of the few

good roads in Palestine, and the only one of any length. In the eastern suburbs we passed the traditional house of Tabitha, on the site of which a small Mohammedan mosque has been erected. We soon entered the beautiful plain of Sharon, which is the best cultivated of any portion of Palestine. There is a Jewish Agricultural College not far from Joppa, and improved methods of tilling the soil are being introduced. The plain of Sharon reminded me of one of the rich rolling prairies of Missouri, and I can pay no higher tribute to its beauty and fertility. It is one hundred miles in length and fifteen in breadth, and extends along the sea-board from Gaza to Mount Carmel, including in its boundary the entire territory of the Philistines. It has always been noted for its luxuriant fertility and excellent pasturage; and about three-fourths of it is now cultivated. In every direction is seen the universal beast of burden, the patient camel, drawing the plow or bearing some load. There are no dwellings or houses of any kind outside of the villages. At intervals of every two miles through this plain are square watch-towers, erected for soldiers to guard the road.

There is now no "rose of Sharon," but the beautiful blood-red anemone grows everywhere, while the "lily of the valley," seen all along the road-side, is a white flower resembling our lily. It is popularly known as "squills," and from it the sirup of squills of commerce is made. Passing the round, dome-like tomb of a Mohammedan priest, I noticed that it was whitewashed, recalling the anathema of our Lord when he compared the Pharisees to "whited sepulchers."

Twelve miles from Joppa we reached Ramlah, a place with 6,000 inhabitants, which is the traditional Arimathea where lived Joseph who furnished the tomb for our Saviour. Here we ascended a famous old tower, once a part of a

great mosque which stood here, and had a magnificent view which took in many interesting localities. To the north, two and a half miles distant, in the midst of an olive-grove, is Lydda, where Peter healed the paralytic, and which is the reputed birthplace of St. George, the slayer of the dragon, and the patron saint of England. Farther distant, toward the north and south, stretches the beautiful plain of Sharon; to the west was to be seen the silvery band of the Mediterranean; while to the east, in the distance, rose the blue but barren mountains of Judea. To the south several cities were visible—Gaza, formerly a royal Canaanitish city, which Pharaoh, King of Egypt, had taken and given to Solomon, his son-in-law, as his daughter's dowry; Gath, the birthplace of Goliath; and Ashdod, the place where the Philistines carried the ark of God after its capture, and where the great temple of Dagon was.

A short distance from Ramlah we passed through the valley of Ajalon, a green and fertile valley about two miles wide by six long, between barren, rocky hills. It is a good battle-field, and is the most famous of all the battle-fields of earth since Joshua said: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

We lunched at Latrum, the traditional site of the home of the penitent thief. Our dragoman said that there were still plenty of thieves there, but he had never heard of any of them being penitent.

Abu Gosh is a small Arab village which is called after a robber thief of that name, who was formerly the Sheik of the village, and, with his six brothers and eighty-five descendants, was the terror of the whole country, and especially of passing pilgrims. He killed three pashas of Jerusalem with his own hand, and was guilty of many other acts of bloodshed and crime. The authorities tried in vain for a long time to capture him, but at last he was taken and dis-

armed at a feast in Jerusalem, and died shortly afterward. This village has been identified as Kirjath-jearim, where the ark rested for twenty years in the house of Abimelech, after it was returned from the land of the Philistines.

We ride on through scenes rendered memorable by some of the most striking events of sacred history, all of which are full of thrilling interest. Here is the valley of Elah, where David slew Goliath, and there are still a great number of "smooth stones" in the brook which runs through the valley, several of which we picked up, trusting that by chance we might get one of the four which David did not use. Yonder, crowning a small eminence, and surrounded on all sides by higher hills, is the village of St. John, the reputed birthplace of John the Baptist; and surely the man who was a concentrated Voice must have drawn inspiration from the scenery with which he was familiar in his youth, for a more beautiful spot cannot well be imagined. Over there on the left, on a commanding elevation, overlooking the country for miles in every direction, is Mizpeh, the ancient watch-tower and home of Samuel, where Saul was anointed King. And here, nestled in this valley, is the most sacred spot of all, Emmaus, where our Lord appeared to the disciples after his resurrection. Along this very road he journeyed with the two disciples, and, though not recognizing him, their hearts "burned within them" as he "talked by the way and opened to them the Scriptures." We feel that we are on holy ground, and try to commune with him as they did while we journey on.

Along the whole route the hills show evidence of having been formerly terraced to their very summits. Some of the terraces are still cultivated; some are neglected, but a very little labor would be required to restore them; while others are broken down, the traces of them, however, remaining. Everywhere there are cumulative signs that a vast popula-

tion, thrifty and industrious, once occupied this land, and the evidences are equally conclusive that it would still support such a population, under a good government, with ample security to life and property. When these terraces were all green with vines and olives, and the valleys made to smile with rich harvests, it must have been one of the most beautiful countries in the world—truly a land that flowed with milk and honey. The hoof of the Turkish power is said to cause every green thing it touches to wither. If the tread of this hoof shall cease to be felt in Palestine and a thrifty population should again occupy it, her vineyards would bend once more with heavy clusters, her valleys grow green again, and her deserts blossom as the rose.

At last we turn an angle in the road, and the suburbs of Jerusalem begin to come in view. We stand up in our carriage and strain our eyes to catch a first sight of the Holy City. A little farther, and there rise the domes of the Mosque of Omar and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and soon the old gray city, the holiest spot in all the earth, with its solid mass of houses and multitude of domes and minarets, is before us. It looked just as I had expected to see it, and it is the very picture upon which I have gazed a hundred times. There it is, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth;" elevated and yet lower than the hills which are "round about it;" a city "set on a hill," and yet encircled by a coronet of mountains; the home of Melchizedek, the city of David, the place of which poets have sung and sages prophesied, the scene of the most sacred events of history, and, above all, the spot where our blessed Lord walked and talked, suffered and died, rose again and ascended. We stop at our hotel just outside the Joppa Gate, in full view of the old tower of Hippicus, better known as the Tower of David, which is the only thing standing upon which our Lord looked, except a portion of

the ancient wall, and which Titus spared when he so completely destroyed the Holy City.

By far the best portion of Jerusalem now lies without the walls. During the last few years quite extensive western and southern suburbs have been built up, and most of the foreign residents now live in this locality. Property has risen greatly in value, and choice sites now command a high price. Much building is being done, and there is a decided air of prosperity in this new quarter of the city. The population of Jerusalem has always been a disputed question. But the best authorities now place it at forty thousand, of whom fully fifteen thousand live without the walls. The Jews have increased very greatly of late, and are now said to number twenty thousand; the Mohammedans are estimated at ten thousand five hundred, and the remainder are divided between the various Christian sects, the Greek Catholics largely outnumbering all the others, and the Protestants not being more than a thousand.

II.

The City of David.

“WALK about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks.” We endeavored to literally obey this injunction of the Psalmist. Our first excursion was through the city to the Zion Gate, and from thence all around the wall on the outside. We enter by the Joppa Gate, which is close to the Tower of David, and always the busiest part of the city. The gate probably stands just about where it did in our Lord’s day, in the west wall of the city, near where the wall turns to the north-west, and is about forty feet in length, being a right angle, and some sixty feet high. Having passed through this gate, we find ourselves in David Street, which runs from here to the principal entrance to the Haram, this entrance probably being the “Beautiful Gate” of the temple. This is a crowded, busy street about twelve feet wide, having on both sides, throughout most of its extent, rows of shops with almost every conceivable article for sale. This street descends toward the Tyropean Valley, and in many places there are a number of steps down which the donkeys, the only vehicles of transportation in Jerusalem, carefully pick their way. We go down this street a short distance until we reach Zion Street, which runs straight through the city from north to south, and is still narrower and dirtier than David Street. The fact is that every street in Jerusalem is narrow and dirty, and the city is any thing but inviting in appearance. It must be

remembered that it is very far from being the Jerusalem of our Lord's day, and the old streets are buried forty or fifty feet below the present surface, the accumulated rubbish of centuries being heaped upon them. "No ancient city, not excepting Rome itself, has undergone (since the time of Christ) so many changes as Jerusalem. Not only houses, palaces, temples, have been demolished, rebuilt, and destroyed anew, but entire hills have been dug down and valleys filled up." The Tyropean Valley, which extends through the city, separating Mt. Zion from Mt. Moriah, has been filled up to a depth of from sixty to ninety feet. When, a few years ago, the builders were seeking a foundation for the Episcopal Church on Mt. Zion, they were obliged to dig fifty feet through the rubbish to reach the rock. In one of the excavations, a church was found buried forty feet below the present surface.

Under Hadrian's orders, the ruins of the city which Titus had left standing were razed, the site of the temple was plowed over, a temple to Jupiter was built on a portion of it, and a statue of the Emperor was erected where the Holy of Holies had been. Even the name of the city was changed to Aelia Capitolina, and it disappeared from history for two centuries.

In fact there are no less than eight Jerusalems lying buried one upon another, and the very dust of the city is thick with the ashes of a hundred generations. Forty feet below the Via Dolorosa are Roman pavements over which passed the victorious legions nearly two thousand years ago. "How doth the city sit desolate that was full of people! How is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations!"

Since its first appearance in the annals of history, Jerusalem has been captured and rebuilt no less than twenty-one times. At least one-third of these changes, and those the

most radical ones, have taken place since the beginning of the Christian era. Its history is strangely blended with holiness and crime, with prosperity and desolation, with triumph and despair, and no city in all the world has so wonderful a record. It has been besieged and conquered in turn by Babylonian, Assyrian, and Egyptian, and these have been followed by Roman and Saracen, Crusader and Turk, who, one and all, have laid waste the holy city and caused it to bleed at every pore.

As we walked on through the old city, we found nowhere a sidewalk or a decent street, while every thing bore the usual dirty appearance of an Eastern city. Going out of the Zion Gate on the south, we found ourselves on the highest summit of Mt. Zion, a space now covered with tombs. This was the most ancient portion of Jerusalem, and was held by the Jebusites for four hundred years after Israel came in possession of the promised land. The capture of the citadel which stood here was one of the greatest achievements of David's reign, and he erected thereon his palace.

In the time of Israel's greatest prosperity this was crowded with Jerusalem's most stately buildings, so that the Psalmist might well say, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mt. Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King." This is all now a scene of desolation, except a small portion which is cultivated, thus literally fulfilling the prophecy of Micah: "Therefore shall Zion for your sake be plowed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest." From this point we looked across the valley to Mt. Moriah, and beyond this to the Mount of Olives—a long ridge with two depressions, a tower and several buildings standing on the highest summit, while its slopes are covered with olive-trees.

Beginning a little south of the Joppa Gate is the valley of Hinnom, which is so wide and deep as to answer the purpose of a moat on the western side of the city. Turning south, and running along the south wall of the city, it is called the valley of Gehenna, and here we are carried back to one of the most ancient periods in history. It was in this valley that the Canaanites worshiped Moloch by causing their sons and daughters to pass through the fire.

After the capture of the city by the Israelites, all the offal and refuse were cast there and burned, and the continually ascending smoke made it a fit representation of the place of torment. The Tyropean or Cheese-mongers Valley begins on the north side of the city, near the Damascus Gate, and runs through the city, separating Mt. Moriah and Mt. Zion. It deepens very rapidly as it passes southward, and at the southern extremity of the temple inclosure it has a depth of one hundred and fifty feet below the summit of Moriah. Here it unites with the valley of Hinnom. The valley of Jehoshaphat runs to the east of Mount Moriah, and across this, through which flows the brook Kedron, rises Mount Olivet.

Thus originally, before these valleys became so filled up, Jerusalem was an almost impregnable fortress, as it could only be approached by a steep ascent on every side, except along the top of the narrow ridge at the north-west, and the top of this ridge was forty feet below the highest ground within the city.

The site of the city is indeed unique. Selected originally from the strength of its situation only, it offers none of the features usually to be found surrounding the metropolis of a powerful people. No river nor any stream flows by it; no fertility surrounds it; no commerce is able to approach its walls. It seems to stand apart from the world, and, like the high-priest who once ministered in its temple,

it stands solitary and removed from all secular influences. Other cities offer gain or pleasure, luxury or glory; Jerusalem has nothing but her imperishable history and her mighty memories, while her greatest glory is a riven rock and a vacant sepulcher.

The city is entirely surrounded by a wall, which is from forty to fifty feet high, though at the south-east angle of the Haram it is ninety feet. It is nine feet thick at its base; the parapet is three feet thick, and there are two places for lines of soldiers to stand upon, each three feet wide. Most of the present walls of Jerusalem are not older than the sixteenth century, though they are built of the old materials of former ancient walls, and most of them occupy the same position. The northern wall runs in a waving line, and making several angles, for thirteen hundred yards, nearly three-quarters of a mile. The eastern wall is nine hundred and twenty-one yards, or a little more than half a mile in length, and runs nearly due north and south. The southern wall is very crooked, making a number of angles, and is eleven hundred and twenty-seven yards long, or about two-thirds of a mile. The western wall runs almost due north from the south-west corner to the moat around David's Tower, near the Joppa Gate, nearly three hundred yards. Thence this fortress extends one hundred and thirty-three yards to the Joppa Gate. This gate is four hundred and fifty-three yards from the north-west angle, which makes the western wall eight hundred and eighty-six yards, or about half a mile in length. This makes the entire distance around the wall four thousand two hundred and sixty-four yards, or a little less than two and a half miles. There are four distinct quarters of the city—the north-west is the Christian quarter, the south-west the Armenian, north-east the Jewish, and south-east the Mohammedan.

In the south-east corner of the city is the Mosque of Omar, or more properly the Dome of the Rock, which undoubtedly occupies the site of Solomon's Temple. The plateau in the midst of which it stands is on the summit of Moriah, and is called Haram-esh-sherif, or more popularly the Haram. This summit was a sharp ridge, which had been the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite, and was the traditional scene of the sacrifice of Abraham. David purchased it from Araunah at the time of the plague, and there made his offering. God selected this summit for the site of the temple, but, in order to have sufficient space for the courts as well as for the temple proper, Solomon laid the foundations of the eastern and western walls on the solid rock near the foot of the mountain on each side, and built them straight up until their tops were on a level with the summit of the mountain. These walls were consequently very high, and in his explorations Capt. Warren sunk one shaft at the north-east corner near St. Stephen's Gate, which was one hundred and thirty-two feet deep. These shafts were sunk through the debris of ages, and, running horizontal shafts, in every case he came to the temple walls. These discoveries have justified the declaration of Josephus that the eastern wall of the temple was so high that it made you dizzy to look down from the summit into the Kedron valley. This was the pinnacle of the temple from which our Lord was tempted to cast himself down. Throned on this height rose the temple, with its glittering columns of precious stones and its roof of gold.

When Solomon had erected those walls he filled up all the intervening space and leveled it, so as to form a smooth area of thirty-six acres. It is estimated that this filling up required not less than seventy million cubic feet of earth. In order to avoid filling all this up solidly, stone piers were built in the Kedron Valley, over which vaults of masonry

were turned, and others on top of these to the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet, while the whole was covered with earth and appeared as the rest of the area. This immense underground space, which we visited, runs along the Kedron valley for four hundred yards north and south, and is one hundred and fifty yards wide. While this was built to save filling up, it is possible that Solomon may have kept some of his horses there, for it is said that he had "forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen." This whole space, making an irregular quadrangle of five hundred and thirty-six yards on the west side, five hundred and twelve on the east, three hundred and forty-eight on the north, and three hundred and nine on the south, was inclosed by the walls being run up some ten or twelve feet above the level of the inside area, so as to form a parapet, which served the purpose of a military defense to the temple. Thus this mountain ridge was changed into a level space of thirty-six acres, wherein were built the temple and its courts, and the whole mountain was encased with a stone wall. This was connected with Mt. Zion, the old and populous part of Jerusalem, by two magnificent bridges thrown across the Tyropean Valley—one at the northern extremity of Mt. Zion, and the other near the southern end of the temple area. Both Moslems and Jews consider this thirty-six acres the most sacred place in the world except Mecca to the former. Here stood the most glorious temple ever erected; hither the tribes came up; here shone forth the light of the Shekinah; here the sacrifices of Israel were offered for a thousand years; here David sung and Isaiah prophesied and Christ taught; and here was the center of the religious, poetical, and political life of God's chosen people during all the centuries of their national existence.

Into these sacred precincts burst the army of Titus on

that fearful night when the city was taken, when a soldier, in violation of the express order of his commander, threw a torch into the temple, which caused the captured city, the encircling hills, and the sky itself to be suddenly illumined by a mighty conflagration.

Moslem tradition says that when Mohammed comes to judge the world, he will sit on this Haram wall overlooking the valley of Jehoshaphat, and when a thin cord has been stretched across the gulf to Mount Olivet, all who would reach Paradise must walk across it.

Within this area stand the Dome of the Rock, the Mosque Aksar, and several small buildings. The first is properly known as the Mosque of Omar, but the latter is really entitled to the name, as the larger part of it was built by that Caliph. The Dome of the Rock is so called because just in the center, surrounded by a high latticed inclosure, a large piece of the native rock juts out. This rock was the threshing-floor of Araunah, and probably the altar of burnt sacrifice. The surface is fifty-seven by forty-three feet, and it protrudes six and one-half feet above the floor. The building is a magnificent structure, octagonal in form, and surmounted with a dome of great beauty. Each side of the octagon is sixty-seven feet long by forty-six feet high, while the dome is sixty-five feet in diameter at the base and ninety-seven feet from base to apex, the summit being one hundred and seventy feet from the ground. The exterior of the mosque from twenty feet upward is covered with blue and white Persian tiles, making a very fine effect, while below it is encased in white marble. The interior is richly adorned, and the roof and dome are supported by beautiful antique marble columns, all of which were taken from older buildings, and some of them undoubtedly came from Solomon's Temple. The pavement consists of marble mosaic, and there are fifty-six beautiful stained glass windows.

Around the whole exterior and over the arches of each window are extracts from the Koran.

At the south-west corner of the area stands the Mosque el Aksar, "The Mosque far away"—that is from Mecca—part of which was originally a church built by Justinian in the sixth century, and called the Church of St. Anne. The Caliph Omar added to it and changed it into a mosque. It is ninety by sixty yards, and has nothing especially attractive about it, except its history. There are immense vaults under it, and a long, arched passage-way which leads to what was evidently the great double gate of the temple from the outside. Pillars are still standing, partly built into the wall, which doubtless stood in Solomon's day. This is one of the most interesting spots around Jerusalem, and to it Christian, Jew, and Moslem turn with equal reverence. Its history is a strange romance, and its fortunes have been as varied as marvelous. May the time speedily come when it, in common with the other sacred sites of the Holy Land, may be rescued from the sacrilegious Turk, and made a place of Christian worship!

III.

Walks About Jerusalem.

THE two points of supreme interest to me at Jerusalem were the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane. One soon loses faith in many of the sacred sites which are pointed out, and the circumstantial details tire and disgust; but we know that the Mount of Olives is now as it was in the days of our Lord, and with it are associated some of the tenderest and most precious incidents of the Saviour's life. It was his favorite place for retirement and prayer, and he spent many nights alone upon its summit, so that every foot of its soil is sacred. One of the most pathetic passages in the Gospels is where there is a description of a busy day which he had spent among the multitude—preaching, working miracles, speaking parables, and giving words of comfort—and, in conclusion, it is said that when night came on, "Every man went to his own home. But Jesus went to the Mount of Olives." Doubtless, he spent that night sleeping under one of the old olive-trees, which then as now were found everywhere on its sides and summit. Instead of being, as I supposed, a single peak, it consists of a long ridge running parallel with Mt. Moriah, but considerably higher, and divided into several eminences by low depressions. The highest point is twenty-seven hundred and twenty-three feet above the sea-level.

On the side of the Mount of Olives, to the right of the road, just across the brook Kedron, is the Garden of Gethsemane. Gethsemane means "the oil-press," and the origi-

nal garden must have covered a much larger space than the present inclosure, though I suppose there is little doubt but that this was part of the original garden. It is two hundred yards long by one hundred and fifty wide; is inclosed by a high wall, and planted in flowers and shrubbery. It is the property of the Greek Church, and some Greek priests who live there guard it very carefully. But that which most interests the Christian are eight gnarled old olive-trees which grow within the inclosure, and are certainly sufficiently wrinkled and twisted to have stood there since the time of our Saviour.

From the summit of the Mount of Olives the finest view of Jerusalem is obtained. The compact city, with its domes and flat roofs, lies just at your feet, and every rock and hill and valley that is visible bears some name that has become sacred to Christian hearts. Between the Mount and the city lie the Garden of Gethsemane and the Vale of Jehoshaphat with its brook Kedron, which meets the waters of Siloam at the Well of Job. The tombs of the kings, of Nehemiah, of Absalom and the Judges are also before you; the caves of the prophets everywhere pierce the rocks that have so often resounded to the war-cry of the Chaldean, the Roman, the Saracen, and the Crusader. Beyond the city to the south spreads the vale of Rephaim, with Bethlehem in the distance, while to the east you can look over the mountains of Judea and see the dead, still waters that flow above the buried cities of the plain.

One day we passed around the wall of the city on the north side, going by the Damascus Gate; the Gate of St. Stephen, where the reputed stoning of the martyr took place; across the brook Kedron; past the Church of the Virgin, where it is claimed the mother of our Lord is buried, and which is said to be the oldest Christian church in existence; beyond Gethsemane on the right; up the steep ascent along

the very route which David took when he fled from his unnatural son Absalom and was followed by the cursing Shimei. Reaching the summit, we visited the Carmelite convent, which occupies a commanding situation, said to be on the spot where Christ taught his disciples the Lord's Prayer. Around the walls of an arcade, which surround a great court, this prayer is written in thirty-four different languages. Near by is a magnificent Russian church, which is built on the site of an old church of the crusaders. The great bell of this church, weighing six tons, was pulled by the women of the congregation from Joppa to Jerusalem. The wagon on which it rested is shown near the Campanile. It looks very much like the Russians were casting longing eyes toward Palestine. They are building another fine church near the Garden of Gethsemane, and are acquiring much valuable property in various portions of Jerusalem. The most extensive buildings in the western suburbs are their convent, monastery, and church of five domes.

Riding on over the brow of Olivet, we descended on the eastern slope to Bethany, the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, a place full of sacred memories. Here our Lord found the one retreat which was always open to him, and to those warm-hearted, loving friends he always retired when wearied and worn out with the world. It is a significant and touching fact that when at Bethany, though only two miles distant, he could not see Jerusalem. Bethany is now a collection of ruined and deserted houses, only a few Arabs living there in abject poverty; but the red anemone grows everywhere on the broken fences and crumbling walls, and a sweet peace and calm seems to rest upon the whole scene. The sites of the house of Mary and Martha, and of that of Simon, the leper, are pointed out, but tradition has not located the place where our Lord ascended, though, according to Luke, the ascension took place from

Bethany, and not from Olivet, as is generally supposed. Leaving Bethany and coming around to the southern slope of Olivet, a number of old tombs were pointed out, which evidently were the burial-places of Bethany. It is very probable that among these was the tomb of Lazarus, and we may have stood on the very spot where that wonderful miracle occurred. Near this is the supposed site of Bethphage, "House of Figs," now a bald, bare spot. It was from this place that our Lord sent the disciples for the colt, on the occasion of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. A little farther on, we turned a corner of the mountain, and, for the first time since leaving Bethany, came in full view of Jerusalem. Tradition says that it was from this spot that our Lord, beholding the city, wept over it, uttering those pathetic words, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." And then he uttered that prophecy concerning the destruction of the city which was so literally fulfilled.

The tomb of the Virgin Mary is at the foot of Olivet, fifty yards north-east of Gethsemane. It is strikingly appropriate that Mary should have been buried so near the place where her son, the Saviour of the world, suffered his bitter agony. Was not the agony of Gethsemane as great as the agony of the cross, and did not our Lord's mental sufferings culminate in the garden?

The tomb of Mary is in a vast grotto, forty-eight stone steps leading down into it. The church has a strikingly gorgeous combination of chapels, the largest room having five hundred silver lamps, which are lighted every morning at mass. As in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, there is a Greek, a Latin, and an Armenian chapel.

The entire south-western slope of Olivet is covered with Jewish tombs, while the eastern slope of Moriah is full of

Mohammedan tombs. Both the Jews and the Mohammedans believe that the general judgment will take place in the valley of Jehoshaphat; hence the devout of both sects desire to be buried there, so as to be "first on the ground."

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is a great mass of buildings, rich in ornamentation, fragrant with incense, resonant with the constant chant of priest and choir, and lighted by hundreds of candles, which are kept constantly burning. There are no less than a dozen different chapels, belonging to Syrians, Copts, Armenians, Greeks, and Latins, while the great rotunda of the sepulcher is free to all. In this church, or rather congeries of churches, you are shown so many sacred things and sacred places that you soon grow bewildered and totally incredulous of the whole. The stone of anointment, on which the body of Jesus is said to have lain when it was anointed by Nicodemus; the spot where the women stood and witnessed the anointment; the sepulcher where the body of our Lord was laid; the stone which the angel rolled from the mouth of the sepulcher and on which he afterward sat; the tombs of Joseph of Arimathea, of Nicodemus, and of Adam; a fragment of the column to which our Lord was bound when scourged; Golgotha, in which is shown the cleft in the rock; the stone on which the cock stood which crowed when Peter had thrice denied his Lord, and many other sacred frauds are exhibited with the utmost sincerity, and are believed in by thousands who visit and kiss them every year. Perhaps the most ridiculous story connected with this church is that which has been fastened on the chapel of St. Longinus, as it is called. The story is that Longinus was the soldier who pierced the side of our Saviour; he had been blind in one eye, but when some of the water and blood spurted into this blind eye, it recovered its sight. He thereupon repented and became a Christian, and the Greeks have canonized

him and erected this chapel to his honor. All Biblical archaeologists now agree that this church cannot be upon the spot where our Lord was crucified; neither can it mark the place of his burial. For it is stated positively that he suffered without the gate, and recent explorations have made it quite certain that in Christ's time, as now, this place was inside the walls. But it is a remarkable church for all that, and is invested with very great interest as being the most sacred spot in all the world to millions of human beings. For sixteen hundred years the Christian world accepted this as the place of burial of our Lord, and during that time great wars were waged for its possession. The object of the Crusaders, which involved Europe and the East in war for a century, was to recover the holy sepulcher, which was believed to be within the walls of this sanctuary. So that, even as an historical monument, it is of the deepest interest and cannot be entered without a feeling of veneration. But more than this, it has been consecrated by the faith and hope, by the tears and prayers, of generations, and I could not restrain a feeling of profound reverence as I stood with uncovered head amid the throng of kneeling worshipers. Thousands of Roman and Greek Catholic pilgrims come here annually and devoutly kiss every sacred spot about the church, and then go home to have the odor of sanctity about them for the rest of their lives.

The most remarkable sites are those which illustrate the parables. Thus pilgrims are shown the window which was the post of observation of Dives, and the stone, now worn by the kisses of the faithful, where Lazarus sat when the dog licked his sores.

It is not important to know where Calvary was. As I stood on Olivet and looked over the city, I felt every nerve in me thrill as I thought that somewhere within the range of my vision the cross was reared on which the Sav-

iour had died for the sins of the world; and within the same radius was the grave of Joseph of Arimathea, where he was laid, and from which he rose from the dead. If the Via Dolorosa does not mark the path he trod, it was along some of these very streets that he bore his cross to Calvary. What matters it whether it was on this square yard or that? It is enough for me to know the fact, and to realize that I stood near the spot.

Without deeming it a matter of any very great moment, I am inclined to think, however, that a round, bare knoll, about two hundred yards north of the Damascus Gate, and just above the Tyropean Valley, has been correctly fixed upon as Golgotha. I believe that General Gordon was the first to point out this place, and since then Captain Conder and other scientific explorers have come to the same conclusion. It is a small mound, some seventy-five feet across, and bears a striking resemblance to a skull. It is on a great rock, and there are seams and rifts in this rock that might have been caused by the earthquake. The fact that this was without the gate, that it was an old execution-place of the Jews, that it was near the public road so that those who passed by could see and rail at him, that it answers every description of the sacred narrative, and that tradition has long made the barren tract adjoining it accursed and haunted, all seem to point to this as the place where he died. I visited the knoll several times, and the conviction grew on me that it answered all the conditions better than any other spot.

Another spot that interested me exceedingly, and seemed to bear the marks of being genuine, was the judgment hall of Pilate, which is now a part of the convent and orphanage of the Sisters of Zion. The old stone arch, called the "Ecce Homo arch," which was the entrance to the judgment hall, is still to be seen in the chapel, and in entering

you pass under it. Its evident antiquity leaves little room to doubt its genuineness. There is also in the chapel an old stone pulpit, which formerly stood in the street, and from which the prophets preached. Down in the vaults, under the house, twenty feet below the present streets, there is ninety feet of the original pavement of the street, the only place in Jerusalem where any portion of it is to be seen. These are doubtless the same stones which were pressed by the feet of Christ, and it is the very pavement over which once rolled the chariots of Pilate and Herod.

We were amply repaid for an exploration into the great quarries under Jerusalem, which were accidentally discovered by Dr. Barclay, through the agency of his little dog, who found an entrance into them. These quarries extend for a long distance under the city, and consist of a labyrinth of long, wide corridors, often broadening out into vast chambers, which were formed by the native rock being taken out for building purposes. These corridors are in many places steep and slippery, and often there are great hollows excavated, into which there is great danger of falling. Everywhere the surface is rough and uneven, while overhead there are great masses of superincumbent rock, parts of which often give way, sometimes almost blocking the passage, so that this excursion was not without its dangers. In the walls and overhead the traces of chisels are everywhere to be seen, and the chips from the hewn rocks lie thick under your feet. Here the stones were prepared for the great Temple of Solomon, so that they could be put in their place without the sound of a hammer. It was a strange sensation to be groping about in these old subterranean excavations, now as silent and dark as the tomb, but which three thousand years ago were so full of the noise and bustle of masons and workmen; to find in some places great blocks of stone which Solomon's workmen had left, and in

others the trenches on either side of a rock, showing how they were taken up; to thread these gloomy labyrinths which had remained unchanged and undiscovered during all the storms and wars, the sieges and changes which the old city overhead had undergone during the past thirty centuries. In one of these underground chambers the first Masonic lodge in Jerusalem was organized, and it may have been that Solomon and Hiram de Bœuf organized the first lodge in the world near the same place.

The wailing-place of the Jews is in the Jewish quarter, on a narrow street, just against the south-west wall of the temple. Here, where the original temple wall, for about twenty feet in height, is still standing, the Jews assemble every Friday afternoon to mourn over the desecration of their holy places. They are not allowed to enter the temple inclosure, and so they come as near to it as possible to lament for "the city that is fallen." There are always a few there, and when we reached the spot there were two women standing in the rain, leaning with their faces to the wall, wailing and weeping, with every appearance of the deepest grief. While we watched, three others came and took the same position. The loneliness of the spot, the sadness of the mourners, the memories of the ancient glory of Israel, the present sad condition of the nation, scattered in every land, without a home or country, despised and persecuted, the voice of weeping which was sobbed out on that wretched day—all combined to make it one of the most touching and pathetic pictures I have ever seen.

I do not believe in the temporal restoration of the Jews. I have no idea that they will ever again, as a nation, occupy Jerusalem and Palestine; but I do believe that one day they will "look on Him whom they pierced," and be gathered, as a people, into the faith of the gospel. May God hasten that glad day!

IV.

Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea.

OUR first horseback trip in Palestine was "down to Jericho." Our party consisted of fourteen tourists, one dragoman, three Arab muleteers, drivers of pack-mules, etc. The Jordan Valley is on the borders of the Bedouin possessions, and no party can venture there without an escort. Not that the escort would be of any account in case of an attack—for, as Mark Twain says, if they should attempt to fire their pistols, they would not go off until the middle of next week—but no Bedouins ever attack a party which has an escort, while they are sure to do so to one that is not so provided. And as these escorts receive handsome pay for their services, it is a kind of blackmail which is levied on travelers. The Government farms out this right of escort, and for some time past the privilege has been in the hands of the Sheik of Abu Dis. Our escort consisted of the young son of the Sheik, and two of his followers. The young Sheik was a handsome fellow, gorgeously attired, and very proud of the responsibility of his position. It is considered greater honor for the Sheik to send his son than to go himself, as every hair of the son's head is considered sacred.

As in our Lord's day, it is still "down to Jericho," the road descending four thousand feet in about twenty miles. The road, or rather path, is as rough and rocky as can well be imagined, leading over steep, precipitous hills through a barren, desolate country. It was the wilderness of Judea through which we were passing, the same in which John

the Baptist was trained for his great mission, and where he began his ministry. Those same barren rocks had echoed to his voice, and along the same rough path we were traveling, "Jerusalem and all Judea and all the region round about Jordan" had hurried with eager feet to be "baptized of him in Jordan." It was no road along which our horses in single file carefully picked their way, for the only roads in Palestine are footpaths worn by the feet of donkeys and camels, and flocks, and men, by ages of travel. They were never leveled or widened or cleared of rock, but are just as nature and the wear of feet have made them. All burdens are moved by beast or man, and wheeled vehicles are unknown save between Joppa and Jerusalem.

At noon we stopped for lunch at an old ruined khan, where tradition locates the parable of the Good Samaritan. The spot is sufficiently wild and dreary to be the haunt of robbers, and our experience so far is that thieves are much more plentiful in all this country than good Samaritans.

During the afternoon, in the wildest and most desolate part of the road, we came to the brook Cherith, which flows through a gorge so deep that we could not at first see the water, though we could hear it rippling over its stony bed. At last we reached a place where we could look down into the gorge eight hundred feet deep and three hundred feet wide, and see the leaping brook at the bottom. A narrow and precipitous path was to be seen away down near the brook, which leads up the valley to a Greek convent. No better place of concealment could possibly be found, and the ravens such as fed Elijah are still to be seen there.

Late in the afternoon a magnificent view burst upon us. At our feet lay the beautiful plain of the Jordan with its covering of green, beyond which were to be seen the blue mountains of Moab, while twelve miles to the south gleamed the waters of the Dead Sea, blue and beautiful in the dis-

tance. Descending into the plain we found it green and fertile, though only a small portion is cultivated, and it is a wilderness of thorn-bushes from two to ten feet high. Riding through these for about two miles, we came to the fountain the waters of which Elisha healed. This fountain is a perennial one, but the water is not as sweet as we would suppose the prophet would have made it. Just back of this spring rises a precipitous hill which we ascended, and there stood on the site of ancient Jericho.

Here stood the old Canaanitish city, one mile square, the walls of which fell at the sound of the rams' horns, and which was the first place captured by the Israelites. After its destruction Joshua declared that whoever rebuilt it should be accursed; and, though it was afterward built up by Hiel in the reign of Ahab, this curse probably prevented it from being inhabited, and it became the abode of the poor prophets for whom Elisha healed the waters. It is now a barren, desolate spot, and not a trace remains of the great city which was once there.

The third Jericho, which Antony presented to Cleopatra, who sold it to Herod, and which that monarch embellished with palaces and made his winter residence—the Jericho of our Lord's day—occupied still another site, at the foot of the mountains, between the fountain and Wady Kelt. It was near here that Elijah was taken up, and it was here that our Lord healed blind Bartimeus, and received the hospitality of Zaccheus the publican.

The present Jericho is a miserable Arab village called Eriha, built on the site of ancient Gilgal, where the ark and tabernacle rested so long after the children of Israel occupied the land. Here Samuel judged Israel, and here the tribes were wont to gather. Our tents this first night were pitched on a little knoll just to the east of Eriha, in the same place where Israel camped before Jericho. This was

the spot where Joshua stood when he saw the captain of the Lord's host standing with drawn sword over Jericho, and it was in this same place that the first passover in the promised land was eaten. Just south of us lay the Valley of Achor, where Achan and his family were stoned and burned for their trespass. How far distant these events lie! And yet that night as I stood under the brilliant sky and thought of them, thirty-five hundred years were bridged, and they seemed very near and real.

The next morning, as we rode through the fresh, bracing morning air, we looked toward the north, and there through the valley, one hundred and ten miles distant, snowy Hermon lifted his head. Then we looked straight ahead across the Jordan Valley to the blue mountains of Moab, and there was Pisgah, from the summit of which Moses took his last view of the promised land. He had probably looked over it from those mountains often before, but this was the special place from which he took his last look. It was this fertile valley through which we were riding which Lot had also looked upon as it spread out everywhere before him "as the garden of the Lord." In about an hour we reached the "outer banks" of the Jordan, and descending a steep declivity about fifty feet in height we were "in Jordan," although it was half a mile to the banks of the stream proper. A little further on we descended a second embankment, and soon reached the banks confining the water. All the space after descending the first embankment is called "in Jordan," and when the rains come it frequently overflows. The river proper is a turbid, muddy, rapid stream, which runs through the valley like a coiling serpent, with a thick growth of underbrush and small trees on either bank. It falls from five to eleven feet to the mile, although in a few places it has a fall of forty feet to the mile. The entire distance from the Lake of Galilee to the Dead Sea is sixty-five miles in a

straight line, but the stream is so crooked that in traversing this distance it runs two hundred miles. From the foot of Hermon to the Dead Sea, it descends two thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight feet, this rapid fall having given the river its name. The stream is about the size of Platte River, in Platte County, Missouri, and why Watts should have written, "On Jordan's *stormy* banks I stand," of this little river which meanders through low plains where everlasting summer abides is not very evident.

The place at which we reached the river is called "the Fords of Jordan," and is supposed to be the spot where John preached and baptized "all Judea and Samaria and the region round about," and where our Lord submitted to the same rite. The stream at this point is ninety feet wide and from four to nine feet deep, and cedars, rushes, and other bushes grow along the banks. We went down to the water's edge and drank some of it, and then bathed our hands and heads, just as John doubtless baptized the people. Then our little company gathered on the bank, and turning to the third chapter of Matthew, one of the party read it aloud, and we tried to picture to ourselves that wonderful scene of two thousand years ago, which separated our blessed Lord from his quiet life of the past and projected him upon his great mission.

After leaving the Jordan we rode for about an hour south through the eastern portion of the Jordan plain to the Dead Sea. A little while before reaching the sea, we came to some sticky, muddy ground, which in wet weather is almost impassable. These were doubtless the slime-pits into which the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fell when fleeing from Chedorlaomer. At last we reached the head of the Dead Sea, which lay before us a calm, lovely sheet of blue water, as deceptive as beautiful. I stooped down and tasted it, and it was the most nauseous, bitter dose I have

ever taken, the taste remaining for nearly an hour. The sea contains no living thing of any kind. Neither shells nor coral exist in it, and sea-fish put into its waters speedily die. Not a single boat is now upon this lake, though it was navigated in the time of Josephus. When a storm bursts over it, according to Lieutenant Lynch, the waves lash the sides of boats like hammers; but, owing to the heaviness of the water, they speedily subside when the storm is over. There is no vegetation of any kind along the shores, but the banks slope gradually down into the water, and are thickly strewn with the most beautiful pebbles.

The sea is forty-six miles long, and its greatest width is ten miles. It is the lowest body of water in the world, being thirteen hundred feet below the level of the sea. Its greatest depth is thirteen hundred and ten feet, and its mean depth ten hundred and eighty feet. It contains fifteen per cent. more salt than the sea, and every gallon of the water weighs twelve and one-fourth pounds, and contains nearly three and a half pounds of solid matter in solution. Of the three and a half pounds held in solution, nearly two pounds are chloride of magnesium, nearly one pound is chloride of sodium, or common salt, and more than one-third of a pound is chloride of calcium.

The original lake was probably a fresh-water lake, much smaller in size, and extended to a peninsula which now juts out near its southern end, and extends within two miles of the western shore. This lake probably overflowed, which accounts for the fertility of the valley. When the cities were overthrown part of the plain was probably submerged, and at the same time the character of the water of the lake was changed by the obtrusion from below of rocks, salt, and other volcanic products. The salt of the Dead Sea has, from the earliest times, been collected and brought to the Jerusalem market, and is considered particularly strong.

Our road from the Dead Sea to Mar Saba lay through the wildest country conceivable. There was not a human habitation to be seen, and the road was a tortuous path over precipitous mountains and rocks, where the horses could with difficulty find a foot-hold. Sometimes the narrow path was on the brow of a precipice a thousand feet high, and again frightful chasms on either side would cause the boldest of our party to shudder. The rocks and mountains bear the marks of great upheavals and convulsions of nature, and the peculiar geological formations, cavernous rocks, and wildness of the landscape defy description. Sometimes the ascent was so steep that we were obliged to cling to our horses' manes to keep our seats, and we would then descend over slippery rocks and by rugged pathways which tried our nerves to the utmost. On one of the highest cliffs we were pointed out across the Dead Sea, on a kind of shelf on the lower slope of the mountains of Moab, the site of Machaenes, where John the Baptist was imprisoned and beheaded.

Mar Saba is a Greek monastery, the most celebrated in Palestine, and is situated in one of the wildest and most desolate places in all Syria. It is built in a kind of amphitheater on the side of a mountain, and towering rocky cliffs are all around it. After knocking at a huge gate, we descended a long flight of steps to a door, and, after gaining admittance, descended another flight of steps into a square, stone-paved court, into which the buildings of the monastery open. Here we were received by some of the monks, who conducted us through the queer establishment. This monastery was founded in the fifth century by Saint Saba, concerning whom this story is told: He selected for his residence a cave, to which one day a lion came with a lame paw, which the saint healed. The lion then took up his abode with him and lived in an inner cave for five years,

passing through the saint's cave to his own. They showed us these caves, which are far under the rocky foundations of the monastery; and, since we saw the caves and the connecting doors, the story must be true.

This place is greatly venerated by the Greek Church, and is now occupied by about fifty monks, who live in complete isolation from the world, except the communication they have through passing travelers. At one time, as many as eighteen thousand monks lived here and in the caves and grotteos around. No woman is ever allowed to enter the sacred precincts, and through all the centuries of its existence this rule has been preserved inviolate.

The buildings are the strangest and most weird that can be imagined, being literally on a series of precipices, with labyrinthine passages and ascents which are almost interminable. Some of the buildings hang over the precipice below and are supported by huge flying buttresses, while others are built into the solid rock. From an overhanging balcony I looked down upon the Kedron Valley, five hundred and ninety feet below, while on the opposite side the cliff rose several hundred feet above us, and in the face of this cliff were to be seen the grottos and caves where the old monks used to live in the time of Saint Saba. Dr. Bartlett compares the queer buildings to "a nest of swallows in the side of a huge sand-bank, or a wasp's nest glued to a rock."

In one of the chapels we were shown through a grated window a great pile of grinning skulls, and were told that more than a thousand years ago the convent was robbed and sacked by the Persians, and fourteen thousand of the monks massacred. Their bones and skulls were put in a vast cave back of this chapel, which was itself a cave—the one which Saint Saba used. But the most terrible feature of the monastery was that there were fifty poor fel-

lows imprisoned in cells in the rocks—monks who had been sent there by the Patriarch at Constantinople, some of whom were imprisoned for life. In those dark cells they are forced to stay without light or fresh air, many of them condemned on false accusations. There is no appeal or remedy, as the will of the Patriarch is supreme and the Sultan supports him in all his acts. As we thought of these desolate prisoners, many of whom were perhaps there under false accusations, some of our party declared that the Persians came a thousand years too soon, and Dr. Miller was especially indignant. As we rode away from the queer old buildings, looking so desolate and forbidding from their lofty perch on the side of the mountain, we thought how strange it was that those who lived in the land of our Lord should so sadly pervert his teachings and so misconceive the spirit of the gospel.

V.

Bethlehem.

BETHLEHEM, the city of David and of David's greater son, is beautifully and picturesquely situated on a swell of the ridge with a steep declivity on three sides. Approaching from the east the white houses clustered on the summit and sides of the hill are visible for a long distance. The hill is terraced from the valley to the summit, and the walls protecting these terraces, about fifteen feet apart and winding in and out along the mountain-sides, are from five to fifteen feet high. The intervals between the walls and the terraces are planted with olive-trees and grapes, giving an exceedingly picturesque appearance to the landscape, while rich corn-fields are in the valleys below. The soil is fertile and the fields around Bethlehem are well tilled, while the people appear industrious and prosperous.

Just before reaching Bethlehem we passed through the fields of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers. The beautiful and touching story of womanly devotion and modesty has consecrated the fertile field, and it was not difficult to restore the scene of three thousand years before. That beautiful idyl of the book of Ruth, which forms an introduction to the history of David, has become a classic for all time, and Ruth and Naomi will live as long as the stars shine on the slopes of Bethlehem. The field is still planted in wheat and is apparently part of a fruitful farm.

Near this field is pointed out the hill-side where the shepherds were watching their sheep nearly two thousand years

ago, when the Judean air was suddenly laden with melody such as earth never heard before, and the first song of redemption broke the midnight stillness. These very peaks echoed the angelic shout of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Over these same fields and hills David wandered when a young lad, after his father's sheep, and we passed just such a barefooted shepherd boy lying under the shade of a tree, while his sheep and goats grazed near by; for the youth of Bethlehem still lead the flock to pasture, just as the sons of Jesse did in the far-distant past. Bethlehem is one of the most beautiful regions in all the hill country of Judea, and the scenes with which it is associated have invested it with a halo which grows but the brighter as the centuries pass. These rocks and fields and hills shall be holy ground as long as the sun shines and the rivers run into the sea.

Bethlehem is one of the best-built towns in Palestine, although, like all Oriental towns, the streets are narrow and dirty, as well as steep and rocky. It has about five thousand inhabitants, of whom three hundred are Moslems, and fifty Protestants, the remainder being Latins, Greeks, and Armenians. The place has always been noted for its ruddy, stalwart men and beautiful women and children, though the beauty of the women I saw was by no means remarkable; nor did I see a single countenance that indicated Jewish blood. But how full of thrilling interest was this quiet old town and its inhabitants! Here began that life which "lifted empires off their hinges and turned the stream of centuries out of its course, and still governs the ages"—a life which has revolutionized the world and transformed humanity. No wonder that the very donkeys assumed an additional interest, while the camels seemed as if they had just come from the East with gifts, and the palm-tree offered its branches to strew the holy ground. The

lowing cattle might have descended from those who stood around the lowly manger of the infant Redeemer, and every shepherd appeared to have a mystic character.

The name of Bethlehem, "House of Bread," is probably derived from the fact that the region about Bethlehem has from very remote antiquity presented a marked contrast to the surrounding "wilderness." It has always been a particularly fertile section, and since the days of David its inhabitants have possessed corn-fields, vineyards, olive-orchards, and flocks of sheep and goats. It is probable that the family of David always retained a title in their inheritance, and that when Joseph and Mary came here to be taxed they came to the very inn in which they owned a share.

We reached Bethlehem about noon, and lunched in the refectory of the Latin convent, which is a part of the Church of the Nativity. Of course this Church of the Nativity is the point of supreme interest in Bethlehem; and, while we may not be sure that it covers the exact spot where our Lord was born, there is no doubt that the Bethlehem of to-day is identical, as to locality, with ancient Bethlehem, and it is at least possible that this church is built upon the scene of the nativity. The oldest part of the structure is said to have been erected by Constantine in 330. Justin Martyr, who was born in Nablous in the second century, and educated in other portions of Palestine, says that Jesus was born in a grotto at Bethlehem, such as is pointed out in this church. And Jerome believed so fully in this location that he came to Bethlehem to live in a cave, that he might be near the birthplace of our Lord. There for many years he spent his time in studying and translating the Scriptures, giving the result to the world in the Vulgate. He died there September 30, 420, and we visited his cave and tomb.

The Church of the Nativity is a huge pile, embracing three convents and three chapels—Latin, Greek and Armenian. It is built over vast caves or sub-structures nearly as extensive as the church itself. It is impossible to give an extended description of the building, the most magnificent portion of which is the Latin Church built in 1869 by the Emperor of Austria. As in the Church of the Sepulcher in Jerusalem, there are innumerable legends locating the precise spot where every event connected with the birth of our Lord occurred. They point out the exact place where the manger stood in which the infant Saviour was laid; the grotto where he was born; the precise spot where the angel appeared to Joseph to command the flight into Egypt; the place where the virgin and child were concealed during the period of preparation; and many other spots considered equally sacred by the credulous populace. In the subterranean grotto where it is claimed that Christ was born, twenty-four silver lamps, suspended from the ceiling, are kept always burning, and a silver star is over the spot where Mary nursed the Saviour. A Turkish guard stood just without the grotto, and one is always kept there to quell any disturbances that may arise between the rival religious factions. In 1874 a fight between the Greeks and Latins occurred around this grotto, and the whole place was torn up, while the church came near being destroyed. It is humiliating and sad beyond expression that a place considered the holiest on earth should be thus desecrated by the contentions of those who profess to love and serve the same Saviour.

Notwithstanding the uncertainty of this being the actual place of the nativity, one cannot with indifference behold a spot that during nearly eighteen hundred years has been sacred to millions of pilgrims and devotees. Men have traversed seas and continents, in rags and in armor, to worship

here during all these centuries; and whether or not it be the actual birthplace of our Lord, it is so considered by the great body of the Christian Church, and no other place has rival claims. Hence it was to me a sacred and hallowed spot, and I felt subdued and reverent while standing there.

Not far from the church, we visited an inn the first story of which was occupied by the cattle, while the guest-chambers were above. Such inns, or khans, are very common throughout Palestine, and are just as they were in our Lord's day. It was in the manger of a similar inn that Mary brought forth her first-born.

We rode two miles south-west of Bethlehem, on the Hebron road, to visit Solomon's pools. The road leads through a wild and rocky tract, thickly strewn with great bowlders. It has been a highway since the days of Abraham. The broken pavement over which chariots once ran still remains, though in many places it is impassable, and we were frequently compelled to ride in a path that runs beside it. The rocks are smooth and slippery, and sometimes the path is narrowed between blocks of stone covered with tangled roots, or seamed by wide fissures. But we at length reached the pools, which are three large reservoirs formerly used to store water for irrigating purposes, and also for supplying Jerusalem with fresh water; though the aqueducts are not from the pools but from the fountains, and these same aqueducts, built by Solomon, still furnish water to the temple inclosure, coming out at the Brazen Sea, which stands in front of the Dome of the Rock. Solomon had extensive gardens and a summer palace here at Etam, which, by the way, was the place where Samson slew one thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. Josephus speaks of Solomon taking a morning ride out to these gardens, which are about ten miles from Jerusalem. These are the gardens and the pools to which Solomon refers when he says:

“I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees.” All traces of the gardens and orchards have long since disappeared, but the pools are still intact, and are as fine reservoirs as when the wise king built them.

The uppermost of these pools is three hundred and eighty feet long, two hundred and thirty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep. It is dug down into the solid rock, and is walled up and cemented, with steps leading down to the bottom. The second pool, fifty yards farther down the valley, is four hundred and twenty-three feet long, with an average width of two hundred feet, and a depth of thirty-nine feet. The lowest and largest pool, still fifty yards below, is five hundred and eighty-two feet long, one hundred and forty-eight feet wide at the upper end and two hundred and seven feet wide at the lower end, and fifty feet deep. This pool, when full, would float the largest man-of-war that ever sailed. There was water in all these pools, though they are not now utilized for any purpose. The source of supply for the pools is a fountain two hundred and twenty yards north-west of the uppermost pool. This fountain is in an underground chamber, forty-one feet long and twelve feet wide, in the middle of which the water is collected from two spring-heads, where it gushes up in two of the most beautiful fountains I have ever seen. The water flows through arched passages to the pools, just as it has been doing for three thousand years, and these same springs supply the aqueducts which carry the water to Jerusalem.

We rode back to Jerusalem in the early twilight, and the scene and ride will never be forgotten. The departed sun had left a radiant after-glow which transfigured hill and field and city and mountain, and made the scene like a vision of Paradise. To the left stretched green wheat-

fields, the most beautiful we had seen in Palestine, and beyond them lay the gently sloping hills of Judea. High over the city to the right rose the Mount of Olives, upon which the purple light rested like a halo. Back of this were the hills of Moab, almost mingling with the sky and affording a background to the striking picture, while immediately in front was the wavy, battlemented wall, beyond which rose the towers and minarets and swelling domes and terraced roofs of the Holy City. The light faded as we came nearer the city, and in the growing darkness we crossed the bridge which spans the valley of Gehenna, looking down into the murky depths from which in the far-distant past the smoke from the horrible Moloch sacrifices arose. Then skirting around the wall which rose far above us on Mt. Zion, we soon reached the Tower of David and the Joppa Gate, and were at our hotel.

VI.

From Jerusalem to Dothan.

THE traveler in Palestine who expects to find many remains of the cities and towns which once filled the land will be sadly disappointed, for the deep interest attaching to this country lies in what it was, not what it is. Many of the sacred localities are now but heaps of rubbish, and in other places miserable Arab villages occupy sites consecrated by the most hallowed associations. The country is desolate and cursed, and the maledictions of heaven seem to rest upon it. Comparatively a small portion of it is under cultivation, and there are not a dozen good towns throughout its entire extent. And yet, for all that, it is the most deeply interesting country in all the world, and every foot of its soil is sacred.

After resting several days at Jerusalem on our return from the Dead Sea and Bethlehem, we started on Wednesday morning on our long ride through Judea, Galilee, and Samaria to Cesarea Philippi, on the northern limits of the land, and thence to Damascus and Baalbec. Our party numbered nineteen, among whom were six ministers and seven ladies. We were all mounted on horses except Mr. Ward, of Boston, who, with his wife and daughter, was in the party. He is an invalid, and accordingly there was fitted up for him a palanquin, swung between two mules. The bridle-paths in Palestine being too narrow for the mules to go abreast, one of the mules was harnessed in front, while the other came behind. The palanquin was awkward and

unwieldy, besides being dangerous when a sharp curve was to be made, but Mr. Ward said it was comfortable, and rode in state near the middle of the caravan.

Our first halt, soon after leaving the city, was on the summit of Mt. Scopus, memorable as the camping-place of Titus during the fatal siege which terminated in the destruction of Jerusalem. Here the Roman General could look over the city, and here he was asleep when a soldier, contrary to his command, threw a torch into the temple and set it on fire. We sat silent in our saddles for some minutes, taking our last view of the Holy City, our minds full of the memories of the past, and of the thousand associations which clustered around the sacred localities before us. It is said that when the crusading army, thinned by pestilence, privation, and many a battle-field, gazed upon the city first from this point, the warrior-host knelt down as a single man; sobs burst from their mailed bosoms, and tears streamed down their rugged cheeks.

Of earth's dark circlet, once the precious gem
Of living light—O fallen Jerusalem!

At last we turned our horses' heads and started on our northward march, but I shall never forget Jerusalem as I saw it that morning, bathed in the early sun, and glorified in the clear light.

Our march is slow, but there is so much the better opportunity for seeing and studying the sacred localities and the topography of the country. A mountain ridge runs through the center of Palestine, forming the backbone of the country, and this is pierced by innumerable ravines, through which flow the mountain torrents into the valley of the Jordan on the one side and the Mediterranean on the other. The hill-sides are covered with bare rocks, whose nakedness is in many places hidden by innumerable wild flowers of rare beauty, which are found everywhere throughout Palestine.

But this country, with all its present barrenness, is clothed by its associations with an inexpressible charm, more attractive than the most sublime scenery or the most luxuriant vegetation. Renan has well called it "The Fifth Gospel," and every barren rock and rugged hill and fertile valley is rich in the most hallowed memories, which fill the air as with the presence of archangels. The common dust of the Holy Land cannot obscure the heavenly visions, and to the Christian pilgrim the squalor and dirt of the Arab villages, the offensive Turkish rule, the Bedouins and the beggars, are all lost sight of in the fact that he is in the land which witnessed Israel's glory, where God spoke and prophets thundered, where the most stupendous events of history occurred, and where lived and walked, and suffered and died, and rose again, the only perfect life that ever appeared on earth. God in history is seen everywhere in Palestine, and that soul is dead indeed which is not profoundly stirred as it looks upon Jerusalem and Bethlehem, Shechem and Nazareth, the Mount of Beatitudes and the Lake of Galilee, solemn Tabor, and the glory of Hermon and of Lebanon.

Palestine is only forty miles wide and one hundred and forty miles long—but a little larger than some counties in Missouri—and has a present population of three hundred thousand. As the Jews were separated from other nations, so this country is remarkably separated by mountains and deserts from all other countries. It is pushed forward, as it were, on the extreme western edge of the East, and seems almost to have been rejected by Asia, from which it is cut off by deserts. It stands on the shore of the Mediterranean "as if it had advanced as far as possible toward the west, toward that New World which, in the fullness of time, it was so mightily to affect." It forms a bridge between the great valleys of the Nile and of the Euphrates, and over it

trampled the armies of Egypt and Assyria, and flowed the advancing and receding waves of civilization and progress in the historic epochs of the past. And now, as the greatness of Babylon and Nineveh has departed, while Egypt is but a vast Necropolis, so Ichabod is written all over this land once so favored and so blest.

On this first day's journey we passed many places whose names are familiar in Old Testament history. A round hill on our right, covered with ruins, is pointed out as Nob, where David, when hungered, ate the shew-bread. Gibeah and Gibeon, Rock Gibbon and Beeroth, call up momentous events in the history of Israel; and as we pass through Ramah we seem to hear the voice of the prophet saying, "In Ramah was there heard a voice of lamentation and weeping, Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not." And we note that Ramah was near enough to Gibeah for the voice of lamentation to be heard when that terrible retributive massacre took place. As we think of that most touching instance of maternal love on record, when through the weary days and nights the broken-hearted Rizpah watched the unburied bodies of her sons, we tread lightly, for it is holy ground.

Our road leads over a rough, barren country, covered with great bowlders, and with no attempt at cultivation. There are traces of an old paved Roman road, and we are on one of the principal thoroughfares of Palestine. We meet many caravans—long lines of heavily laden camels, all in single file. These patient animals carry enormous loads, and constitute, with the women and donkeys, the burden-bearers, freight-trains, and express companies of the country. Companies of pilgrims on foot are also met, and it is easy to see how the young twelve-year-old lad might have been lost from such a company, for they are strung along the road in single file, and those in front know little

of what is going on behind. Tradition makes Beeroth, where we lunched, the place where the parents of our Lord missed him as they were returning from Jerusalem.

Early in the afternoon we reached Bethel, one of the most memorable places in sacred history. Here Abraham pitched his tent when he first came into the promised land. Here Jacob saw the vision of the ladder—a dream which Dean Stanley thinks was suggested by the rocky ledges which are on all sides of the hill. Tradition says that the stone on which Jacob rested his head was carried to Ireland, and was for many centuries the stone upon which the Kings of Ireland sat when they were crowned. It was brought to England by Edward I. in 1296, and placed under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, and since that time all the English sovereigns, twenty-five in number, have been crowned over that same stone.

A wretched Arab village of about five hundred inhabitants now occupies the site of Bethel, but we think not of this as we remember that this very ground has been touched by angels' feet, and that as the patriarch rested his weary head on one of these stones, he saw the ladder whose top reached to heaven, and down which came trooping the heavenly visitants.

How my heart was stirred as early the next morning Mr. Floyd pointed to a hill on which are only the ruins of an old Crusader church, and said, "That is Shiloh!" A barren, rocky plain lies all around the hill, and, as I looked upon the scene of desolation I seemed to hear the voice of the stern old prophet saying: "But go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel." This uninhabited and deserted spot was for many centuries the center of the Jewish national and religious life, for here the ark and tabernacle were set up be-

fore the temple was built, and thither the tribes repaired, as they afterward did to Jerusalem. Forty years Eli here judged Israel, and, when nearly ninety years old, fell dead when he heard of the ark of God being taken and of the death of his sons. We are full of thoughts of this pathetic and touching incident, of Samuel and of Hannah, and of the earlier history of this place where the sons of Benjamin stole their wives at the dances, as we ride on past the ruins of modern Shiloh, a few hundred yards to the west, which is likewise without an inhabitant.

The steep, rocky hills between Shiloh and the plain of Moreh, over which our route lay, were in many cases covered with great, smooth bowlders, which made it exceedingly difficult for the horses to retain their footing. Several of them slipped and fell, my own among the number, but we all escaped without injury, and were soon cantering over the beautiful plain, which stretches out for several miles, green and fertile, inclosed on either side by mountains which narrowed as we approached Nablous, culminating in Gerizim on the one side and Ebal on the other. It was in this plain that the Lord appeared to Abraham, and where he erected his first altar, and we journeyed along the same road which Joseph traveled when he searched for his brethren. Through this green valley the twelve sons of Jacob had often led their flocks, and we doubtless passed through the very field where the sheaves made obeisance to the one which represented Joseph.

Just before entering the narrow valley where was situated old Shechem, and where is now the modern city of Nablous, we came to Jacob's well. This well, with about five acres of ground, has been purchased by the Greeks, who have erected a wall around the ground, and admittance is only gained through the carefully kept locked gate, on the payment of *backshish*. Entering the inclosure, we found the

entrance to the well to be six feet below the level of the rubbish and dirt which had accumulated. A small space around the mouth has been cleared away, and into this we clambered and found ourselves upon the rim of the round well, so full of historic and sacred memories, which was dug by our father Jacob himself, upon the parcel of ground bought from the children of Hamor, and where, seventeen hundred years later, Jesus sat and talked to the woman of Samaria. The well is about twelve feet in circumference, and seventy feet deep, but contains no water. We dropped in pieces of lighted paper, and saw the old curbed sides and stone-paved bottom.

This is one of the few places in Palestine concerning whose identity there is no dispute. Our Lord recognized it and came to it as to a hallowed spot, and his presence and discourse have made it one of the most sacred places in all the land. Here he revealed to the astonished woman of Samaria that the true worship of God depends not on the place but on the worshiper; that "neither in this mountain," (Gerizim) "nor yet at Jerusalem," shall men "worship the Father," but "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

A few hundred yards to the north of Jacob's well is Joseph's tomb. When Joseph was about to die, amid all the splendor of the Egyptian court, his thoughts went back to the scenes of his boyhood, and to the plot of ground which his father had given him as a token of his parental love. And desiring to be buried near where his childhood days had been spent, he took an oath of his brethren that when God should restore unto them the land of their fathers, they should carry up his bones with them. The pledge was remembered, and when the exodus came his embalmed body was taken with them out of the land of Egypt, and laid finally to rest in this same historic parcel of ground. The

tomb is a small, square, modern structure of brick and plaster, which undoubtedly occupies the site of the ancient sepulcher. A tablet informs the public that it was restored by Mr. E. T. Rogers, H. B. M. Consul, in January, 1868. It wears a neglected, deserted air, and seems to be used by some farmer for his agricultural warehouse, as there were a number of plows in it. The tomb itself, inside this small building, is a round, coffin-shaped sarcophagus of brick and plaster, at the head and foot of which are two pillars of black granite. Ebal and Gerizim stand like giant sentinels near the tomb, and all the surrounding scenes are full of the most thrilling historic interest.

Nablous, the second city of Palestine, with a population of thirteen thousand, occupies the site of ancient Sychem or Shechem, and of the Roman Neapolis. It is eighteen hundred and seventy feet above sea level, and lies in a long line on the floor of the valley between Ebal and Gerizim. It is a place of considerable commercial importance, and carries on quite a trade in wool and cotton. It has twenty-two manufactories of soap which is made from olive-oil. The environs are beautifully green and fertile, and it is the best watered portion of Palestine which we have yet seen. An abundance of water flows through the town, but the streets are narrow and dirty, many of them being arched over so as to exclude light and air. There are a number of Mohammedan mosques, the majority of the inhabitants being of that faith, and sixty or seventy Jewish families; but the principal interest which attaches to the place lies in the fact that it is the home of the Samaritans, the oldest, the smallest, and the most bigoted sect in the world—and this last is saying a good deal for them. They number one hundred and fifty, and maintain the ancient traditions, faith, and worship of their ancestors, being the direct descendants of the mixed people who, after the refusal of the Jews to al-

low them to take part in the rebuilding of the temple, founded a holy city and sanctuary of their own here at Shechem and Gerizim. They still hold service regularly; have a synagogue, and a high-priest who is "in the succession," being a descendant of the tribe of Levi; observe all the Mosaic festivals; and, although the passover has never been observed by the Jews according to the law since the destruction of the temple, it has continued through all Christian centuries to be observed by the Samaritans on Mount Gerizim. At the time of its annual occurrence, they dwell for a fortnight in tents on its summit, and strictly observe every detail enjoined by Moses. They are the only people claiming to worship God who offer sacrifices, and Gerizim is the only place in the world where the smoke of sacrifice ascends to Jehovah. Mount Gerizim is to them the most sacred place on earth. They believe that here Abraham offered up Isaac, and that Jacob saw here the vision of the ladder. They expect the Messiah to appear six thousand years after the creation of the world, but they do not consider that he will be greater than Moses.

I was greatly interested in a visit to their temple, which is a small whitewashed chamber on a back street, with a school-room and other houses clustered under the same roof. We were received by the high-priest and two other priests, tall, dignified-looking men with long black beards, and a decidedly Jewish cast of countenance, who are so poor that they eke out a living by showing strangers their synagogue, and selling their photographs. They also exhibit with great pride and veneration the ancient Samaritan Codex of the Pentateuch, which they regard as a priceless treasure. This book is their fetish and, though of undoubted antiquity, their claim that it is three thousand three hundred and seventy-two years old and was written by Abishma, a great-grandson of Aaron, is of course mythical. They reject all of the

Bible except the Pentateuch, and repeat their prayers in the Samaritan dialect, although Arabic is now the colloquial language of the sect.

The history of the race does not afford a more extraordinary spectacle than this fragment of people, preserving their identity through all the storms and persecutions of two thousand years, clinging with a death-like tenacity to their ancient beliefs and customs, and living where their forefathers lived twenty centuries ago. Their history is strangely pathetic, well worthy of thought and study.

Justin Martyr was a native of the old Neapolis. From thence this Christian Socrates used to wander through the cities of Western Asia, teaching and lecturing, intent on bringing learned pagans to Christ. He was the great apologist for Christianity in that early age, and suffered martyrdom A.D. 167.

There is an interesting Baptist mission at Nablous in charge of the Rev. Youharmah el Carey, a native Syrian, who was educated in England. Mr. Carey, whom we met with his wife and sister-in-law, is a man of fine physique and commanding presence, and has been laboring here with a fair measure of success for a number of years. He is assisted by the Rev. Charles Felcher. The mission is wholly among the Arabs, and numbers seventeen members, with a school of sixty girls and thirty boys.

This is the only Protestant mission in Palestine, except the Church of England missions, which I fear are accomplishing very little. Some years ago a compact was entered into between the Church of England and the various Protestant bodies having missions in the East, by the terms of which the former was to occupy Palestine and leave the rest of Syria to the other Churches. This agreement has been faithfully carried out, except as regards this Baptist mission at Nablous, which is, I believe, the oldest mission in Palestine.

Several miles beyond Nablous, we came in sight of a high, round, terraced hill, standing apart in the midst of a beautiful plain, which we at once recognized as Samaria, the city of Ahab and of Herod, and the scene of many of the most stirring events in the lives of Elijah and Elisha. The situation is a demonstration of the military skill of Omri, King of Israel, who bought the hill of one Shemer, founded the city and made it the capital of the Northern Empire, a distinction which it continued to enjoy until the ten tribes were carried captive into Assyria. For twenty-five centuries it has had a checkered and memorable career, and though often besieged during the period of Bible history, it was only taken once, and that after a siege of three years. It was long the head-quarters of the idolatry against which the prophets boldly and indefatigably waged war, and it was here that Ahab and Jezebel, living in affluence and splendor, erected a magnificent temple to Baal, and substituted the worship of that deity for that of Jehovah.

Here Elijah pronounced the curse of a three-years' famine upon the land, and it was to Samaria that Naaman, the leper, came to be healed. The city was destroyed and rebuilt a number of times, and finally was presented by Augustus to Herod the Great, who caused it to be handsomely restored and fortified. It is now a small village called Sabastiyeh, but there are abundant traces of its former greatness. The ruined columns and broken arches scattered everywhere speak eloquently of its pristine grandeur, and recall the judgments pronounced against the idolatrous and proud city of Ahab. Around the brow of the hill is a broad terrace sixteen yards wide, where ran the magnificent colonnade, one thousand yards in length, with which Herod adorned the town. Sixty of these columns are still standing after nineteen centuries, and many others lie half or wholly buried beneath the soil. or scattered on the lower

terraces. We passed around the hill, along the avenue once adorned with these columns, through a fine old olive-orchard, and down the terraced hill-side into a beautiful and fertile plain. This wide plain lies all around the hill, which rises like an island in a sea of verdure. It is one of the most richly cultivated portions of Palestine, and is indeed a land of corn and wine, of fig-trees and olives, of milk and honey. After crossing the plain, we climbed another eminence, from whence we had a magnificent view of the plain of Geher, with a number of towns and villages, while in the distance gleamed the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

That same afternoon, we rode through the plain of Dothan, where Joseph found his brethren when he went in search of them, and we halted beside the pit where tradition says the young lad was left to perish. But as it is a well and contains water, we placed this in our "mythical catalogue," which is daily growing in size. Standing on this plain of Dothan, we could easily people it with the great Syrian host which came up with horses and chariots against Israel; and beyond were the mountains which were full of a greater host of horses and chariots of fire "round about Elisha." How these thrilling old stories of the past come back to us as we travel over the places where they occurred, and fuller than ever of comfort and beauty are the lessons which they bring to us! Could our eyes be opened as were the eyes of Elisha's servant, we would find no less a host surrounding us in every time of peril or trial.

Just before reaching our camping-place for the night, we rode through the largest olive-orchard I have yet seen. These orchards are not owned by one man, but a number of parties will have an interest in them, one man only owning two or three trees. Probably as many as five hundred persons had an interest in the grove through which we rode, which was about a mile in extent. Every tree pays a cer-

tain tax, and, in addition, one-tenth of the produce goes to the Government. The collection of the taxes is farmed out to the lowest bidder. These olive-trees are quaint, gnarled old trees which twist themselves into a thousand fantastic shapes, and remind me very much of a wrinkled old man. They are said to attain a great age, some of them being as old as a thousand years, and Mr. Floyd stated that he had seen some which he had every reason to believe were eight hundred years old, and which were still bearing. A good tree will average five bushels of olives per annum. There are a vast number of olive-orchards throughout Palestine, and olive-oil is one of the most important products of the country.

The day's ride which we have been describing was a fatiguing one, and as we reached the brow of a hill and saw our white tents gleaming on the borders of the great plain of Esdraelon, a welcome shout went up from our little company. We soon reached the encampment, which was at Jenin, the scriptural En-gannim (Fountain of Gardens). It is a place of about three thousand inhabitants, and its gardens are still noted for their fertility, while the "Fountain" still supplies the village, and supplied our camp with excellent water.

Our ride through Palestine has been thus far a very enjoyable one, and attended with much less fatigue than I had anticipated. We made a contract with Mr. Floyd before we left Joppa, by the terms of which he furnishes every thing—horses, tents, food, servants, camp equipment, pack-mules, etc.—pays all fees and backshish, provides guides and necessary guards, and we pay him a stipulated sum—one pound (about five dollars) per day. We have no trouble or annoyance about any thing, and thus far it has been like a continual picnic. We ride from twenty to twenty-five miles per day, and about four or five o'clock reach

our camping-place, which is carefully selected with reference to water, shade, etc. The tents are always up when we arrive, and a basin of water and a refreshing cup of tea are ready for us. Two or three occupy a tent, each tent being provided with a carpet, little iron bedsteads, camp-stools, wash-stand, etc. Within an hour after our arrival, dinner is announced in the large dining-tent, and the bill of fare is equal to that of a first-class hotel. Soup, fish, entrees, meats, vegetables, dessert, fruit, nuts, cheese, and coffee are usually on the *menu*, and the waiters are always well dressed and polite. After dinner we have singing and evening worship, after which we are usually tired enough to retire, and, when the guards or the wild pariah dogs of Syria do not annoy us too much, sleep soundly until Mr. Floyd's rising-bell has us up betimes to prepare for the day's march. Unless we are expeditious in our toilet, the tent is apt to come down on our heads, for the mules must be packed and hasten on ahead so that the encampment will be ready for us at the end of the day's journey. Loud cries of remonstrance and protest are always heard from the tents of the ladies when the muleteers begin to untie the ropes, and Mr. Floyd always runs with great indignation to their relief, telling the men in English (which they do not understand) to let those tents alone, while in the same breath he commands them in Arabic (which they do understand) to be as expeditious as possible and take the tents down immediately. Breakfast is soon announced, and by the time we are through the meal the mules are all packed and the caravan is ready to start. The baggage and camp equipments are sent by the most direct route, and go on ahead, while we fall in line on horseback and leisurely proceed on our day's march. We have fifty horses and donkeys, besides a number of pack-mules, twenty-four servants and muleteers, ten or twelve tents, and a dragoman,

guards, etc., so that when we are in camp we have quite a little village. At noon a halt is made in some pleasant grove, usually beside a brook or spring, carpets are spread, and we have a lunch of cold meats, sardines, pickles, cheese, oranges, lemons, etc. A rest of about two hours prepares us for the afternoon ride. The whole party are standing the ride remarkably well, and the ladies seem to enjoy it as much as any of us. Mr. Greenlee, of Chicago, has a little daughter in the company who is only ten years old, but she is mounted on a gentle, sure-footed donkey, and it is difficult to tell which is the happiest, Belle or the donkey.

It is very warm during the day, and our umbrellas are necessary to protect us from the fierce rays of the sun; but toward evening it grows quite cool, and every night we sleep under blankets. Although travelers are frequently troubled with rain at this season, we have been so fortunate as to escape, and the weather has thus far been all that we could ask. To-morrow we will reach Nazareth, and spend the Sabbath at the birthplace of our Lord.

VII.

Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee.

THE three points of greatest interest to the traveler in Palestine are Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem, the birthplace of our Lord, the home of his childhood and early manhood, and the scene of his crucifixion. We reached Nazareth Saturday evening, after riding all day across the great plain of Esdraelon. This beautiful, fertile plain is one broad expanse of green, and stretches clear across Palestine from the Mediterranean to the Jordan valley, a distance of about thirty miles, and is from ten to twelve miles wide. It is encircled by hills, and its horizon is like that of the Roman Campagna, where every summit has its legend and story. Its fertility surpasses any thing in Palestine, and under a proper system of cultivation, and with sufficient protection to life and property, it would furnish food for the whole land. It is owned almost entirely by a firm of Beirut bankers, who paid a large sum for it. Probably not more than half of it is cultivated, and that very poorly. But in fertility and beauty it is equal to the famed Valley of Virginia, which some portions of it much resemble. This plain has been the battle-field of nations, and from Barak to Napoleon its soil has been made rich and heavy with the blood of countless armies. It has been said that the blood shed on this plain would cover it. "Warriors of every nation have pitched their tents on the plain of Esdraelon, and have beheld the various banners of their nations wet with the dews of Tabor and of Hermon."

As we ride across this great plain we seem to hear the tread of the mighty hosts that have swept over it, as the soldiers of all countries have plunged their swords in each other's breasts, and we do not wonder that in the visions of the Apocalypse the last great battle of the world is pictured as that of Armageddon—Megiddo being the ancient name of this plain. In this plain King Saul met his fate; yonder space between Gilboa and Hermon was where Gideon and his three hundred picked men overthrew the Midianites; here Barak, inspired by the song of Deborah, swept away the nine hundred iron chariots of Sisera; and there, later on, Assyrian, Roman, Crusader, and Turk fought in turn, changing the velvety greensward into crimson. Here, in 1799, was fought the great battle between the French and Turks, known as the battle of Mt. Tabor, when Kleber with fifteen hundred men kept the Syrian host of twenty-five thousand men at bay for six hours until Napoleon came with six hundred more, and the Turks, thinking a large army was on them, turned and fled.

Thus, as we rode on, places of the deepest sacred and historic interest were before us and all around us. To the north, and in front of us across the plain, rose Little Hermon and the mountains of Galilee. To the east rose the range of Gilboa, bare and dry, as David declared it should always be, with a few houses clustered on the top. Our dragoman said that he had seen it at all seasons, and it was always thus dry. South of us lay the mountains of Samaria, while on the west rose Mt. Carmel, a long mountain eighteen miles in length, five miles wide, and eighteen hundred feet high, standing out alone. With my glass I could see the convent which marks the place where Elijah's contest with Ahab occurred, and as we looked over the plain I imagined I could see the chariot of Ahab driven fiercely through the storm toward Jezreel, and Elijah running be-

fore it. We could see in the distance on the right the bare spot marking the site of Megiddo, and we soon passed the site of Taanach.

Two hours' ride brought us to Jezreel, once the home of princes, but now a miserable Arab village of mud huts, still called by the ancient name. The hill on which stood the summer capital of Ahab rises abruptly out of the plain which lies on three sides of it, and commands a magnificent view. Below us lay the plain of Jezreel, really a part of the Plain of Esdraelon, and across it, on the Galileean hills, we caught our first glimpse of some of the houses of Nazareth. Nestling at the foot of the mountains, and embowered in lemon, orange, and citron groves, was Shunem, the scene of the raising of the Shunemite's son.

In that village Elisha often found a home in the house of the good woman who prepared him a "little prophet's chamber" on the wall, a kindness which he so fully repaid in restoring her son to life. An hour's ride from Shunem to the east is Nain, the scene of a second resurrection, where our Lord halted the procession bearing the corpse of the only son of a widowed mother, and, commanding the dead to rise, restored him to his mother's arms. We rode down the hill, on the slopes of which was Naboth's vineyard, which, first stolen by the wicked Jezebel, became the tragical scene of a fearful retribution when she was thrown by infuriated men out of the palace window, and in that same vineyard the dogs licked her blood.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we began to climb the gradual slope of the Galileean hills, and at length we reached Nazareth, which nestles among the hills in a narrow valley. We were agreeably surprised to find it so good a town, and as we rode through it to the northern side, where our tents were pitched, we gazed with eager interest upon the houses and streets and circling hills which were

all our Lord knew of the world for thirty years. Nazareth is situated in a basin, high above the plain, surrounded by a corona of hills. Secluded from the world, with the sublime heights towering all around it, it was the place of all others for a great mind to grow and develop. Renan, striving to account for the wonderful career of our Lord on natural grounds, supposes that his mind was developed under the influences of the grand natural scenery which surrounds this little mountain town, and pictures the "marvelous boy" climbing the heights around Nazareth and "looking with his great eyes upon what seemed to him the boundless plain below; and off to the sea which rolled upon the horizon, the emblem of immensity, of infinity, and of eternity. And so, in silence and communication with nature, his soul grew to its immeasurable greatness." But a greater than mere natural influences was at work upon the mind of Jesus, and no theory can explain that wonderful life save the confession in our Creed that he "was conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary." This faith upon which our hopes rest becomes doubly sure as we look upon the hills which met the gaze of his childhood, and walk amid the scenes which were so familiar to him. Every thing fits so wonderfully into the story of the Gospels that he is blind indeed who does not see here as elsewhere the harmony between the Land and the Book.

Nazareth has a population variously estimated at from eight to ten thousand, two-thirds of whom are Greek and Latin Christians. The remainder are Mohammedans, with a small community of Protestants. The Christians are on the increase, but it is a singular fact that there is not a Jew in the place.

Most of the inhabitants are engaged in farming and gardening, and some of them in handicrafts and in the cotton and grain trade. They seem to be a thrifty, industri-

ous people, and the women and children are remarkable for their beauty. I saw many striking faces among the women and maidens gathered at the Virgin's Fountain in the evening. This fountain, in the north-eastern portion of the town, is the only spring which it possesses, and thither the daughters of Nazareth still come, as they have perhaps for two thousand years, to fill their large pitchers or urns, which they balance gracefully upon their heads. One evening I stood for some time watching the motley throng in their picturesque garbs and graceful attitudes, as they collected around the large and antiquated marble trough, and filled their jars and assisted each other in raising them to their heads, chatting unceasingly the meanwhile, and doubtless retailing all the village gossip. And as I looked I thought of one who had doubtless often come down, eighteen hundred years ago, with the others, but who, while the rest told all they knew, "kept all these things to herself and pondered them in her heart." Undoubtedly the bright-eyed, thoughtful boy had often accompanied her thither, and as his mother filled her jar he had watched the encircling hills around their mountain home and thought of the great world which lay beyond, where his work was to be.

Sunday was a day long to be remembered. There were three parties camped at Nazareth—Cook's party of twenty-seven, Howard's of twenty, and our own of nineteen, making sixty-six in all—and we agreed to hold a union communion service. As we gathered in one of the large dining-tents, thoughts of Him who began his life and passed his early manhood in this quiet little mountain town filled our hearts and made the service a most impressive and interesting one. It was a great privilege to commemorate his death and passion in that quiet valley,

Where once his careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain;

to look upon those hills which had been so familiar to him, and to sing his praise amid those scenes where was spent the largest portion of that life which changed the course of the ages, and so powerfully influenced the destinies of mankind. Christ seemed to come nearer to me than ever before, and that quiet Sabbath in Nazareth is one of the most memorable of my life.

Toward the close of the day we climbed the high hill which rises five hundred feet above the town on the north, and found that it commanded one of the most extensive views in Palestine. I have been surprised at the magnificent situation of Nazareth. So far from being hidden away among the hills, as some one has said, "it is secluded only as an eagle's nest is, at the summit of far-looking mountains." From that hill which we climbed that Sabbath evening an incomparably grand prospect flashed upon us, north, south, east, and west. On the slopes of the hill and below us lay the town, with its white limestone houses and flat roofs. Beyond it stretched the green, yellow, and brown plain of Esdraelon, with the round, wooded summit of Tabor rising in the foreground. To the west lay Carmel, and beyond it we could see the wide, far-flashing sea, while northward Hermon reared his gigantic head against the sky, his snowy crown looking like a diadem of glory in the warm tints of the setting sun. Doubtless from this same height our Lord had often looked out upon this scene and thought of that kingdom he should establish, which would be more enduring than the mountains that cannot be moved. It may have been that this was the very hill to the brow of which he was led by the wicked Nazarenes, who sought to cast him down headlong from thence.

High up on the sides of this hill, occupying a commanding position, which makes it the first house in Nazareth visible to the traveler as he approaches from the plain of Es-

draelon, is the Nazareth Orphanage, one of the noblest institutions in Palestine, established for the instruction of orphans, by the Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East. There are three lady workers there—Miss Adams, the superintendent; Miss Newey, who manages the educational department; and Miss Lee, whose province is the day-schools, village schools, and mothers' meetings. There are now eighty girls at the Orphanage, and the institution seems to be under excellent management. The recitation-rooms, dormitories, and halls are models of neatness and good order, and I was much impressed with the good work which is evidently being done. In an upper hall, seated on benches rising in tiers, the girls were all gathered, and sung for us in Arabic and English. And as their sweet young voices sung "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," I could not doubt but that he did "pass by," and blessed the work which is being done in this home, of bringing these Syrian girls to the knowledge of his love. It was a fitting close to our Sabbath in Nazareth, and the soft melody seemed to be still lingering in the air long after we returned to our camp.

It is eighteen miles in a straight line from Nazareth to Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, but the distance is made much greater by the winding path which it is necessary to take. This road has been a line of march for more than thirty centuries, and still all the caravans that go from the plain of Esdraelon through Nazareth to Damascus pass over it. From the Nazareth hill-tops to the shores of the lake the descent is 2,284 feet, so that we can understand what the evangelists mean when they speak of our Lord as going "down to Capernaum."

The first village which we reach is El-Meshded, the ancient Gath-hepher, the birthplace of the prophet Jonah, whose tomb is also shown here. In this mountain village,

within three miles of Nazareth, arose that prophet "out of Galilee" who flamed out as one of the earliest beacon-lights of prophecy, eight centuries before Christ. Descending into a valley green with orchards and planted grain, we reached Kefr Kenna, an insignificant little village of mud huts, which has been identified as the Cana of Galilee where Christ performed his first miracle; where he healed the son of the nobleman; and where Nathanael, "the disciple in whom was no guile," was born. A large fountain at the edge of the village, and still used for all purposes, is pointed out as the one from which the water was taken which was converted into wine; while in the Greek Church two of the original "water-pots" are still shown.

Continuing our journey, we passed through the plain of Buttauf, between barley and *durrah* fields. Durrah is a kind of maize much used in Syria and Egypt, being the chief article of food in Upper Egypt and the Soudan. It does not form separate ears on the stalk like our Indian corn, but grows to a head like sorghum, and is indeed a species of sorghum, known to botanists as *Sorghum vulgare*. In crossing this plain we met a long caravan of several hundred Russian pilgrims, some riding and some on foot, going up to Jerusalem to Easter. At least half of them were women and most of them were in middle life, though there were many old people among them. They had little intelligence in their faces, but all wore an earnest, intent look. Such a company of English or Americans would have been gaily laughing and talking, but these were all trudging along in silence. Some of them had come two thousand miles, and all had endured sacrifices and privations to make this pilgrimage. Next week Jerusalem will be full of these pilgrims, gathered from all parts of the world. What a striking illustration of the power of Jesus upon the human heart!

From our lunching-place we rode directly to Hattim, the Mount of Beatitudes, where our Lord delivered the Sermon on the Mount, the grandest discourse which ever fell from the lips of man. Daniel Webster said on his death-bed, and caused it to be engraved on his tombstone, that this Sermon on the Mount could not be a merely human production. This mountain or hill rises abruptly out of the plain, and is about five hundred feet high. It has two horns or elevations, called the "Horns of Hattim," with a depression between, forming a natural amphitheater about two hundred yards across, and where ten thousand people might easily stand. This depression is the bed of an old crater. I confess it gave me something of a shock when I discovered that the Sermon on the Mount was delivered on the crater of an extinct volcano. But the gulf is now filled up, and green grass and sweet wild flowers grow over the ashes. The southern horn is the highest, being about one hundred feet above this plateau, and the level space on the top is three hundred feet in circumference. Here undoubtedly Christ sat with his disciples around him, while the multitude were in the amphitheater below. At his feet, two thousand feet below him, lay the beautiful Sea of Galilee beyond the plain of Hattim; east of the sea towered the mountains of Moab, which as we saw them were veiled in a soft, misty light; to the south Tabor rose in full view, a round mountain standing apart, and beyond it to the west were the mountains of Nazareth; on the north were the hills of Adash, beyond which towered snowy Hermon, while all around lay the lovely plains and fertile valleys of Galilee, green with verdure and beautiful with wild flowers. Crown- ing the summit of a hill to the north-west was the gray, picturesque village of Safad, "a city set on a hill that could not be hid," and evidently furnishing to our Saviour his illustration. With deep emotion we stood on this sacred

spot and pictured to ourselves the scene as he "who spake as never man spake" delivered that wonderful sermon.

Two hours' ride from Hattim brought us to Tiberias, the only inhabited city now on the shores of the lake. To reach this city a long hill must be descended by a circuitous route. As we gained the summit of this hill a transcendently lovely view burst upon us. Far below us lay the beautiful waters of the Sea of Galilee, as calm as a sea of glass, and mirroring the clouds and mountains of Moab. The mountains beyond, and the hills of Bashan, still further off, were veiled in a soft light which concealed their barrenness and brought out rich and varied tints. The sea was visible from Tiberias on the right to Capernaum on the left, and lay in a deep basin, seven hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Gently sloping banks of green came down to the water's edge on the west, while on the eastern side the hills rose abruptly and precipitously. Hermon towered to the north, and away to the south an opening in the hills could be seen, through which the Jordan flowed. But while the beauty of the scenery is indescribable, it is lost sight of in the charm which must come to every traveler when he remembers that he is looking on what Dean Stanley justly calls "the most sacred sheet of water that this earth contains." Every spot within the range of vision is hallowed ground, sanctified by the presence and work of our Lord. Upon those waters his feet once trod; those waves once obeyed his voice, and were hushed to sleep. Yonder is the ruined site of Capernaum, his "own city;" on yonder sloping hill-side the swine into which the devils entered rushed down the steep and were choked in the sea; north-easterly is the plain on which Christ fed the five thousand; somewhere within the range of vision lay the nine cities, the chief of which were Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Magdala, wherein most of his mighty works were done; and

around that lake the most important events of his active ministry occurred.

The sea or lake—for it is only a small inland lake—is surrounded by hills except on the west, where the lake broadens out to its greatest width, and where lies the plain of Gennesaret, and on the south, where there is the opening for the Jordan Valley. While the prevailing tint of these hills is brown and somber, I confess that to me they were touched with an indescribable beauty. The sea is pear-shaped, the extreme length being twelve and a half miles, and the greatest width six and three-fourth miles. The shore-line for the most part is regular, except at the north-west, where it is broken into a series of exquisite little bays around which is the charming plain of Gennesaret with its beautiful fringe of bright-red oleanders and its pebbly, shelly beach. It was in this "Land of Gennesaret" that our Lord exercised so largely his healing power. At that time this plain was full of busy life, and this lake was the center of a dense population. Then a brave, thrifty, busy people crowded these hills and valleys, while the shores of the lake were lined with towns and hamlets. Galilee had no less than three millions of inhabitants, and it was one of the world's vital centers. Life beat high and strong, and the great currents of commerce and travel poured through these communities. It was difficult to realize this as we saw the utter desolation around us. It was truly a land left stranded upon the shores of civilization—a land

So deadly fair,

We start, for soul is wanting there.

The shores of the lake where the busy feet of multitudes once trod are now silent, and the waters which were once plowed by scores of boats are now undisturbed save by the skiffs of a few fishermen. In many of the once populous cities around the lake not a human being is left. As we

camped on the shores that night, no sound was to be heard save the screaming of the jackals which make their homes where were once the habitations of men, and their mournful cry seemed to give voice to the mighty desolation.

The next morning we entered into "a ship"—a good-sized skiff—and rowed across the lake to the ruins of an ancient city, supposed by some to be Capernaum, and by others to be Chorazin. We anchored at Tell Hum, and, wading through the long grass and weeds, came upon many broken columns and capitals which lay scattered around. Piles of hewn blocks of black basalt are found here, and also the remains of a great synagogue which was built of white limestone rocks. The capitals are of the Corinthian order, and there are also remains of a heavy cornice and frieze. If this is the site of ancient Capernaum, this was probably the synagogue built by the Roman centurion, and in which the well-known discourse contained in the sixth chapter of John was delivered. It was perhaps in the little creek where our little boat rode at anchor that Christ taught the people from the boat so as to avoid the crush of the multitude. It was doubtless in one of these inlets that James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, were mending their nets when they left their ship and followed him; and it was on this coast that Andrew and Peter were casting their nets when they were summoned to become fishers of men. This little lake and its shores have a higher claim to be called the birthplace of the religion which has since revolutionized the world than any other portion of Palestine.

A little further to the west we passed the ancient Bethsaida, but only a few wretched huts now mark the fishing village which was the home of Peter, Andrew, and Philip. As we saw the utter desolation which marks the site of these places, the words of our Lord came to us with prophetic force: "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsa-

ida! for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon which have been done in you, they had a great while ago repented, sitting in sackcloth and ashes. But it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment, than for you."

We camped that night at Khan Minyeh, near a beautiful spring which issues from the rocks. Mr. Floyd believes this to be the site of the ancient Capernaum, and the preponderance of testimony is in its favor. It is on the borders of the plain of Gennesaret, at the head of the lake, and worthy to be the site of a great city. It was on the direct route between Asia and Africa, between the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates on the one hand, and the valley of the Nile on the other. This was the principal thoroughfare through Palestine, and the situation of the city was such that it controlled the commerce of the whole sea, as well as the traffic with the interior. In the old Roman days this was one of the chief seats of Roman power in Palestine, and it was the most important city in Galilee. Towering above our camp was a high cliff, on the top of which was a small plateau, which was probably the acropolis where stood the citadel and palace, while the city occupied the slopes and plain below. This hill rises abruptly from the lake, and forms the most conspicuous feature of its entire western shore line. Its height is about two hundred and fifty feet. If this be indeed the site, how striking are the words of our Saviour, which had a literal as well as figurative meaning: "But thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shall be thrust down to hell!" The prophecy has been literally fulfilled, for no trace of the ancient magnificence of the city remains. Crowded marts of trade, Roman palaces, and Jewish synagogues have all disappeared, and only an old Roman aqueduct remains to indicate that a great and populous city once stood there.

VIII.

Cesarea Philippi—Head Waters of the Jordan.

FOR some distance after leaving the Sea of Galilee, the road is over an exceedingly rough country, very little of which is under cultivation. In fact, the great bowlders and stones render such cultivation almost wholly impracticable. No dwellings or villages are in sight, and a more desolate country cannot well be imagined. Not even a tree relieves the barrenness of the landscape, and we journeyed on through a country which was wholly uninteresting. But in the afternoon we came down into the plain of Merom, which was in delightful contrast to the barren, desolate hills over which we had been climbing. This plain is five miles wide and some twenty miles long, and through it flows the Jordan, which near its center widens out into the waters of Merom. The plain is inclosed by high hills on the south and west, by the mountains of Moab and the hills of Bashan on the east. It is a favorite camping-ground of the Bedouin tribes, who make a great pasture-field of it. They come over in great numbers from their homes among the hills of Bashan, and bring their flocks and herds with them. They still live, as in ancient times, in tents made of black goats' hair—"the black tents of Kedar" of Scripture. This cloth is very strong and durable, and will resist the hardest rain. A dozen of these tents make an Arab village, and, as we saw them across the plain and on the sides of the hills, they looked exceedingly picturesque. After our tents were pitched, a large party of men, women, and

children came with banners and music, and, forming a ring, executed a rustic dance on the greensward. The women and children were adorned with strings of coins around their heads and necks, and some of the latter were really beautiful. It was a unique performance, but the most interesting part to the Bedouins was the purse which we made up at its conclusion, and with which we presented them.

The waters of Merom, anciently called the Lake of Huleh, is a small but very beautiful body of water, about five miles long by three and a half broad, fed by clear mountain springs, and through which the Jordan flows. The whole plain and region around is "a land of springs and fountains," and beautiful little streams thread the plain in every direction. It was here that Jabin, King of Hazor, brought the allied forces of all the surrounding kings against Joshua, who signally and disastrously defeated them. This vast theater of plain and marsh, valley and mountain, was covered with the fugitives and their fierce pursuers. This charming valley is the birthplace of the Jordan, the most sacred river of earth. The numerous streams which gush out from earth and rock unite their waters and form the main branch of the Jordan. This "well-watered" country is in striking contrast with much of the barren, desolate portion of Palestine through which we have passed. This is the great granary of the surrounding country, and is the boast of the Arabs. The climate is warm, the soil exceedingly fertile, and the whole is irrigated by numerous canals and streams. No wonder that the spies exclaimed, "We have seen the land, and behold it is very good, a place where there is no want of any thing that is in the earth."

At the head of this valley we reached Dan, the northern boundary of the Promised Land, which was defined as extending "from Dan to Beersheba." The earliest mention

of Dan is in connection with Abraham, who pursued thither the Amorites who had captured Lot. From his tent door, under the great oak at Mamre, the "Father of the Faithful," hearing of his nephew's captivity, sweeps over the mountains and along the plains of Sychar and Esdraelon, pursuing much the same route that we had, until at the close of the fourth day he comes down upon them, and utterly discomfits them. Nor does he cease the pursuit until they have reached "Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascus."

Eight hundred years later, Dan was the scene of another fearful tragedy. It was then called Laish, and was inhabited by a careless, indolent, luxurious colony of Phenicians, who had no government and no moral character. They had no dealings with any man, no friends and no allies. It was a lawless period in the history of Israel, and the tribe of Dan, finding their inheritance too small for them, sent out a company of emigrants who, discovering the condition of affairs at Laish, determined to possess themselves of the city. They fall upon it suddenly, scale the walls, smite the inhabitants with fire and sword, and when the bloody work is over sit down in quiet possession, and, rebuilding the city, call it Dan after their own tribe. Henceforth it becomes the famous northern boundary of Israel. It is many centuries since Dan ceased to be a city, and not a single habitation is there to-day. We lunched under a beautiful, wide-spreading, terebinth-tree, just at the foot of the "Judge's Mound," whereon the city was built. This mound is about a quarter of a mile in diameter, and about fifty feet above the plain, commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country. With a deep trench and a strong wall, this site must have been almost impregnable. Just below us one of the fountains of the Jordan bursts out clear and beautiful from the rock, and a river of delicious water flows

on through the charming valley. There is no more lovely spot in all Palestine, and the whole valley could be converted into a paradise of fruits and flowers. But herds of black buffaloes wash in the crystal pools of the fountain, and a wilderness of briers and thorn-bushes cover the spot where the city once stood.

Through beautiful groves and over velvety turf, we rode four miles to our camp, which was a little south of Cesarea Philippi, the modern Banias. Within sight of us, and doubtless on one of the spurs of Hermon, which rises to the north of the town, our Lord was transfigured. The connection and subsequent events seem to locate this wonderful event here rather than at Tabor. The latter mountain could scarcely have been the place, even if the connection indicated it, since at that time the whole summit was covered by a vast castle, which was occupied by soldiers. Our Lord had just come with the disciples from the Sea of Galilee; the interview with Peter takes place at Cesarea Philippi, and then six days after follows the transfiguration. Soon after the transfiguration they returned to Capernaum, and thence made the last journey through Galilee and Samaria. It would have been a useless and long journey to Tabor, which lies beyond Nazareth, and back again, and no mention is made of it. I know of no reason why Tabor should have been selected, save that it is "a high mountain apart," and one of the peaks of Hermon occupies the same isolated position. This is as far north as our Lord ever went, and he spent several weeks here during the last year of his ministry. While here, with his usual compassion, he taught the people and healed their diseases. Eusebius says that the woman cured of an issue of blood belonged to this city. He says: "They say that her house is shown in the city, and the wonderful monuments of our Saviour's benefit to her are still standing at the gate of her house. On an

elevated stone stands a brazen image of a woman on her bended knees, with her hands stretched out before her like one entreating. Opposite to this there is another image of a man erect, of the same material, decently clad in a mantle, and stretching out his hand to the woman. This, they say, is a statue of Christ, and it has remained even until our times, so that we ourselves saw it when staying in that city." Possibly these may yet be brought to light when all the rubbish of the city has been explored. Theophanes, however, says that Julian the Apostate broke them to pieces.

Banias is a small, insignificant village, but the ruins of the magnificent city, which was adorned by Herod the Great and enlarged by Philip the Tetrarch, are scattered all around, and some of the ancient pillars are built into modern huts. It was here that Titus, after the destruction of Jerusalem, was feasted by Agrippa for twenty days, and in the celebrated temple here he "returned public thanks to God for the good success he had in his undertaking." This great temple of Panium was situated near the magnificent fountain which is the principal source of the Jordan. It bursts in a hundred streams from the side of the mountain, just above the old city, and the newborn river sings at once its merry song, which is echoed by all the surrounding hills. For several miles it goes leaping and dashing over the rocks and great bowlders in a series of miniature cascades, and seems to be clapping its hands and shouting for joy at its release from the dark caves of the mountain where it had been so long confined. I have never seen so clear and beautiful a mountain stream, nor heard sweeter rippling melody than the singing of this little river where it is spanned by a rustic bridge just before you enter town. Just above this fountain is a great cave in the face of the red limestone cliff, which was formerly the sanctuary of Pan. Doubtless Baal was here worshiped as well as Pan, and

niches and Greek inscriptions remain in the rock to the left of the cave. The most striking feature about the modern town of Banias is the small, square booths of green branches on frames of bamboo which are on the top of almost every house, and which are the summer sleeping-places of the inhabitants.

Just above Banias, on a hill rising twenty-five hundred feet above the sea-level, are the ruins of a great castle. We climbed up to these ruins, going at first through olive-orchards which occupied the lower slopes of the hill, and finding it more bleak and bare as we went higher. Having gone as far as we could on our horses, we scrambled up the remainder of the steep ascent on foot. These ruins are of enormous size and strength, and exhibit every variety of architecture from the Phenician to the seventeenth century. The castle is undoubtedly of very great antiquity, the beveled stones showing that its massive foundations were laid by the Phenicians. The ornamentation is in many places elaborate and beautiful, and many of the walls and gate-ways are in good state of preservation. The ruins are about three hundred yards long and about one hundred yards wide, and while much of the structure has tumbled down, sufficient remains to show its original grandeur. There is no history of the castle reaching back beyond the Crusades. It figures largely in the wars between the Saracens of Damascus and the Templars of Jerusalem. As it commanded the pass from the Huleh and the plains of the Jordan over Hermon to Damascus and the east, it must always have been a place of great importance. The view from the ruins is one of the finest in Palestine, and embraces a magnificent outlook which is unsurpassed anywhere. On every side there is a sheer descent, in some places into a gorge a thousand feet deep, the buildings having covered the whole summit of the mountain. The

entire plain below is visible, while beyond lie the hills of Bashan, the mountains of Galilee, the round top of Tabor, and the gleaming waters of Merom. The slopes of Hermon rise to the north, while the gorges and cañons all around add sublimity and majesty to the scene.

At Banias we bade farewell to Palestine and entered Syria proper. For thirty days we had been riding through the land from Dan to Beersheba, and from the Jordan to the Great Sea, and had traveled nearly three hundred miles on horseback. And as we had thus passed through the country, following the footsteps of prophets, conquerors, and apostles—perhaps along the very paths which our Saviour trod—nothing impressed me so much as the correspondence between the Land and the Book. No intelligent and impartial observer who travels through that land can doubt that the Bible was written there, for it is a constant surprise and delight to see how the narrative fits into the very landscape, and is reflected in it, as trees on the bank of a river are reflected in its bosom. At every step the sacred story becomes more real and more true. Henceforth Bethlehem and Jerusalem, Olivet and Gethsemane, Nazareth and Galilee will have a new meaning for me. Though the country is to a large extent barren and desolate, though the rugged hills are cheerless and destitute of vegetation, and though the foxes have their holes and the birds their nests where prophecy predicted that they should have them, every rock and hill and valley is rich in hallowed memories and the very air is filled as with the presence of archangels.

Our last evening in Palestine was a memorable one. The night was unspeakably solemn and holy; the stars thrilled with intense luster in the azure sky; historic presences filled the air; the Pleiades, Taurus, and Orion flamed on high, while other great southern constellations were flashing over the Lebanon mountains.

And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

I was looking upon the same sky that David saw when he said, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" and from the depths of my heart I thanked Him that he had visited us in the person of his Son, and that I had been permitted to travel in the footsteps of the Master through that "good land" of mountain and vale, lake and river, to compare the Land and the Book, and to find how wonderfully the two agreed. And I could say that night beneath those solemn stars and in the presence of the mighty past,

There's nothing bright above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

VII.
THE LEVANT.

WHERE'ER we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mold;
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the muse's tales seem truly told.
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;
Each hill and dale, each deep'ning glen and wold:
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone.—*Byron.*

I.

Damascus.

THE country around Banias everywhere bears evidence of its Roman occupancy. Broken pillars and magnificent capitals, ruined arches and fallen columns tell the story of its former grandeur. We frequently followed for some distance the track of an old Roman road, and would occasionally cross a bridge whose massive arch showed Roman workmanship. Those old Romans were great builders, and left their impress on every land they occupied. Roads, bridges, aqueducts, castles, palaces—these are the monuments which these old masters of the world have left, and their foot-prints will remain for centuries yet to come.

We found the valley and hills beyond Banias exceedingly beautiful. In the fresh morning light they were all like the Mount of Transfiguration, and the ruins of the old gray castle perched upon the summit of the highest mountain looked like an aerial sentinel. The air was enchanting, the sunlight was an elixir of life, the song of the birds was like the music of angels, and the holy peace and calm resting upon the landscape seemed like the benediction of heaven. I felt that God had made this world very beautiful, and there are no more lovely spots than these enchanting vales and dells around Banias. How fitting that the Jordan, hallowed by so many sacred associations, should find its source amid such scenes!

As we went on we began to climb the mountains, spurs of Hermon, while the highest peaks, with some scanty snow-

fields on their summits, towered to our left. We passed several little Alpine villages, nestling under the sides of the mountains as if for protection, and from each of these troops of little Arabs and Syrians would besiege us with fossils and relics for sale. We crossed the mountains at an elevation of five thousand feet, while the highest peaks of Hermon towered still five thousand feet above us. We toiled on all the morning over rocks and wild wastes, until at noon we suddenly saw a charming little paradise at the foot of a steep, rocky hill. Descending to it, we lunched in a beautiful grove of Lombardy poplars amid singing springs and flowing streams. These constituted the head waters of the Pharpa, and beyond lay the great plain of Damascus, a dry and sterile desert, in the midst of which is the green and fertile oasis surrounding the city.

As I rode into Damascus the spirit of the Arabian Nights seemed to walk the streets, and I almost expected to hear the talking bird and the singing tree, or to meet Haroun al Raschid in disguise, or Sinbad or the Little Hunchback. No city in all the world, save Jerusalem, possessed for me the interest that this one did, and I approached it with eagerness, not unmingled with awe; for it is the oldest known habitation of man, reaching far back into the twilight of history. Eleazer, the trusty steward of Abraham, was a citizen of it nearly four thousand years ago, and the Arabs maintain that Adam was created here out of the red clay that is now fashioned by the hand of the potter into many other forms.

We had been riding all day through a dry and barren desert, which spread around us like a boundless ocean, and whose sands appeared to quiver under the shower of sunbeams. About the middle of the afternoon we began to hear the murmur of waters, and soon a forest of green appeared in sight. In a little while we were entering long

lanes of pleasant shadows, which lay between vast orchards of apricots, pomegranates, lemons, oranges, and nectarines, whose blossoms loaded the air with fragrance; while the cool, beautiful waters gushed and gleamed and sparkled all around us, from aqueduct above and rivulet below, and marble fountains in the walls—everywhere it poured forth its rich abundance. It is the magic touch of these waters which has caused the garden to blossom in the desert, giving perpetual freshness to the trees and grass and flowers, so that the city is literally set in a sea of verdure. As we rode on among these gardens and fountains and odors, we caught many bewildering glances of Oriental life such as we had seen nowhere else. Here was a little artificial lake in a paved quadrangle, with a bubbling fountain in the center, while all around were tables at which sat turbaned Turks, drinking cool sherbet and smoking their “hubble-bubbles.” There was the portal of a large khan with another fountain and cistern in the midst. Camels and bales of merchandise and white-clad turbaned Nubians were scattered over its wide court, and an arcade of shops or offices, in which were more smoking Turks, surrounded it. Another portal opened into a public bath, with its fountain, its reservoirs, its gay carpets, and its luxurious inmates, who recline upon cushioned divans as they smoke their *chibouques*. Long, darkened arcades, with their dazzling bazaars on either side, stretched to our right and left, and altogether there was a bewildering sensation of having suddenly dropped from the prosaic, matter-of-fact nineteenth century into the days when caliphs reigned, and genii talked with common mortals, and Aladdin’s wonderful lamp was still in existence.

Still there is much that is disappointing in Damascus, and it is not the city of palaces and of Oriental magnificence of which you have dreamed. No vestige remains of the pal-

aces of the Sultans; and, indeed, very few traces of its antiquity are to be seen. There is not a single specimen of fine Saracenic architecture in the city, and most of the houses are meanly built. Large, square blocks of dried mud seem to be the favorite building-material, and there is no plan or architectural design in the construction of the low, flat-roofed houses. The streets are narrow and crooked, and many of them very dirty. Even the "street that is called Straight" is such only by courtesy, for it veers to almost every point of the compass. Next to Constantinople, Damascus has the largest canine population of any city in the world, and a peculiarity of the dogs seems to be their partiality for the flat roofs of the houses. As we passed along the streets, we were saluted by yelps and howls from almost every house-top.

Despite all this, Damascus is a quaint, curious, and interesting old city. What a wonderful history it has had! From the days of Abraham until now, it has been one of the most important cities in all the East. Naaman, the captain of the Syrian host, whose leprosy was healed by Elisha, was an inhabitant of this city; and as I looked upon the crystal waters of Abana and Pharpar, I did not wonder that he thought they were better than "all the waters of Israel." The Christian Church was early planted here, and it was for the purpose of rooting it up that Saul of Tarsus, armed with letters from the high-priest, was journeying along the very road we had traveled, when the vision and the voice transformed him into Paul, the apostle. Nothing invests Damascus with so much interest as the fact that it was the scene of the conversion of the great apostle to the Gentiles; and we of course visited the reputed house of Ananias, though only the cellar of the original house remains. Outside the walls, the place is shown where Paul was let down in a basket; and we also had pointed out the

tomb of St. George, the porter who admitted Paul into the house.

Damascus was for many centuries a Christian city, and the Great Mosque, like that of St. Sophia in Constantinople, was originally a Christian Church. In the upper beam of a gate-way this well-preserved inscription in Greek is still to be seen: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." The city was long the residence of a Christian Bishop, who, in point of rank, was the second in the patriarchate of Antioch. But in the contest between the Byzantines and the Persians in the seventh century, Christianity began to wane, and Islamism was introduced soon afterward. It was not many centuries before Damascus became the seat of the Caliphate and the capital of the Mohammedan world. Though it has long since lost its political importance, it is still the great seat of Moslem power, where the spirit of Islamism survives in its intensity. It is a very furnace of Moslem fanaticism, its inhabitants surpassing all other Mohammedans in their intense intolerance. The great caravans of pilgrims for Mecca and Bagdad usually leave Damascus in January, and at that time the fanaticism of the population reaches its climax, and they are ready, on the slightest provocation, to show their resentment at the presence of Christians in the City of the Faithful. This annual pilgrimage to Mecca is the great event in the Moslem calendar. A procession of thousands mounted on camels files through the city, amid the intense enthusiasm of the inhabitants, and slowly takes its way toward Mecca. Forty days are spent on the journey; a similar length of time is consumed in worship at the tomb of the prophet; and, with the forty days necessary for the return trip, three months are altogether taken up in this holy pilgrimage. But it is the great event in the lives of the pilgrims, and he

who has been able to make it ever after wears a turban of green, the color of the prophet, and is held in great veneration by all faithful Moslems.

In 1860 a massacre of the Christians in the Lebanon, by the Druses, took place, and many of the Christians in the villages around Damascus took refuge in the city. Shortly afterward the Mohammedans there, at a given signal, rose in a body and commenced a general massacre; and for three days the city was given up to murder. It is estimated that no less than three thousand adult Christians were slain in cold blood, and many of the women and children were sold into slavery.

Damascus was once an important manufacturing and commercial place, being the great starting-point of the caravan traffic with the East, but commerce has drifted away from it to other points more accessible to the trade of the world. Steam-ships and railroad trains have taken the place of the slow-moving "ships of the Desert," and the glory of Damascus as "the eye of the East" has forever departed. Even the world-renowned sword-blades are no longer manufactured here. The trade was transferred to Khorassan by one of the many conquerors that have ravaged this fair city. The steel was "cut as fine as horse-hair, and interwoven with gold as finely drawn as woman's tresses;" then subjected to fire, till each metal became imbued with the virtues of the other, and the blade would cut gossamer as it floated in the air. But as the name of Saladin has long since ceased to be the terror of Christendom, so the Damascene blade has forever perished, and the city which gave birth to both sits with her decaying civilization on the seat of her ancient greatness, more a thing of the past than of the present.

There are about five thousand Christians in Damascus, out of a population of three hundred thousand. Most of

these belong to the Latin Church, while there are some Greeks and a few Armenians. Most of these are as fanatical and as grossly ignorant as the Moslems. There is a small Presbyterian Church and also a small Church of England congregation. The Jews amount to six or seven thousand, and are said to be very wealthy.

The most beautiful view of Damascus is to be obtained from the hills on the west. I shall never forget the evening we rode out to these hills, nor the exquisite view which we had from their summit. For miles around us lay the dead desert, while at our feet, with this ocean of sand encircling it, lay such an island of verdure as perhaps nowhere else exists. Masses of foliage rolled like waves among garden tracts of brilliant emerald green, while "the clustering blossoms of the orange or the nectarine lay like flecks of foam upon that verdant sea." White minarets shot up their fairy towers among the groves, and purple mosque-domes, tipped with the golden crescent, made a striking contrast with the green foliage in which they were embowered. No sound from the busy life of the great city came to us, and we might well have thought that we were looking upon a charming picture, such as is to be seen nowhere else in the world. Viewing it here, I do not wonder that Mohammed thought it a Paradise, and would not even go into it lest he should miss the Paradise above. A small mosque marks the spot where the Prophet is said to have stood and thus looked over the city.

II.

Baalbec and Beyroot.

FOR several miles after leaving Damascus our route lay through the narrow valley of the Abana, which is full of wild and romantic scenery. High cliffs are on one side and naked limestone rocks on the other, while between these dashes the beautiful Abana, with a narrow strip of verdure along its banks. Within this space, which is only a few rods wide, grow trees and plants of every variety, with almost tropical luxuriance. A long, waving line of poplars marks the course of the stream as far as the eye can reach, while the splendid diligence road from Damascus to Beyroot runs through this extraordinary ravine. We soon left this charming little valley, which was like a vision of Arcadia, and all the morning we were climbing the barren rocks and steep hills of the Anti-Lebanon range.

At noon we came again upon the river at its source, and lunched at the fountain of Fijeh, this beautiful stream, like the Jordan, springing out of the heart of the earth. Like the Jordan also, it had its source honored by a pagan temple. The fountain is in a kind of cave over which are the ruins of this old temple, which was probably dedicated to the river god. The water as it breaks out from the rock is not a mere fountain, but is a full-grown river at its source, and rushes forth as fresh and strong as when the old pagan worshippers bathed in its limpid stream. The fountain discharges about a thousand gallons per minute, and flows with a deafening roar which drowns all other noises. Dur-

ing the afternoon we passed over ledges of rock and steep embankments, crossing many swift mountain streams and seeing much wild and rugged scenery. The hills are all terraced, and the water is carried along these terraces in channels for irrigation. Wherever it thus comes the rugged hills blossom at its magic touch. At last, through fragrant lanes of gum-cistus and wild roses, we entered the plain of Zebedani, about three miles in breadth and some six miles long. This is a beautiful and well-cultivated plain, with extensive orchards and gardens, the richest that are to be seen in Syria. These orchards are protected by hedges and brier fences, and the whole plain is like a garden. The hill-sides are covered with vineyards, and it is evidently a region of plenty. I have seen no more charming country than these valleys of the Anti-Lebanon, and the mountains, on which the snow was still lying, look down on the loveliest of landscapes. The people of this region seem to be a simple, thrifty folk, and that evening a number of modest maidens and shy, shrinking children came trooping around our camp.

On a high hill which overlooked our camp that night the tomb of Abel was pointed out, and the plain is consecrated by being the place where Cain committed the murder. Adam and Eve are supposed to have been chief mourners, and, having recovered the body of Abel, to have placed it in its present elevated resting-place.

The next morning we rode for several hours through some matchless scenery. To our right towered for fifteen hundred feet great masses of rock which looked like the ruined castles of an extinct race of giants. The sky seemed to rest upon them, and a few fleecy clouds looked like the drapery which concealed from our vision the towers and battlements of the celestial city. There were patches of snow on the mountains, and little rills came running down

to bless the valley below. It almost looked as if we might see the angels beyond the clouds, and I do not wonder that so many ignorant races have imagined that the seats of the gods were in the mountains. The South Sea Islanders think that the spirits of the departed dwell there; they go up and shout to them, and think the echo is the answer.

We crossed the water-shed of the Anti-Lebanon range at an elevation of four thousand five hundred feet, when the whole Lebanon range came into view, a mighty wall of dazzling snow with beautifully cultivated plains below. From thence we descended into the valley of Coele-Syria, one of the most beautiful valleys in the East, if not in the world. A few moments more and we came in sight of the six great columns of Baalbec, towering above every thing else, and visible for a great distance across the beautiful plain in which the gigantic ruins are situated. The vale is about twelve miles wide, and divides the Lebanon from Anti-Lebanon. It is extremely rich and fertile, and is one of the best-cultivated portions of Syria.

The ruins of the Baalbec temples are the most magnificent on earth, and the Great Temple there was one of the wonders of the world. Tradition says that it was built by Solomon in order to please one of his Sidonian wives, who was a sun-worshiper. The legend is that he pressed into service numbers of the genii, male and female, who were under his command, the former building the walls, and the latter carrying the stones from the quarry. As Dr. Thompson says: "The remains at Baalbec are adequate to meet the demands of any history, and some of them may claim an antiquity equal to any thing that even Egypt can boast. The substructures of the great temple can scarcely be of a later age than that of Solomon, and may have supported a magnificent edifice in the time of Joshua."

It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of these ruins in

their full grandeur. Every thing is colossal. The entire group of temples was erected on a vast artificial platform, itself as enduring as the cliffs of nature that it imitates, the rock of which it is composed measuring from thirty to sixty feet in length. The area thus made is larger than that of the temple at Jerusalem. No one knows by whom or by what race of men this base was built, but on it have been successively reared the great structures of the Phenicians, the Corinthian temples of the Romans, and the light, fantastic architecture of the Saracens. The original foundations and earlier temples were dedicated to the sun under the name of Baal; when Antoninus Pius built his Corinthian temple in the second century of the Christian era, designing it to be in the East what the Parthenon was in Athens, and the Pantheon at Rome, he continued the same dedication under the name of Helios. Then came the Saracens, who preferred the ancient name of Baalbec to that of Heliopolis, and the crescent usurped the place of the god of day. Still later, when Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire, the great temple was made a Christian church. But cross, crescent, and sun-worship have long since disappeared, and the great platform—itsself seemingly of Cyclopean architecture—is strewn with a vast profusion of broken masses of buildings. On the south-east, where a portion of the magnificent portico still remains, an avalanche of splendid ruins seems pouring from the old temple on the plain, and colossal columns, arches, chapiters, and entablatures lie heaped in magnificent confusion.

The most ancient portions of these great ruins are the foundations on the west and north sides of the great temple. The stones are the largest ever used in the construction of any building or wall, and look as if they must have been reared in their places by Titans. The first tier above ground consists of huge stones of different lengths, nine of

them being thirty feet long and twelve and a half feet thick. These are larger than any of the foundation-stones of the temple at Jerusalem, or any blocks in the Great Pyramid. But in the western wall, nineteen feet above ground, are the three giants of the world, one of the stones being sixty-four feet long, another sixty-three feet and eight inches, and the remaining one sixty-three feet. They are each thirteen feet high, and somewhat thicker, and weigh hundreds of tons. The three stones together measure in length one hundred and ninety feet and eight inches.

The quarry where these Cyclopean stones were hewn is about a mile distant, and the largest stone of all still lies there, never having been raised to its place in the wall. It is fourteen by seventeen, and is sixty-nine feet long. Some idea of its immense size may be formed from the statement that three very respectable rooms might be cut in it, and still leave partition walls three feet thick.

It has long been one of the unsolved problems of mechanics as to how such gigantic blocks could be transported a mile over uneven ground and elevated to their position in the temple wall. But an ancient tablet which was recently discovered, and is now in the British Museum, throws light on the subject, and may also elucidate the mystery of the building of the Pyramids. Rollers were put under these stones, and they were drawn up inclined planes by sheer human muscle. The whole scene is rudely pictured on this tablet. There is the army of slaves, hundreds to a single roller, and over them are the cruel task-masters, who, with lash in hand, goad them on to pull all together, and the king sits on high giving the signal with his hand for all to work together to move the mountain of stone. So that every stone in those great ruins represents human tears and blood, and the building of the Great Temple must have consumed the population of a province and the wealth of an empire. Well may Jo-

seph Cook say, "Baalbec is a ruin; God be thanked, a ruin!"

It is half a mile around the walls, and the space within them was laid out like an acropolis. The Great Temple was approached from the east by a flight of steps some fifty feet high. The visitor entered a magnificent portico one hundred and eighty feet in length, and thirty-seven feet wide, much of which is still standing. The great portal, which was seventeen feet wide, led into an hexagonal vestibule which was two hundred feet in diameter, and which is in a ruinous condition. This opened into a great quadrangular court four hundred and seventy-six feet long, and three hundred and seventy feet wide, which was surrounded by columns, chapels, oratories, niches, and statues of exquisite workmanship. Crossing this vast court, you entered the great temple, which towered toward the sky with its statues, golden gates, and colonnades. The plan was similar to that of the Parthenon at Athens. The peristyle was two hundred and ninety feet in length, and one hundred and sixty feet in breadth, and its columns, which were originally fifty-four in number, were seventy feet high, and over seven feet in diameter. The sole remains of this peerless temple, once the admiration of the world, are six of these huge columns which still

Stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials which the wizard Time
Had raised to count his ages by.

The lesser temple, which is the so-called Temple of the Sun, is well preserved, though the stone roof has fallen in. This is also of Corinthian architecture, and stands upon a lower platform to the south of its greater neighbor. It is in the form of a parallelogram, also surrounded by columns, and its general shape is that which is so often copied from

the Greeks. This peristyle consisted of forty-four columns, each forty-six feet and six inches high, nineteen of which remain standing with their rich sculptured entablature, consisting of wreaths of foliage encircling the busts of emperors and gods.

How glorious must have appeared these great temples when worshipers thronged their courts, and when the mighty Emperors of Rome bowed at their shrines! But they have been the spoil of ages, and the great ruins now stand only as monuments of human vanity. The religion which was once powerful enough to build such temples as these has disappeared from the earth, while Christianity, which was then in its infancy, has gone into all the world, and the Sun of Righteousness has risen with healing in his wings for all the nations. The crescent has paled before the light of the cross, and the religion of love has taken the place of the cruel and polluted paganism of Baal. These great ruins may remain for centuries yet to come, the wonder and admiration of travelers from all parts of the world, but when at last they have perished, as they shall perish, the kingdom of our God shall still be extending its conquests, for his word abideth forever.

The last day's ride was over the magnificent macadamized highway which the French built between Damascus and Beyroot, after the massacre of 1860, and which is intended to serve as a military road for the rapid transportation of troops, in case it becomes necessary for the Christian powers of Europe to interpose against any future outbreak of Moslem fanaticism. The road crosses both the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges, winding up and down their steep ascents and descents, and reaching an elevation of eight thousand feet. It is a splendid piece of engineering, equaling that of the Simplon and other roads over the Alps, and is compact and firm to the very summit of the mountain. The numerous curves make an easy gradient; and, as

we were anxious to reach Beyroot and get the mail from which we had been so long shut off, some of us galloped our horses down the entire descent of the mountain.

We lunched the last day at Kerak Nuh, a little village of Maronites and Greeks, which, though secluded in the mountains and unknown to fame, enjoys the proud distinction of possessing the sepulcher of Grandfather Noah. The tomb is on the summit of a hill in the center of the village, and is sixty feet long. This, they say, was only half the height of the great patriarch, and, in order to get him in so small a compass, his body was doubled up. The tomb is held in great veneration, and is visited annually by thousands of pilgrims, the Moslems especially having great faith in these fables. We paid our respects to the grave of our venerable ancestor, and if we have not seen the tallest man, we have certainly seen the longest tomb in the world.

Here at Kerak Nuh we met several Presbyterian missionaries, and among them a native preacher, whose sister, Loya Barida, has a singular and romantic history. Her parents were Maronites, a bigoted sect of the Romanists found only in Syria, and she first heard of Christ when she was ten years old. Her parents allowed her to attend the Protestant school, but, finding that she was praying, they forbade her. She would creep under the windows and listen to the singing, thinking it the most beautiful thing she had ever heard. At last, finding that she was still praying, her parents decided to marry her, but she resisted, whereupon they locked her up and greatly mistreated her. One day she found the door unlocked, and, escaping, made her way to Beyroot, where she found the house of Dr. Post, and told her story. He took her under his protection and educated her, a Sunday-school at Philadelphia bearing all the expenses. She was finally sent to take charge of a school at Assouan, Egypt, where she met and married her hus-

band. In 1881, while spending vacation at Alexandria, the trouble there broke out and the Mohammedans raised the cry of "Down with the Christians!" Loya and her husband fled to a ship and were taken to Italy, where they remained several months. They at last succeeded in getting on a vessel which took them to Philadelphia, where they landed penniless, friendless, and not understanding or speaking a word of English. They only knew the last name of the pastor of the Church whose Sunday-school had educated Loya, and with their little babe they went up and down the street repeating the name to every one they met. They at last attracted the attention of a policeman, who knew the minister and directed them to his house. He was not at home, and the girl who answered the door-bell, judging from their ragged, dirty appearance that they were common beggars, sent them away. But the woman mentioned the name "Loya," and after they had left it lingered in the memory of the servant, who had attended the Sunday-school and was familiar with the name and history of the Syrian girl whom they had educated. It suddenly occurred to her that this might be the girl, and, running down the street to overtake them, she found poor Loya sitting on the side of the pavement weeping bitterly, for her last hope was gone and she and her husband were in despair. The servant found that she was correct in her surmise, took them back to the house, and when the clergyman came, he took charge of them and found a home for them and employment for the man. Loya rapidly learned English, began telling her touching story in the churches of the East, and has been the inspiration of many a missionary meeting in the large cities of New England. She is still at work there, and has undertaken to raise funds to build a large girls' school in her native land.

Syria was formerly identical with the Assyrian Empire,

which extended from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, and the inhabitants were known in ancient times as Assyrians or, in the abbreviated form, Syrians. But at a later period these two names came to have different applications, and the Greeks applied the name Syria to the more western of these regions. So that the Syrians anciently spread considerably beyond the confines of modern Syria. Modern Syria, that portion of the country which is governed and cultivated by the Turks, is a long and narrow district on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, extending from the highlands of the Taurus on the north to Egypt on the south. From time immemorial it has been inhabited by people of many different races, and its history has therefore been a singularly checkered one. The religions of the people have been as numerous as the tribes, and hence the country has been split up into small principalities and conflicting classes—the fruitful parent of civil war, anarchy, and confusion. The Moslem is the prevailing religion, this also being split up into various sects, the Druses being the most fanatical and intolerant. The various religions and sects live together and practice their religious and superstitious rites in close proximity, but there is no homogeneity among the people, nor do they regard each other with friendly feelings. Each in turn excommunicates the other, and there is no common bond of union between them. No other country in the world has such multiplicity of antagonistic races, and herein lies the great obstacle to their progress and advancement in material civilization. They can never form one united, great people, but will always be a heterogeneous mass, the prey of stronger nations. And this is the more to be deplored from the fact that it is one of the fairest portions of the Turkish Empire, and there are parts of Syria which I have never seen surpassed anywhere for fertility.

Beyroot is the most important city in Syria, and, next to

Damascus, the largest, having a population of about one hundred thousand. It is beautifully situated amidst gardens and orchards, with terraced hills and overhanging cliffs and retiring ravines, and is the most charming city of the Levant. It is a city of roses, and I saw no more beautiful gardens in the East than those of the Turkish barracks here. It is situated on the isthmus of a finely undulated promontory, and in the valley that lies between the promontory and the mountains spreads one of the richest and most varied tracts of verdure in the world. Twelve miles from the city, on reaching the summit of the mountains, a charming picture burst upon our view. Before us lay a succession of terraced hills and blooming valleys, among which nestled many airy villages, while farthest off was beautiful Beyroot, with its white houses seated on high cliffs looking seaward, or clustered on terraces and commanding hill-tops, or half hid among retiring glens, while all around it lay the gardens and orchards. Beyond it was the purple sea dotted with sails, and over it rose the colored sky, and as I looked thrilling associations started into being of the old Phenician days; of the ancient Argosies that once dotted that sea and sailed along that shore; of the conquering armies of Greek, Roman, Saracen, and Crusader, which once marched through those valleys and over those hills. Cyprus is almost in sight; yonder distant promontory shelters Tripoli, while only a little further off lies classic Rhodes. Those same waters wash the prostrate towers of Tyre and Sidon, and once bore the great apostle of the Gentiles on his missionary tours. And in the theaters of Agrippa, which once adorned that fair city, Titus celebrated his victories over Jerusalem, and his father's birthday, by gladiatorial shows, in which the miserable captives of Zion perished in great numbers, fighting with wild beasts and with one another.

Christianity was early planted in Beyroot, and under the Christian Emperors it was one of the most celebrated seats of learning in the Roman Empire. It was entirely destroyed by an earthquake in 551, and for many centuries was a place of little importance. But within the last fifty years it has rapidly increased in population, commerce, and wealth. If a railroad should ever connect the head of the Mediterranean with the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, and if Beyroot can attract the mighty tide of trade and travel to her door, she will become the Queen of the East, and take rank speedily among the great cities of the world. Whenever the Turkish Empire dissolves this road will be built, and when it is built, it will revolutionize the Levant and the East. It would greatly shorten the road to India, and would be the great line of inter-communication between the markets of Asia and Europe. London would then be within seven days of Calcutta, and the Far East would disappear. A crowded highway would be established between the Occident and the Orient, and the extremes of the world would be brought nearer together.

There is a large European population at Beyroot, and many Christian institutions, making it the most pleasant place of residence in all the East. The work of Protestant missions began here in 1820. In 1830 there were but three Protestants in all the Turkish Empire, and during these years there was great persecution of Christians. In 1847 a firman was issued recognizing Christianity, and in 1848 the first church was organized. In 1846 the first boarding-school for girls was established at Beyroot. In the next ten years the work was greatly enlarged, and many successful enterprises were inaugurated.

In 1860 the New Testament was translated in Arabic, and in 1865 the Old Testament was completed. There are now nineteen organized Churches in Syria, with one thou-

sand four hundred and forty Church-members; and three thousand seven hundred and forty-six children in Sunday-schools. There are ninety-seven common schools connected with the missions, in which there are five thousand three hundred and seventy-four children.

April 18th, at 7:30 P. M., we left Beyroot on the Austrian Lloyd steam-ship "Ceres," for Constantinople. It was a small steamer, and we were fearfully crowded.

III.

The Levantine Sea.

THE "Levant" of the Italians, the "Orient" of the French, the "Morgenland" of the Germans, and the "Eothen" of Kinglake are all paraphrases of the East. The first term is applied more particularly to the lands on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, which still divides the East from the West, and is called the Levantine Sea. The commerce of the early world found shelter in its ports, and for four thousand years the fleets and argosies of the nations, by oar and sail and steam, have sailed across its bright, blue waters. The cradle of civilization was further east, but these shores have been its nursery.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,
Greece, Egypt, Tyre, Assyria—where are they?
Thy waters wasted them when they ere free,
And many a tyrant since. They now obey
The stranger, slave or savage—their decay
Has dried up realms to nations—not so thou;
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld thou rollest now!

The Roman Empire embraced the entire coast of this sea, thus opening the way for the spread of Christianity, and over its waters the apostles carried the gospel to Europe and the West. But Islamism has overspread its eastern and southern shores, covering them with darkness, into which the light of the cross is but beginning again slowly to spread.

It is the most fascinating and fickle sea in the world, bright and blue, and fringed by the fairest and most memorial shores. It is seldom without a swell, and, like a little child, is either troublesome or asleep. It is a sea of romance and nausea, and with so light a tide that it is practically tideless.

It requires seven days to make the trip from Beyroot to Constantinople, including the stops which the vessel makes; and if it is a coasting vessel, still longer time is taken. We had quite a parliament of nations on shipboard. There were Americans—we name ourselves first—English, French, Germans, Italians, Greeks, Turks, and Armenians. All except the first three named took deck passage, and they swarmed the forward and side decks in all ranks of rags and wretchedness. They furnished their own food and bedding, and cooked, ate, lived, slept, and suffered on deck. There, during the day, they gambled, smoked, gossiped, and quarreled, while during the night the children of the crowd gave a free concert to those of the passengers who were so unfortunate as to have state-rooms in their vicinity. Nor were dignitaries wanting, for we had a Roman Catholic Archbishop, with his secretaries and servants, and, better than that, we had Dr. J. H. Vincent, the bishop of Chautauqua, with his wife and son. We greatly enjoyed the genial companionship of Dr. Vincent, and the admirable sermon which he preached on Sunday was greatly enjoyed by the crowd of Americans on board.

The morning after leaving Beyroot we reached the island of Cyprus. We went ashore at Larnica, which is the principal sea-port and capital city, with a population of about ten thousand. We found little to interest us here, except a church called the Church of St. Lazarus, and which claims to contain the bones of Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha, whom Christ raised from the dead. I confess to

have often wondered what became of Lazarus, and know no reason to doubt the tradition which I found here, that he came as a missionary to this island and died here. The church is a rather unique building, adorned with a number of somewhat striking pictures, one of which represents the raising of Lazarus.

The island of Cyprus is one hundred and forty-eight miles long by forty wide, with a population of two hundred and ten thousand. It now belongs to the English Government. The principal products are wine, silk, some grain, salt, and olive-oil. Morocco leather is also tanned in considerable quantities, about ten thousand skins per annum being cured. It has always been celebrated for its beautiful women, who are said to be tall and shapely, with their hair hanging down their backs, but we saw none who answered this description. A Greek writer says that he may trust himself with the beautiful women of all countries except those of Cyprus.

Civilization began ages ago among these classic groves, and many remains are to be found of this old culture. Originally peopled by the Phenicians, those great colonizers of the Mediterranean, it was afterward settled by the Greeks, the first of whom was Teucer, son of Telamon, who dedicated the splendid shrine at Paphos to Venus, the goddess of love. It became renowned for the worship of the deity, which was here celebrated with the most licentious rites, so that the very name, Cyprian, became a synonym for lewdness.

Cyprus was one of the first countries in which Christianity was established. Here Barnabas was born, and here he came with Paul on that grand missionary tour which embraced almost the whole of Asia Minor. But Paphos, where Elymas the Sorcerer was struck blind before the Proconsul, Sergius Paulus, and Salamis, where they first preached, have

both disappeared, though Larnica stands near the site of ancient Salamis. In the time of the Romans the Jews formed a large part of the population of the island, but now two-thirds of the population are Greeks.

We merely touched at Rhodes, which stands at the entrance to the archipelago, and was one of the most celebrated islands in classic history. At the entrance to the harbor stood the famous Colossus, which was one hundred and five feet high, and one of the seven wonders of the world. It was built by Charles of Lindus, in the second century, and was broken to pieces by an earthquake fifty-six years after being built. It took nine hundred camels to transport away the fragments. This island had additional interest in our eyes from the fact that it was for two centuries in the possession of the Knights of St. John, who, when they were driven out of Palestine, landed here, and, having vanquished the Moslems and Greeks, made themselves masters of the city and island. The island has an area of four hundred and sixty square miles, and a population of thirty thousand. It has belonged to the Turkish Government since passing out of the hands of the Knights of St. John.

The next morning, just before day, we passed "the isle that is called Patmos," and when we went on deck at six o'clock we could just see, peeping above the horizon, the rocky summit of the little, bare bit of land where the beloved disciple was banished during the persecution under Domitian, and where the Apocalyptic vision was revealed to him.

Several hours later we came in sight of the classic isle of Scio, the "Paradise of the Levant," and one of the seven birthplaces of Homer. The chief town is a beautiful, picturesque city of the same name, with good buildings and a number of spires of Greek churches. The houses are embowered in trees and shrubbery, and it looks as if it might

have been the home of poets for all time. It stretches along the shore for two miles. In 1820 several thousand Christians were massacred by the Mohammedans here, and in 1881 a terrible earthquake almost destroyed the city and killed six thousand of the population.

About the middle of the afternoon we arrived at Smyrna, which is the largest and best city of Asia Minor, and the main point of commercial contact between Europe and Asia. It is the only one of the seven Apocalyptic cities which has to-day any importance. It has a population of over two hundred thousand, and is a prosperous, well-built city. It is the emporium of the Greek trade of the Levant, has two railroads and a street-car line (think of a street-car in Smyrna!), fine hotels, *cafés* etc., and is altogether a city of some pretensions to elegance—at all events, it looked like an elegant city to us who had grown so accustomed to the dirty, low, flat-roofed houses of Oriental cities. As we drove through it in the evening we found much of the populace out-of-doors. There is a broad esplanade along the sea-front, and this was filled with elegantly dressed people, while the public gardens and *cafés* were thronged with men and women. The population is evidently a voluptuous, pleasure-loving one, and the Epicurean motto of “*Carpe diem*” is the one governing them. There are long lines of elegant stores along the narrow streets, denoting very considerable business. Figs are the principal product of Smyrna, and their export is very large. Here we again found the birthplace of Homer, and a grotto is pointed out where he is said to have written part of the *Iliad*.

Smyrna is sacred in the eyes of the Christian world not only because it was the seat of one of the seven churches of Asia, but also because it was the scene of the martyrdom of Polycarp, one of the most distinguished of the early Christian fathers. He was the angel or bishop of the Church

at Smyrna to whom St. John addressed his epistle. In the year 166 he was brought before the Roman tribunal during one of the fearful persecutions of Christians in that age. The Proconsul, struck with his holy and reverend appearance and anxious to save his life, said to him, "Have pity on thine own great age. Swear, and I will release thee; reproach Christ." To which Polycarp made the historic answer, one of the grandest on record, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me; how then can I blaspheme my Lord who hath saved me?" And from amidst the flames his spirit went up to wear the martyr's crown.

The tomb of Polycarp is on the summit of a high hill back of the city, where are also the acropolis and an old castle.

IV.

Ephesus.

I have beheld th' Ephesian miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
Th' hyena and the jackal in their shade.

WE were very glad to embrace the opportunity afforded by a day's detention of our ship at Smyrna, to make an excursion to Ephesus, forty-eight miles distant. One of the few railroads in the Turkish dominions connects the two points, and a two-hours' ride over an excellent road brought us to the modern village of Ephesus. We passed through a fine country, with beautiful valleys and plains, beyond which rose a low range of mountains on either side, while the fertility of the country was attested by the wheat-fields, vineyards, and fig and olive orchards along the road.

The modern representative of the once illustrious and wealthy city is a small Arab village with a few dwellings, two or three miserable little shops, the "Ephesian Hotel" (a small caravansary), and about fifty inhabitants, who eke out a precarious subsistence by preying on the few travelers who visit the great ruins. Many of the houses are constructed in part of material from these ruins, and in almost every mean hut are to be seen beautiful marble blocks, elaborately carved, broken capitals or elegantly fluted columns. Around some of the orchards are walls made of broken marble columns which once adorned the colonnade leading from the temple to the forum. The remains of an old Roman aqueduct, constructed from the columns of the

great Temple of Diana, run to the south of the village, and on the summit of these columns storks have built their great nests. One of these birds was on each column, making a striking combination of present life and the dead past. Near the acropolis is the old church of St. John, constructed about 300 A.D., and destroyed by an earthquake in the year 1040. A magnificent archway is still standing, and great masses of the tiled roof, twenty feet thick, are lying all around. Near this church are the ruins of the old Synodical convent, built at the time the church was, and converted by Sultan Suleiman into a mosque five hundred years ago. Here several of the early councils of the Church were held, and here Christianity once so flourished as to be a mother Church and the see of a metropolitan bishop. The columns of this temple, exquisitely fluted and carved, with magnificent Corinthian capitals, belonged to the periphery of the Temple of Diana. The western front of the convent chapel is elaborately carved and finished, and is said to have been added by the Saracens in the eleventh century. In the same convent are two great granite columns and a magnificent composite capital which belonged to the ancient gymnasium of Ephesus. This is the only capital which has been preserved which represents the old symbol of eggs and darts forming wreaths.

About half a mile west of these remains are the ruins of the great Temple of Diana, "whom all Asia worshiped," one of the seven wonders of the world, and a fane whose magnificence was known throughout the earth. This temple was 425 feet long and 220 feet wide, being the largest of the Greek temples, and four times the size of the Parthenon at Athens. It was adorned with 127 columns of Parian marble, each of a single shaft, and sixty feet high, and was magnificently decorated with sculptures by Praxiteles and a great painting by Apelles, as well as statues, pictures, and

mural embellishments by other artists. The interior so glittered with gold and precious stones that the door-keepers were accustomed to warn new-comers by crying, "Your eyes! your eyes!" The statue of Diana was of ivory, furnished with exquisitely wrought golden ornaments, and was believed to have fallen down from heaven. This temple was still the most notable thing about the city when St. Paul preached there in the year 54. But in the third century the city was sacked by the Goths, who burned the temple, though it was not entirely destroyed until a century later, when many of its columns and ornaments were taken by Constantine and Justinian to adorn Christian churches. The immense dome of Saint Sophia at Constantinople rises from the columns of green jasper which were once in this temple, and two pillars in the great cathedral at Pisa were also transported thence.

For many years even the site of this magnificent temple was unknown, but it is now established beyond question. The location of the walls can be traced, and the interior is a great mass of magnificent fluted columns, broken stones, gorgeous capitals, and ruined architraves, overgrown with thistles and rank weeds.*

Half a mile farther west, passing through fields of bearded wheat to reach it, are the ruins of the great stadium, which stood on the slopes of Mount Prion, once a magnificent amphitheater, with seats sufficient to accommodate seventy thousand spectators. Here the pleasure-loving Ephesians assembled to witness games, matches, and contests in running and wrestling; here gladiators and condemned

* Dr. Clark, in his Commentary on Acts xix. 24, falls into a singular error. He says, speaking of this temple, "This grand building remains almost entire to the present day, and is now turned into a Turkish mosque!" It was entirely destroyed three centuries before the birth of Mohammed.

prisoners fought with wild beasts, and here it is probable that Paul himself fought with beasts on one occasion. The amphitheater is still there, the area three-quarters of a mile long may still be traced, the places where the tiers of seats rose are on either side, and the walls separating the race-track from the space reserved for the wrestlers is as though built but a few years ago. But racers, gladiators, boxers, and spectators are all like the dust beneath our feet, and the great thistles and wild asparagus almost barred our progress. But enough remains to attest the grandeur which once marked the city, and to show the extent of this great arena. The city lay in a beautiful valley about a mile wide, and from the great temple to the sea was about three miles. The plain stretched far to the east of the temple, and the magnificent building was visible for a great distance, being the first sight that caught the eye of the traveler. The river Cayster flowed to the north of the city, and was then quite a large stream, though now but little more than a brook.

At the western end of the stadium, crowning a slight elevation, rose the great temple of Jupiter Serapeum, where a hundred oxen were sacrificed on a certain day, annually. North of this temple are the remains of a palace, identified as that of the Town Clerk who took sides with Paul and his companions, and quieted the great uproar which had arisen in the theater. This theater lay further to the south on the sides of a hill which arose in the center of the city, and its ruins are the best preserved of any in the plain. It was with mingled emotions that we clambered over these ruins and found ourselves within the very theater where Demetrius and his companions had so excited the multitude against Paul. It was an immense building, and much of the great proscenium is still intact. Part of the walls are standing on the south side, and splendid columns, bro-

ken walls, and fragments of capitals and bases, all superbly carved and finished in the highest style of Greek art, lay in great piles over which I could with difficulty clamber. This is said to have been one of the largest theaters in the world, and could seat fifty thousand persons.

An interesting relic, lying between the theater and the stadium, is a great white marble monolith, evidently very ancient, half buried in the ground, which was originally an olive-oil mill, but which tradition says was converted by the Apostle John into a baptismal font. It is round, slightly depressed in the center, and about fifteen feet in diameter. If it was used by John as a baptismal font, it is very certain that immersion could not have been performed in it. At the foot of the hills and south of the theater was the Temple of Claudius, erected by the Greeks in honor of the Emperor Claudius. Not much of this is left, but the most beautifully carved marble monolith I have ever seen, which evidently stood at the corner of the portico and is twenty feet high, lies prone on the ground, and broken brackets, eaves, capitals, etc., show the former beauty of the building. Not far from this was the great forum, which was larger even than the Roman forum, though it is not nearly so well preserved, all the columns having been removed and the pavement being probably buried under many feet of earth.

We rode on over broken architraves, fluted columns, ruined arches, and splendid capitals, amidst which the tall wheat waved, to the Opisolepria Valley, where the Amazons lived and had their own forum and theater. Here the city extended half-way up the side of the mountain, having had in its palmy days over a million of inhabitants. It was a great surprise to find the ruins so extensive and on such a scale of magnificence, and no one who sees them can fail to be impressed with the ancient grandeur of the city. We rode fully ten miles over these ruins, which are unmatched,

so far as I have seen, by those of any ancient city except Delhi, and which are the remains of all ages from the Cyclops to the Saracens.

The Sacred Road, which led from the Temple of Diana, in the southern part of the city, to the forum and the theater, was a broad, paved colonnade, with magnificent marble columns, now fallen and broken along the whole way, a distance of about two miles. On either side of this colonnade was the necropolis, and many tombs and sarcophagi are still to be seen. The Magnesian Gate, about half-way between the termini, was a magnificent entrance, now broken and ruined. Along this way, the tomb of St. Luke is pointed out, a ruined circular mausoleum of marble, on one of the slabs of which there are the figures of an ox and a cross—ready for service or sacrifice. On a high eminence, overlooking the city and near the sea, is a ruined, castellated building which is pointed out as the prison where Paul was once confined, though there is no record of Paul ever having been a prisoner at Ephesus.

Ephesus was the most magnificent city of the Levant, the great emporium of Asia Minor; opulent and prosperous, celebrated no less for its commerce and the grandeur of its public buildings than for its voluptuousness and the refinements of its civilization. It was one of the cradles of Hellenic mythology, the metropolis of the Ionian Confederacy, a great school of art, and, next to Jerusalem, the holiest of Christian cities. It was the reputed birth-place of Apollo and Diana; the place of the metamorphosis of the Sphinx into a reed; the lurking-place of Pan; a chief seat of the Amazons, where Hercules defeated them and they took refuge in the Temple of Diana; and the city of Callinus and Musaeus, Parrhasius and Heraclitus, Apelles and Evenor, and one of the reputed birthplaces of Homer

But this city, once so famous and so great, is now desolate and forsaken, with a character of desolation all its own. The Epistle to the Ephesians is read throughout the world, but there is no one in Ephesus to read it. The candlestick has been removed, and the Church which was founded by Paul and ministered to by John lives only in the record of the past.

V.

Constantinople.

OUR sail through the Grecian Isles and then through the Hellespont was like a trip to fairy-land, for every wave of the classic Ægean and every foot of her shores are full of memories. Scio and Mitylene were passed in the night, and morning brought us to Assos, where "burning Sappho loved and sang." Soon there came into view the peaks of Ida, where Paris adjudged to Venus the prize of beauty, and where Homer represents Jove as seated to watch the movements of the Greek and Trojan armies, and where Juno approached him in a purple cloud from Lectum. Just before entering the Hellespont we passed the site of ancient Troas, where Eutychus, falling asleep while Paul was preaching, "fell from the third loft and was taken up dead," but was restored to life by the apostle. It was here also that Paul left his cloak, which he wrote to Timothy to bring him when he was in the Mamertine prison at Rome. To the left lay the island of Tenedos, where the Greeks made their wooden horse, and behind which they concealed their fleet. As we entered the Hellespont, the name reminded us of the first legendary ship that ever plowed those classic waters—when Jason and his fifty Grecian heroes sailed in the "Argo" for Colchis to bring back the golden fleece of the wondrous ram with wings which bore Phryxus and Helle across the Euxine. And from the deck of their ship they saw the plain of Troy, which, a generation later, their descendants were to make

illustrious with their heroic deeds while this globe remains. So we could see the site of ancient Illium, where Achilles and Ajax, Ulysses and Agamemnon gave undying glory to the most famed of battle-fields. The tombs of Achilles and Hector are still pointed out, and the river Scamander still winds its sluggish way across the plain.

Beyond the town of Dardanelles we passed the Cape of Abydos, where Xerxes built his bridge of boats, and a large *tumulus* is pointed out as the place where he sat during the passage of the army. It was here also that Leander used to swim across to see his beloved Hero—a feat which Byron tells us he also successfully accomplished. This historic spot is also memorable as being the place where the Turks first raised the crescent in Europe.

The ancient Hellespont, now called the Dardanelles, averages about two miles in width and is forty-five miles long, connecting the Ægean Sea with the Sea of Marmora. It separates Europe from Asia, and has always been a stream associated with the most interesting historic and classic incidents. It was the late Dr. Beadle, of Philadelphia, who, speaking to a lady of the beauty of the Dardanelles, received the reply: "O yes; I know them well. They are intimate friends of mine!" It was doubtless a relative of this lady who, being asked, on her return from Italy, if she had seen the Lion of St. Mark, replied: "O yes; we arrived just in time to see the noble creature fed!"

The next morning the domes and minarets of magnificent Stamboul came in sight, and soon Constantinople was revealed in all its matchless beauty and splendor. The shining waters that almost surround the city, the richly mingled mass of palaces and gardens and stately towers, the golden minarets and purple domes and gleaming crescents, and the majestic walls and fortresses that surround the gorgeously crowded hill, when seen in the dancing sunlight as

I saw them that morning, make a picture never to be forgotten.

Constantinople is really a double city, Stamboul, the Turkish city, being separated from Pera, the European city, by the Golden Horn, a tongue of water which is only a quarter of a mile wide and seven miles long, running from the Sea of Marmora up into the land and bordered by arsenals, palaces, mosques, and store-houses. All the fleets of Europe might here lie at anchor among the very streets of the city. The Bosphorus runs to the east of Pera, connecting the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora and separating Europe from Asia. Across the Bosphorus, in Asia, lies Scutari, the old Chalcedon. There the heroes of the Crimea lie, and there Florence Nightingale taught us how divine a spirit may wear mortal shape, as she became a ministering angel to the sufferers.

No city in the world has such a magnificent situation or such remarkable water approaches as Constantinople. It is accessible only through the long, narrow Dardanelles on the one side and the Bosphorus on the other, and sits like a queen holding the key of the Levant. The population of the city is about a million, but if it were under a Christian Government it would rival London. The Turkish Government is the most effete, inefficient, and irresponsible among civilized nations, and the sooner it goes to pieces, and the Empire is dismembered, the better for the world.

Pera occupies the whole face of the northern shore, looking down upon the Golden Horn and out upon the Bosphorus. It has many magnificent buildings and long lines of elegant stores, but the streets are narrow and dirty. Here all the Europeans, with their respective embassies and consulates, live, and here are all the hotels. It was a pleasure to find myself at last on European soil, even though in a semi-Oriental city.

Constantinople is the paradise of dogs, and thousands of ownerless curs, "of high and low degree," throng the streets. It is said that there are more dogs in Constantinople than in any other city in the world, and I could well believe it, for I counted over a hundred in walking three squares. They are said to be divided into guilds, and to have the city apportioned out. If a dog strays into a quarter belonging to another guild, he is at once set upon, killed, and eaten by the dogs owning that ward. The residents of Constantinople are responsible for this story, but I am not disposed to doubt it after seeing the crowds of lean, hungry-looking, ill-favored canines who infest every quarter of the city.

The most interesting place to me in Constantinople was the Mosque of St. Sophia, the largest and most magnificent mosque in the world. Originally a Christian church, having been built by Constantine in 325 and rebuilt by Justinian in 532, it was transformed into a mosque by Mohammed II. in 1453. It is built of light brick, but lined throughout with colored marble, and is a very large and elaborate structure. It is in the form of a cross, three hundred and fifty feet long and two hundred and thirty-six feet wide, while the great central dome is one hundred and eighty-six feet high and one hundred and seven feet in diameter. The ceiling and the arches are beautifully inlaid with gilt and mosaic work, and it is adorned with columns and marbles from all portions of the East. Eight great red porphyry columns are from Baalbec; sixteen green jasper columns are from the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; some of the marble columns are said to have come from Solomon's Temple; and other columns are from various other temples. On four sides of the dome are large figures of cherubim, their faces covered with their wings. Nearly under the center of the dome is an old cistern, covered with a piece of red porphyry, which came from Jacob's

Well. When this peerless building was finished, Justinian exclaimed: "Solomon, I have excelled thee!"

On the day that this church was taken by the Turks and transformed into a mosque, there was a great massacre of Christians in the building, and tradition says that the Sultan rode in on horseback, and, dipping his hand in their blood, left the impress upon one of the columns, where it is still shown. Every Friday the high-priest preaches with an unsheathed sword in his hand, thus signifying that the Church has been conquered. On one of the half-domes the head of Christ is distinctly traceable on the gilt, although the Mohammedans have used every effort to efface it. On either side of the altar are great wax candles twenty feet high and thirty inches in circumference, the largest candles in the world.

Over the great door of the mosque is an open Bible in gilt with a dove over it, the Bible having this inscription in Greek: "I am the door. By me, if any man will enter in, he shall find pasture." There are a number of other indications left that this was once a Christian church. On some of the other doors they have tried to destroy the cross which was once there, having taken off the central beam and left the cross-beam—a fitting illustration of the manner in which Mohammedanism takes from Christianity its great central truths.

In the At-Meidan, or horse-market, an open space in old Stamboul not far from St. Sophia, and which was a part of the old Hippodrome, where anciently, amid the shouts of frantic crowds, the jeweled chariots flew before the Byzantine Emperors, stand three historic columns. The first is an Egyptian obelisk which was brought from the Temple of the Sun, at Thebes, by Theodosius the Great, in A.D. 390. It is one of the oldest monuments in existence, having been quarried three centuries before Abraham was driven by

famine into Egypt. It bears the cartouch of the second Pharaoh, whose reign was in that mystic age when civilization began in the valley of the Nile.

The second is a serpentine column of bronze or copper from the oracle of Apollo, at Delphi. Formerly, three serpents' heads at the summit supported the golden tripod of the Pythia, the maiden priestess of Apollo, when she gave the inspired oracle to the poets. This was erected by the Greeks four hundred and seventy-five years before Christ, in commemoration of the victory gained at Platae over the Persians. On the base of the column are the names of all the cities that took part in the battle. The consecrated tripod was carried off by the Phocians in the holy war, and when Constantine made his capital a museum of priceless treasures from all lands, he brought this pillar thither, and set it up where it might see "the entire universe pass by between walls of silk."

The third monument is built of separate stones, and was erected by Constantine as a memorial of himself.

The Mosque Aionep, in the western part of the city, has been endowed, for one hundred years, for the purpose of feeding the dogs in that quarter. Every Friday all the dogs assemble and are fed by the priests.

The bazaars of Constantinople are the finest and most attractive in the world. These are large fire-proof buildings, lighted from above, with vaulted ceilings, inclosing several covered streets. Here hundreds of turbaned Turks sit cross-legged in their little shops and retail their wares to throngs of customers. Turbaned Orientals, of all descriptions, veiled women, porters, dervishes, bustling Europeans, and smoking Turks make a picturesque throng which is continually surging through these Eastern microcosms.

A ride on the Bosphorus ended my experiences in Constantinople. The Bosphorus is the most beautiful, as it is

the most classic, stream in the world. While one legend connects it with the theft of Europa, when Jupiter assumed the form of a snow-white bull and bore the maiden across the narrow strait to the continent which was henceforth called by her name, another story refers the name to the history of Io, who, when transformed into a heifer by Juno, swam across these waters to avoid her tormentor. Temples to Serapis and Jupiter were erected on either coast, and its banks are flowered with lovely legends which have delighted the world for centuries.

The stream, reaching from the Marmora to the Black Sea, is twenty-five miles long, and from half a mile to two miles wide. Its steep shores are wooded to the water's edge, and they are studded with the ruins of all ages, which are curiously mingled with magnificent modern palaces. An almost continual village runs from Pera to Buyukdere, the green hillocks being crowned with palaces and villas, while clustering at the foot of the hills are beautiful little suburban towns. The Sultan has a number of palaces along these shores, and all the foreign ambassadors have their summer residences here, while the wealthy merchants and business men of Constantinople have built their villas on many of the heights. Beautiful gardens, parks, lawns, and terraces, shaded with trellised vines, are everywhere crowning the hills and filling the valleys, and neither the Hudson nor the Rhine can show so charming a combination where nature and art have united to beautify. Excursion steamers ply up and down these waters, affording easy and cheap transit.

On one of the most charming heights of this stream stands Robert College, an institution which owes its existence principally to the benefactions of Christopher R. Robert, and which was founded in 1863 under the auspices of the American Board. Since its organization it has educated

more than a thousand young men, and has now seventeen professors and tutors, with two hundred and fifty students, representing twelve nationalities. It was a great pleasure to go through the magnificent buildings of this institution, which, with the sixteen acres belonging to them, are valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The institution should have an endowment of at least four hundred thousand dollars. It is accomplishing a noble work among the Bulgarians and Armenians, and will, in time, be a center of influence over all the East.

The work of missions in Turkey has been slow, though there has been quite a revival of evangelical religion among the Armenian population. Fifty years ago the Rev. William Goodell and wife came to Constantinople, the first Christian missionaries from America. Others joined them from time to time, and the work grew. Previous to 1856 a Mohammedan, of Turkish birth, who became a Christian, rendered himself liable to the death-penalty; but in that year this decree was revoked, and liberty of conscience and religion was guaranteed to all the subjects of the Sultan. Since then the outlook has been more hopeful, and, while in 1847 there were only about five hundred Protestants throughout the Turkish dominions, there are now some twenty thousand. The American Board, Baptists, Disciples, Quakers, and Methodist Episcopalians now have missions in Constantinople, and "the races once enlightened by Chrysostom, Gregory, and Athanasius require again the living word, and are anxious to raise their fallen candlestick."

Who knows but that the day may be near when St. Sophia shall replace the cross upon her proud dome, and when St. Irene, which once echoed to the eloquence of "John, the golden-mouthed," shall again be a Christian temple? I verily believe the opportunity is ripe for an

occupancy of the Ottoman Empire by the forces of missionary enterprise, and, if we push the battle, God will give us the victory.

Year by year and sun by sun
Grows the work by Christ begun;
Life by life and soul by soul
Hastes the bright millennial goal;
Land by land and sea by sea
Yields the shout of victory.

APPENDIX.

[STATISTICS OF MISSIONS AND MISSION-WORK IN JAPAN.]

NAME OF MISSION.	Year of Arrival in Japan.	Unmarried Female Missionaries.	Whole Number of Missions.	Stations Where Missions Reside.	Out-stations Where No Missions Reside.	Organized Churches.	Churches Wholly Self-supporting.	Churches Partially Self-supporting.	Baptized Adult Converts, 1886.	Baptized Children.	Communicants.	Boarding and Day Schools.	Total Scholars.	Sunday-schools.	Scholars in Sunday-school.	Native Ministers.	Unordained Preachers and Helpers.	Colporteurs.	Bible-women.	Hospitals.	Patients Treated.	Contributions for all Purposes During the Year in Yen.	Contributions for Native Christians for all Purposes During the Year in Yen.
American Presbyterian Church.....	1859	17	30	9	35	5	25	20	1,118	217	5,472	8	740	60	2,669	28	25	15	1	1	776	\$ 9,926	\$ 405.50
Reformed Church in America.....	1859	4	14	5	15	1	55	5	1,118	217	5,472	8	740	60	2,669	28	25	15	1	1	776	38.25	22.04
Union Presbyterian Church of Scotland.....	1874	3	1	5	610.00	414.77
United Church of Christ in Japan (Native).....	414.77	793.62
Reformed Church in the United States.....	1879	2	6	2	6	200.00
Presbyterian Church in the United States.....	1885	3	1
Women's Union Miss. Society of America.....	1871	4	4	1
Cumberland Presbyterian Church.....	1877	5	7	2	7
American Protestant Episcopal Church.....	1859	4	16	3	30	5
Church Missionary Society.....	1869	2	14	5	6
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.....	1873	1	8	2
Society for Promoting Female Education.*	1877	1	1	1
American Baptist Church.....	1860	6	13	5	14
English Baptist Church.....	1879	2	1	10
Disciples.....	1883	2	5	1
Am. Brd of Com'rs for Foreign Missions.....	1869	17	36	5	34
Independent Native Churches.....
American Methodist Episcopal Church.....	1873	13	27	6	41
Canada Methodist Church.....	1873	5	13	2	31
Evangelical Ass'n of North America.....	1876	1	6	1	1
Protestant Methodist Church.....	1880	2	3	1
American M. E. Church (South).....	1886	3	1
General Evangelical Prot., German Swiss.....	1885	1	1	1
Society of Friends, America.....	1885	1	1
Total in 1886.....	85	215	50	211	103	64	119	3,640	629	14,815	70	4,805	255	9,889	93	106	44	61	1	21,120	\$26,866	01
Total in 1885.....	74	183	45	165	108	57	101	3,115	119	11,078	4,324	150	7,019	60	113	8	41	2	16,609	\$24,144	20
Increase in 1886.....	11	32	5	46	25	7	18	525	510	3,127	481	85	2,870	33	53	36	20	4,511	\$ 2,721	81

*This Mission declined to furnish statistics. The figures given are partly approximate. These are the latest published statistics, and are from the reports of the Evangelical Alliance of Japan for 1886, and were compiled by Rev. H. Loomis, Agent of the American Bible Society, Yokohama. There have been fully 5,000 added to the various Churches during 1887, bringing the present membership of the Churches in Japan to about 20,000.

JAPANESE NOTES.

The American Bible Society.

A SPECIAL agency of this Society was established in Japan in 1876, with Rev. L. H. Gulick, M.D., in charge. It was at first combined with China, but in 1881 Dr. Gulick was assigned to the latter field, and Rev. Henry Loomis appointed to the charge of the work in Japan. This field now includes both Corea and the Loo-choo Islands. The accompanying reports will show in part the amount of work that has been done in Japan, and the growth from year to year. Only a small part of the Bible now remains to be published. It has already been translated, and requires but a small amount of revision before it will be ready for the press. It is expected that the whole will be completed before the first of June or July next.

This society has prepared and published a China-Corean version of the Gospels and Acts, and a Corean translation of the Gospel of Mark. A Corean translation of the Gospel of Luke has been made, and is ready for publication when needed.

REPORT OF SCRIPTURES MANUFACTURED AND CIRCULATED BY THE A. B. S. IN JAPAN.

Year.	MANUFACTURED.				ISSUED.				
	Bibles.	Testam'ts.	Parts.	Total.	Bibles.	Testam'ts.	Parts.	Total.	Pages.
1874.....			13,450	13,450			7,500	7,500	757,500
1875.....			9,000	9,000			12,500	12,500	1,378,500
1876.....			13,300	13,300			4,500	4,500	499,500
1877.....			24,050	24,050			12,286	13,600	1,843,492
1878.....			25,829	25,829			20,580	22,631	4,009,941
1879.....			19,408	19,408			23,945	26,121	4,791,463
1880.....		6,521	69,642	76,163			59,749	65,973	10,203,723
1881.....		5,169	112,927	118,096			62,524	68,798	10,899,864
1882.....		8,631	7,860	16,491			28,211	38,439	10,394,389
1883.....	170	11,256	6,680	18,106			18,098	30,257	16,197,736
1884.....	247	16,956	45,900	63,103			21,426	35,771	14,715,172
1885.....	403	12,051	9,924	25,408			19,598	34,360	12,657,701
1886.....		14,736	13,342	28,078			24,597	41,345	17,946,712
	829	75,320	371,312	450,482	4,044	80,432	315,514	401,795	106,235,693

1874. Value of books, \$167; cash received ——. 1875. Value of books, —; cash received, ——. 1876. Value of books, \$400; cash received, \$400. 1877. Value of books, \$819.44; cash received, \$567.38. 1878. Value of books, \$1,097.46; cash received, \$596. 1879. Value of books, \$882.05; cash received, \$431.41. 1880. Value of books, \$1,967.78; cash received, \$628.60. 1881. Value of books, \$2,533.98; cash received, \$1,769.32. 1882. Value of books, \$3,129.25; cash received, \$1,988.25. 1883. Value of books, \$4,739.90; cash received, \$4,071.18. 1884. Value of books, \$8,107.51; cash received, \$5,313.65. 1885. Value of books, \$6,614.18; cash received, \$6,571.17. 1886. Value of books, \$6,258.62; cash received, \$7,247.70. Total value of books, \$36,717.17; total cash received, \$29,584.66.

JAPAN AGENCY.

Years.	Men Employed.	Days Employed.	Places Visited.	Miles Traveled.	Bibles Sold.	New Test. Sold.	Parts Sold.	Value.	Salary.	Expenses.
1879	6
1880	25	4,200	4,680	135	5,000
1881	24	5,000	1,400	15,000	2,000	16,000	\$1,200 00	\$1,400 00	\$ 325 00
1882	32	6,842	1,748	19,391	4,038	12,825	1,933 54	1,017 46	583 30
1883	75	10,815	2,881	29,989	6,866	12,675	3,201 62	1,796 05	1,154 45
1884	120	16,117	4,831	51,525	9,873	11,848	4,672 60	2,343 85	1,619 56
1885	140	18,226	5,505	56,260	O. T. 862	11,102	18,593	6,298 18	2,922 13	2,343 53
1886	138	24,919	6,468	63,120	B. 718	15,613	23,706	6,992 46	4,031 96	3,074 03
1. cr.										
1886	6,693	963	11,860	718	4,511	5,113	694 25

THE BIBLE IN JAPAN.

There are more than one hundred members of the Scripture-readers' Union, at Kochi, and they are accustomed to meet the first Sabbath of every month for prayer, Bible-reading, conversation, and addresses on themes suggested by their study.

These gatherings have proved so pleasant and profitable that the members have resolved that from this time they will endeavor to convince all the people of the importance of studying the Word of God.

For the purpose of arousing the attention of others to this subject, a general meeting was decided upon to be held at the largest theater in town. The day before there was a heavy storm, and it continued until two o'clock of the day on which the gathering was to take place. This made the members of the Union very anxious, as

they feared the meeting would be a failure. But just before the time appointed for the gathering the sky became clear, and about six hundred persons assembled. All seemed to be anxious to hear and to learn about the best way to become acquainted with the will of God.

The first address was on the topic, "The Bible the Bread of Life." The second was, "The Scriptures Are a Revelation from God." The third was, "The Necessity of Studying the Bible." The fourth was, "On the Power of Faith."

The audience was very quiet and attentive, and the exercises were continued until eleven o'clock at night. The contrast between this and the Buddhist or political gatherings was very noticeable, as on such occasions there is often such noise and disturbance as to break up or defeat the object of the meeting. That Christian assemblies are so well attended and peaceable is felt to be an evidence of God's presence and blessing. The hearts of the believers are full of gratitude for such evidence of divine favor.

A Japanese nobleman living in Tokio is very fond of poetry, and was surprised to hear that among Christian people the most popular themes are of a joyful and inspiring character, and in this respect almost precisely the opposite of heathen poems.

At his request to see some specimens of such poetry, he was shown the Book of Psalms. He looked at it with astonishment, and said, "This is truly wonderful, and a perfect treasure of new and beautiful thoughts." He read it with wonder and delight, and begged to take the copy with him, that he might feast upon it at his leisure.

Previous to this time he had refused to allow his daughter to receive Christian baptism, but upon reading the Psalms his prejudice was removed, and he has consented to her public avowal of her faith in Christ.

H. LOOMIS, *Agent A. B. S.*

Yokohama, Japan, September 23, 1837.

THE REVIVAL ON THE "MARION."

In the first chapter on Japan there is an account of a meeting which Mr. Palmore and I held in connection with Mr. Loomis on the man-of-war, 'Marion.' The meeting continued after we left, and resulted in great good. A letter just received from Mr. Loomis says:

"The U. S. man-of-war Marion left Yokohama on the 3d of September for Panama, where the crew will be discharged, and either return to their homes or re-enlist for another cruise.

"God has greatly blessed the men on board of this ship, and there is a good band of earnest Christian men trying to help each other and hold up the banner of Jesus among their comrades. This is largely due to the prayers and godly example of their devoted captain, as well as to the efforts made by the Christians in Yokohama. Between twenty and thirty are now banded together as a Christian Association, and the character of the whole crew has been greatly changed for the better. Two of the recent converts look forward to becoming preachers of the gospel.

"One young man is the son of a widow in New York, and was brought up in the midst of wealth and comfort. He is a college graduate, and had occupied a good position in business, but had fallen into bad habits and lost both his place and self-respect. To get away from his old haunts and habits he enlisted in the navy. He has been truly converted, and now goes back to be a comfort and help to his devoted and happy mother. This same Christian mother has formerly been opposed to the work of Foreign Missions, but since her own son has found the Saviour in a mission-field, she has learned that God will bless the labors of his servants in distant fields as well as in the home land. One young convert received a letter from his parents in which they said that the account of his conversion had been the means of bringing both of them to an acceptance of Christ as their Saviour."

The following is the copy of a letter received from Captain Miller just before his departure:

"Dear Mr. Loomis: I am very sorry to hear of your continued illness. We would be glad to see you on board. I have to thank you for another large package of papers for distribution on board. The papers which you have been so kind as to send us from time to time have contributed a great comfort to the men, and I feel sure have been the means of doing great good. Please accept our thanks for them. We shall not forget your kindness and that of others, in coming off to the ship to hold meetings for the men, and for the entertainments given them on shore we are especially thankful. Our thanks are especially due to you, for the greater part of the labor of arranging, etc., fell upon you. May God bless and preserve you and yours and all the others in Yokohama who have been so kind to the 'Marion's' crew! Sincerely yours,

MERILL MILLER.

"U. S. S. 'Marion,' Yokohama, August 31, 1887."

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

BY A JAPANESE SCHOOL-GIRL.

O Christ, thou camest to earth for me,
And from that blessed home didst come:
That I my Father's face might see,
And make his heart my happy home.
Thy hands and feet upon the cross
Were nailed, thy heart was broken there.
O let me count all things but loss,
If thus I may be pure and fair.
I know I've naught that worthy is
A grateful offering, Lord, to bring;
In thee alone I find my bliss,
While to the blood-stained cross I cling.
O how I long, I long to be
Thine, wholly thine for evermore!
And in the glad eternity
To worship on the golden shore.

MINO OHARA.

MISSION-WORK IN CHINA.

NAME OF SOCIETY.	Date of Mission.	[FOR. MISSIONARIES]				Nat. Ordained Min.	Unord. Nat. Helpers.	Communicants.	Pupils in Schools.	Contributions by Native Churches.
		Men.	Wives.	Single Women.	Total.					
1. London Mission. Society.	1807	25	18	7	50	8	66	3,052	1,711	\$ 5,500 00
2. A. B. C. F. M.....	1830	28	25	12	65	80	1,235
3. American Bapt., North.	1834	9	8	7	24	8	72	1,433	175	491 23
4. Am. Protest. Episcopal.	1835	11	9	3	23	17	13	384	801	500 80
5. Am. Pres., North.....	1838	43	39	13	95	14	16	4,368	1,804	1,472 00
6. Brit. and For. Bible So.	1843	14	3	17	82
7. Church Miss. Society.....	1844	24	23	2	49	10	218	2,515	2,162	2,103 00
8. English Baptist.....	1845	15	14	1	30	17	994	46
9. Methodist Episcopal.....	1847	31	31	12	74	68	136	2,408	988	3,121 10
10. Seventh-day Baptist.....	1847	1	1	1	3	8	18	69	88 60
11. Am. Baptist, South.....	1847	11	9	5	25	547	600 00
12. Basel Mission.....	1847	21	19	40	4	49	1,611	461
13. English Presbyterian.....	1847	22	16	7	45	5	121	3,312	* 1,524 74
14. Rhenish Mission.....	1847	3	3	6	6	60	200
15. M. E. C., South +.....	1848	8	7	14	29	3	7	225	653	† 940 00
16. Berlin Found. Hospital	1850	1	1	4	6	80
17. Wesleyan Miss. Society.	1852	21	6	4	31	28	679	587
18. Am. Reformed (Dutch).....	1858	5	5	2	12	3	20	784	2,008 42
19. Woman's Union Miss.....	1858	3	3
20. Methodist New Connex.	1860	5	4	9	54	1,186	142
21. Society Pro. Female Ed.	1860	5	5
22. United Pres. (Scotch)....	1864	7	3	10	17	306
23. China Inland Mission....	1865	92	40	55	187	114	1,314	274	408 13
24. Nat. Bible So. (Scotland)	1868	3	2	5	50
25. United M. Free Church	1868	5	3	6	10	297	300 00
26. Am. Pres., South.....	1868	8	6	4	18	10	44	207	34 00
27. Irish Presbyterian.....	1869	5	3	6
28. Canadian Presbyterian.	1871	2	2	4	32	1,128	55
29. Society Propaga. Gospel	1874	4	2	6
30. American Bible Society	1876	8	4	12	40
31. Estab. Church of Scot....	1878	2	2	4	3	30	80
32. Berlin Mission.....	1882	5	5	10	27	119	84
33. Gen. Prot. Evang. Soc....	1884	1	1
34. Bible Christians.....	1885	2	2
35. For. Christ. Miss. Soc....	1886	3	3
36. Book and Tract Society.	1886	1	1	2
37. Society of Friends.....	1886	1	1	1	3
38. Independent Workers.....	3	2	5
Total.....	446	315	164	925	140	1296	28,079	10,579	\$19,092 45

* Churches of Fokien alone. † Statistics up to November 1, 1887.

† This includes contributions from foreign members. Native members paid \$192 of this amount.

MISSIONS AND MISSION-WORK IN INDIA.

	Began Work.	For Mission- aries.	Native Ordained Agents.	Native Christians.	Communicants.
1. Baptist Missionary Society.....	1793	43	50	10,000	4,000
2. London Missionary Society.....	1798	47	44	55,029	6,221
3. American Board.....	1813	24	37	14,475	4,626
4. Church of England Society.....	1814	115	132	101,333	23,289
5. Gospel Propagation Society.....	1817	53	71	90,888	21,996
6. Wesleyan Missionary Society.....	1817	44	9	4,200	1,800
7. General Baptist Missionary Society.....	1822	8	9	3,393	1,259
8. Church of Scotland.....	1823	17	3	1,206	396
9. Free Church of Scotland.....	1823	32	10	1,598	1,527
10. American Presbyterian Mission.....	1834	26	12	1,743	1,000
11. Basel Missionary Society.....	1834	79	10	8,513	4,445
12. American Baptist Missionary Union.....	1836	27	55	64,500	28,127
13. American Free Baptist Mission.....	1836	6	4	1,085	558
14. Gossner's Evangelical Lutheran Mission.....	1840	17	11	32,000	12,131
15. Leipzig Missionary Society.....	1841	25	12	13,539	4,130
16. Irish Presbyterian Mission.....	1841	10	1,418	302
17. Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Mission.....	1841	8	3,719	852
18. American Evangelical Lutheran Mission.....	1842	10	4	9,260	3,842
19. American Reformed Church.....	1853	8	4	5,437	1,610
20. Episcopal Moravian Mission.....	1854	3	36	11
21. American Union Presbyterian Church.....	1855	8	3	3,245	2,176
22. Methodist Episcopal Church.....	1856	72	36	8,604	5,486
23. Union Presbyterian Church of Scotland.....	1860	16	1	960	441
24. Danish Evangelical Lutheran Mission.....	1861	6	481	80
25. Presbyterian Church of England.....	1862	1	34	15
26. Hermannsburg Evangelical Lutheran Miss.....	1866	11	800	500
27. Friends' Foreign Mission Association.....	1866	3	36	18
28. Indian Home Mission.....	1867	5	5	4,237	3,500
29. American-German Evangelical Miss. Soc'y	1868	4	520	234
30. Canadian Baptist Missionary Society.....	1868	9	3	4,500	1,370
31. Scotch Episcopal Church.....	1870	1	28	8
32. Original Secession Church of Scotland.....	1872	1	53	6
33. Canadian Presbyterian Mission.....	1876	5	126	72
34. Swedish Evangelical Missionary Society.....	1878	8	34	16
35. American Free Methodist Mission.....	1880	1
36. Disciples' Mission.....	1883	3	8	8
37. Private Missions, etc.....	26	4	2,421	1,152
Total.....	791	530	449,755	137,504

The native Christians increased 32,333, and the communicants 24,367 in four years.

MEDICAL MISSION-WORK IN HOSPITALS AND POLYCLINIQUE IN SYRIA AND PALESTINE.

	St. John's Hospital, Beirut.*	Church Miss. Soc., Medical Mission in Gaza.	Dr. Carshaw, Leb. Schools, Committee Shweir.	Soc. of Friends, Brummana.	Jerusalem, London Jews Soc.	Jaffa Medical Mission, Miss Mangau.	Dr. Calhoun, Tripoli.	Dr. Sandreckzki's Children's Hospital, Jerusalem.	German Deaconesses, Jerusalem.	Dr. C.'s Lep's Hos., Jerusalem.	Dr. Varian's Edinburgh Medical Mission, Nazareth.	Dr. Martin, Anioch.	Total.
Medical Missions	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	12
Physicians.....	3	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	15
Nurses.....	8	2	4	1	1	4	3	1	24
In-door patients.	539	100	300	4	93	689	18	62	1805
Out-door patients	9874	7000	3000	5000	30,000	3597	2032	248	7451	...	5000	260	73,432

* Note.—ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL. The physicians of the medical department of the Syrian Protestant College have been appointed by the Order of St. John in Berlin as the medical-attendants of the "Johanniter-Hospital" in Beirut. This most interesting charity, supported by the above-mentioned order, is served by the Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth.

PROTESTANT SCHOOLS IN BEIRUT.

	Schools.	Teachers.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
American Presbyterian Mission.....	5	15	70	160	230
S. P. College.....	3	14	152	152
Native Protestants.....	3	3	100	40	140
British Syrian Schools.....	13	55	1862	1862
Church of Scotland.....	2	10	202	64	266
Miss Taylor's Muslim Girls.....	1	6	88	88
German Deaconesses.....	2	22	25	215	240
German Boys' School.....	1	3	26	26
	30	128	575	2429	3004
Non-Protestant Schools in Beirut.....	58	301	4893	3492	8183
Total in Beirut.....	88	429	5468	5921	11187

POPULATION OF SYRIA AND PALESTINE.

Muslims.....	1,000,000	Ismailiyeh, Gypsies, etc.	30,000
Nusairiyeh.....	250,000	Armenians.....	20,000
Maronites.....	250,000	Jacobites.....	15,000
Greeks.....	235,000	Druzes.....	100,000
Papal sects.....	80,000	Protestants.....	6,311
Jews.....	30,000	Bedouin Arabs.....	60,000

Total..... 2,076,311

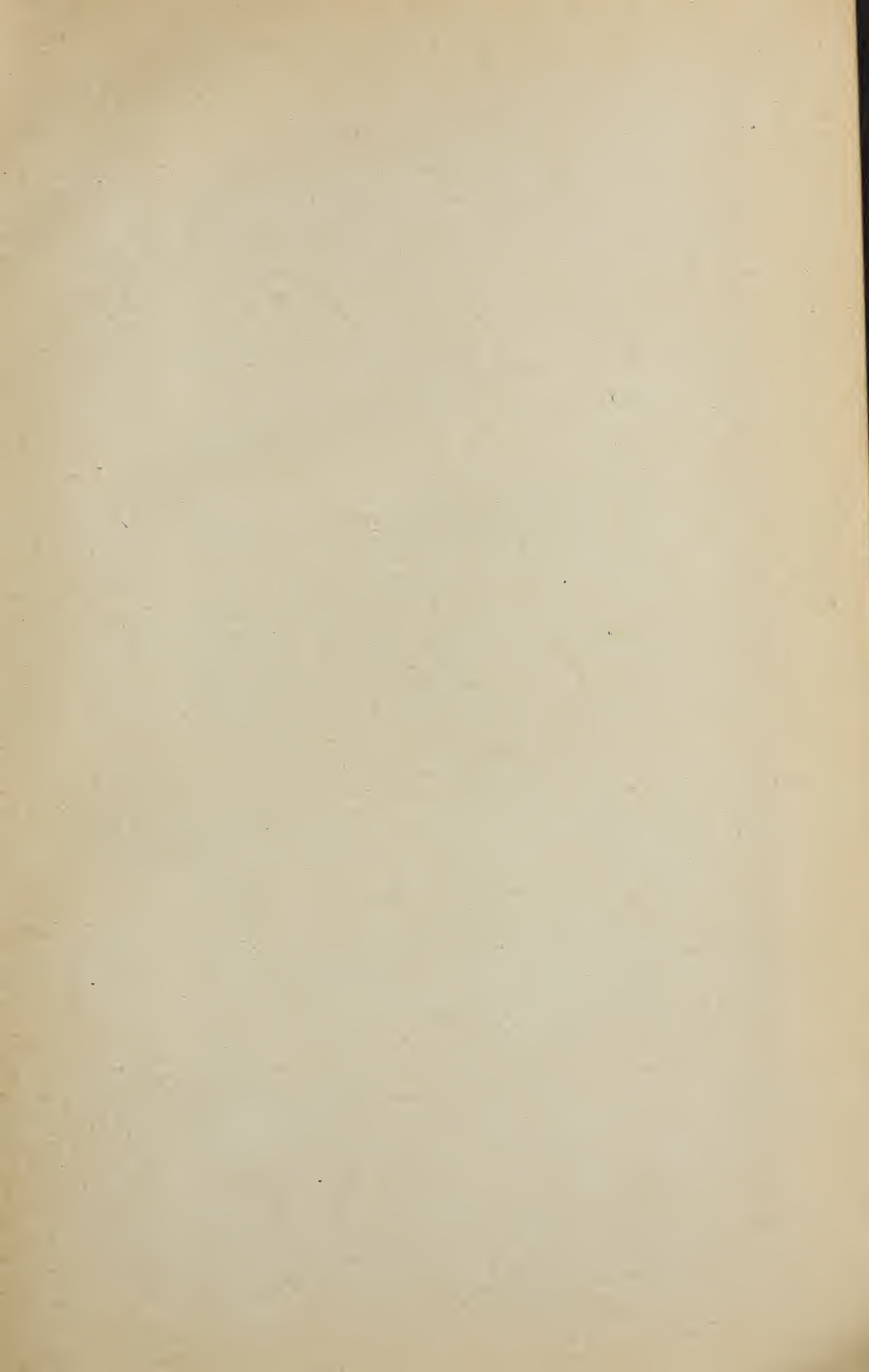
GENERAL MISSIONARY STATISTICS.

AMERICAN ORGANIZATIONS.	Began Foreign Missions.	Workers From Christendom.			Native Workers.		Native Commun- icants.
		Ordained.	Layman.	Women.	Ordained.	Others.	
1. Presbyterians, North.....	1837	173	23	287	117	976	21,051
2. Presbyterians, South.....	1862	25	32	14	34	1,402
3. United Presbyterians of N. A.....	1858	18	33	8	250	4,363
4. Reformed Presbyterians.....	1859	3	1	5	43	136
5. Reformed (Dutch) Church.....	1858	20	2	27	19	187	3,196
6. Ref. Presbyterians, Gen. Synod.....	1836	1	1	7	5
7. Reformed (German) Church.....	1838	5	3	12	200
8. Associate Ref. Synod, South.....	1875	1	1	1	6	129
9. Cumberland Presbyterians.....	1876	6	6	9	25	825
10. Presbyterian Church in Canada.....	1844	18	2	19	10	130	2,000
11. Ev. Lutheran, General Synod.....	1839	5	6	3	200	3,429
12. Ev. Lutheran, General Council.....	1869	4	3	7	61	842
13. Congregationalists, A. B. C. F. M.	1810	156	14	248	147	2,036	23,210
14. Am. Missionary Association.....	1845	7	3	30	2	50	387
15. Am. Baptist Missionary Union.....	1814	96	5	130	190	2,955	117,491
16. Baptist Southern Convention.....	1845	21	27	17	39	1,323
17. Baptist Southern Con. (Colored)...	1880	3	1	1	6	52
18. Free Baptists.....	1836	5	14	10	10	557
19. Baptists of Canada.....	1866	10	12	17	36	1,827
20. Seventh-day Baptists.....	1847	2	3	1	4	145
21. Disciples of Christ.....	1849	17	13	6	8	1,606
22. Protestant Episcopal Church.....	1835	20	12	28	39	158	1,357
23. Reformed Episcopal Church.....
24. Methodist Episcopal Church.....	1819	116	16	140	342	1,885	35,966
25. Methodist Episcopal Ch., South.....	1845	48	17	79	189	11,748
26. African M. E. Church.....	1844	26	5	1	9	734
27. African M. E. Zion Church.....	220
28. Colored M. E. Church.....
29. Union American Church.....
30. Evangelical Association.....	1878	3	6	4	12	8,546
31. United Brethren in Christ.....	1853	7	7	20	27	1,547
32. Methodist Protestant Church.....	1880	1	3	2
33. American Wesleyans.....
34. Free Methodists.....	1881
35. Primitive Methodists.....
36. Independent Methodists.....
37. Methodist Church of Canada.....	1824	59	20	22	74
38. M. E. Church of Canada.....	1824	4,528
39. Pr. M. Church of Canada.....
40. Bible Christians.....
41. British M. E. Church (Colored)...	10	12	1,300
42. Consolidated Am. Baptists.....	1840	4	2	3	20
43. Seventh-day Adventists.....	1876	8	849
44. Disciples.....	1842
45. Church of God.....
46. Mennonites.....	1880	2	2	9
47. Tunkers.....	1881	1	1	3	51
48. Welsh Presbyterians.....	1840	9	1	14	20	830
49. Friends.....	1795	24	34	76	4,450
50. Moravians.....	1732	150	50	83	41	1,570	23,116
Totals.....	1084	130	1251	114	11,124	284,438

GENERAL MISSIONARY STATISTICS.

EUROPEAN ORGANIZATIONS.	Began Foreign Missions.	Workers from Christendom.			Native Workers.		Native Communicants.
		Ordained.	Laymen.	Women.	Ordained.	Others.	
51. Gospel Propagating Society	1701	162	60	62	80	1,300	31,996
52. Church Missionary Society	1799	228	34	15	246	3,511	40,757
53. English Baptist Society	1792	80	25	23	80	480	40,982
54. German Baptist Society	1816	8	10	22	25	1,222
55. London Missionary Society	1795	148	120	383	6,178	89,359
56. Wesleyan Methodist Society	1814	285	50	281	290	1,922	59,814
57. Primitive Methodist Society	1843	6	6	2	5	887
58. New Connection Meth. Society	1860	5	4	12	44	1,197
59. United Free Methodist Society	1857	17	11	15	158	6,446
60. Bible Christians	1821	65	339	4,974
61. English Presbyterians	1847	18	9	8	15	58	3,105
62. Established Church of Scotland	1827	12	11	8	4	100	462
63. Free & Ref. Church of Scotland	1827	38	31	54	12	389	4,735
64. United Presbyt. Ch of Scotland	1847	80	7	15	20	414	12,043
65. Original Secession Church	1871	2	2	1
66. Irish Presbyterian Church	1840	13	4	8	12	40	385
67. China Inland Mission	1865	50	42	* 95	114	1,314
68. Livingstone Inland Mission	1878	16	7	4
69. London Society for Jews	1808	20	27	43	83
70. Colonial and Continental Society	1823	141	39	105
71. Christian Faith Missionary Soc.	1691
72. South American Missionary Soc.	1844	15	14	12	180
73. Edinburgh Medical Society	1841	4	5	3	8
74. British Mission. Society for Jews	1842	12	10	5	78
75. Colonial Missionary Society	1836
76. Basle Missionary Society	1815	£2	20	80	28	295	817
77. St. Chrischona Mission. Society	1840	5	26	6	12
78. Rhenish Missionary Society	1828	70	6	60	2	280	9,260
79. North German Missionary Soc.	1830	11	9	20	275
80. Leipzig Missionary Society	1819	22	2	22	12	278	13,321
81. Berlin Missionary Society	1824	47	15	30	2	302	8,060
82. Gosner's Missionary Society	1836	14	4	12	10	210	12,680
83. Hermannsburg Miss. Society	1853	40	45	40	20	87	4,280
84. French Evang. Miss. Society	1822	25	6	26	2	130	6,820
85. Netherland Ref. Miss. Society	1797	11	6	6	4	43	91,879
86. Netherland Ref. Miss. Union	1858	8	8	13	375
87. Utrecht Missionary Society	1859	7	5	6	16	61
88. Java Comite	1856	3	3	4	15	400
89. Mennonites Missionary Society	1869	3	2	3	12	100
90. Ermet's Missionary Society	1846	6	4	14	50
91. Christian Ref. Ch. Miss. Society	1860	4	2	5	60
92. Dutch Ref. Missionary Society	1859	3	2	12	200
93. Norwegian Missionary Society	1842	37	3	16	6	228	3,684
94. Lund's Missionary Society	1845	7	2	4	14	80
95. Stockholm Stads Miss. Society	1853	4	3	2	300
96. Finnish Missionary Society	1859	5	3	7	6	8
97. Angarius Union Miss. Society	1865	1	1	2	20
98. Free Church, Cant. De Vand.	1869	5	3	5	6	120
99. Danish Evang. Miss. Society	1821	7	2	5	1	20	125
100. Jerusalem Missionary Society	1852	4	2	3	3	210
101. Universities' Mission	1859	24	15	10	1	23	250
European totals	1884	566	1166	1283	17,454	500,033
American totals	1034	130	1257	1140	11,124	284,438
Grand totals	2968	696	2417	2423	28,578	784,471

* This includes the wives of the missionaries.



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